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The Student College Comic of the University of North Carolina

FRESHMAN NUMBER---25 CENTS

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VOLUME I, NUMBER 1. FRESHMAN NUMBER
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CAROLINA BOLL WEEVIL

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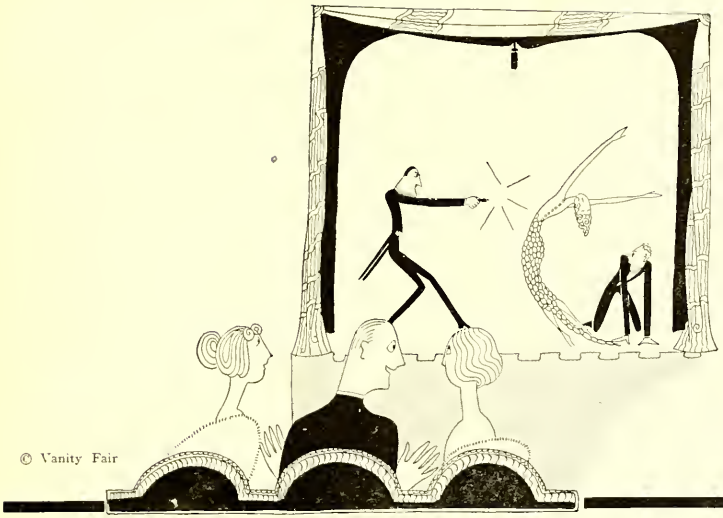

© Vanity Fair

The Happy Ending

The play's over—the whole shooting match. Everyone is either dead or married. Now you can go home, to the *really* happy ending of the day—to read your copy of

VANITY FAIR

In Each Issue:—

PAGES of photographs of the most carefully dressed actresses and the most carelessly dressed dancers.

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SATIRICAL sketches by Fish and other artists, to keep you in touch with the follies of the world.

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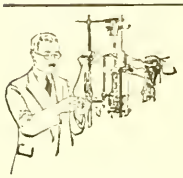

Which Type of Research is of Greatest Value?

A stove burns too much coal. A man familiar with the principles of combustion and heat radiation makes experiments which indicate desirable changes in design. That is research.

You want to make a ruby in a factory, a real ruby, indistinguishable by any test from the natural stone. You begin by analyzing rubies chemically and physically. Then you make rubies just as nature did. Your rubies are the result of research—another type of research.

While melting up your chemicals and experimenting with high temperatures, you begin to wonder how hot the earth must have been millions of years ago, and what were the forces at play that made this planet what it is. Your investigation leads you far from rubies and causes you to formulate theories to explain how the earth, how the whole solar system was created. That would be research of a still different type.

Research of all three types is conducted in the laboratories of the General Electric Company. But it is the third type—pioneering into the unknown—that means most in the long run, even though undertaken with no practical benefit in view.

For example, the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company are exploring matter with X-rays in order to discover not only how the atoms in different substances are arranged but how the atoms themselves are built up. The more you know about a substance, the more you can do with it. This work may enable scientists to answer more definitely the question: Why is iron magnetic? Then the electrical industry will take a greater step forward than can be made in a century of experimenting with existing electrical apparatus.

You can add wings and stories to an old house. But to build a new house, you must begin with the foundation.

General Electric
General Office Company Schenectady, N. Y.

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SOON ENOUGH

At what time in life does a man learn his true value?
When he is sued for breach of promise.
—*Mugwamp.*

HEARTLESS

The woman had no heart!
Can you wonder that I despaired?
I had been dwelling
Upon the thought
And had grown bitter
With the knowledge of it!
Together, she and I
Could have done much,
But now, it was all in vain!
I knew that I was a beaten man!
For she had no heart
And I could do nothing else—
But play the ten of clubs. —*Mirror.*

"What is made of ivory?"
The professor asked, with hope;
But his heart soon filled with sorrow
When the student answered, "Soap."
—*Sun Dodger.*

He—What do you do in dramatics?
She—Oh, I'm the new stage coach. What do you do?
He—Oh, I'm the fast male. —*Octupus.*

He—Would you care to dance this dance?
She—Yes, would you mind asking someone for me?
—*Froth.*

Modish Fall Frocks
And
MILLINERY

AN UNUSUAL EXHIBIT OF
ALL THAT IS STYLISH AND NEW
IN THE COMING SEASON'S
MOST DEPENDABLE APPAREL

POPULAR PRICES
New Store

The Fashion
THE STORE OF BETTER VALUES

Corner Church and Main Streets
DURHAM, N. C.

APOLOGY

The editors cannot refrain from apalagizing for this first issue af the BOLL WEEVIL. *It does not represent what we aspire to make Carolina's new College Comic in the future. It is, we sadly realize, pretty "punk" in many respects.*

Yau see, it was like this. The group af students, members af what we cgatistieally term the Litcrati an the Carolina campus, who first eoneeivcd the idea af creating a new college comic, after the death and burial af the ill-fated Tar Baby, were unable ta have their dreams realizcd until a few days before the scssion opencd. In arder ta get enaugh eirculation aeross to insure its publieation, it was neeessary, at the cost af its quality, to have the first issue out when the scssian apcned. Our first praduct falls far short af the standard that we guarantee in the future.

We gratefully aeknowledge the assistanee af the farmer Tar Baby owners in laaning us same of the euts and drawings, and ta the Jack-O-Lantern for the cover plates, far this first issue.

The "Freshman Trot"

THE CAROLINA BOLL WEEVIL

Carolina's College Comic

Published by Students of the University of North Carolina

Subscription Price . . . . . $2.50 Per Annum
Single Copies . . . . . 25 Cents

For sale at Foister's, Chapel Hill; all railway trains, and leading newsstands of the South.

Contributions should be sent to The Carolina Boll Weevil, or left at The Boll Weevil office.

Application has been made at the Chapel Hill post-office to be entered as second class matter.

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Vol. I, No. I — Freshman Number

MY name is Boll Weevil. Pleased to meet you. I've just been down in South Carolina and other parts in the shape of a bug, and I made an unwelcome habitat in the cotton fields. But I have disearded my former shape, and am now a magazine, a college comic, if you please. I would like to be published in your fair city, on your fair campus. They tell me that my friend the *Tar Baby—"*

Thus the idea stalked into the brains of a group of University students this summer. They got busy. There was a lot of red tape, due to the late hectic existence of the former humorous magazine published in this village. But you can't keep a game bunch of Literati down. If such men have creations they are bound to come out, sooner or later.

So, gentle reader, the Boll Weevil, for better of for worse, is here. The Boll Weevil will be the official and only college comic on the Carolina campus. It will be published, not by a private corporation, but by the students of the University. Its editors, its entire administrational outfit, will be chosen by the students. The executive board now in charge is a temporary organization, composed of men who have taken it on themselves to see that the Boll Weevil lives and prospers.

The Boll Weevil aspires to be funny, clever, brilliant. For every laugh it produces a star will be added to its crown in Heaven or elsewhere, as the case may be. It plays to a cynical audience, a sceptical audience, perhaps, and it is confronted with difficulties more numerous than the shekels of one John D. But the Boll Weevil refuses to be discouraged, being a game and lively bug. It will take more than one knock or one dozen knocks to keep this fellow down.

It is yet but a lad, a little boy. It must be fed and reared to be the man it hopes to be. It calls on Carolina for a living.

VACATION time with its recreational pursuits for the little college boys, its all-night revelries in the towns not near home, its Garber Davis, its seashore, its n. artists, its corn and in some prosperous abodes its Scotch. Lo and Behold! hath come to an end.

The little college boys slowly wend their way back to Durham, and subsequently after making a deposit of fifty cents to some of these jittynaires, back to Chapel Hill, to Pattersons, to the frip house porches, to poker, to bridge, to football games. To classes, maybe.

After giving all the good brothers the grip the thrill of the return is no more, and the sole happiness of reunion lies in the bull sessions, flavored with the joyous tales of wine, women and song, that are the outcome of the summer's idle sojourn. Well, it's not so bad. Was there ever a soul so dead that did not breathe great love and pride for old Carolina while its body was seated in the Emerson stadium, with a Virginia team or even a Trinity team furnishing the opposition? The old well, Davie Poplar, and the rest of these traditional landmarks still give us something of a kick. The Boll Weevil refuses to be cynical. We must all laugh, laugh and go on class and study French 3, and acquire a gentleman's grade. Our days as little college boys are numbered. We just as well make the best of it.

THEY do tell the Boll Weevil that there is quite a lively bunch of new youngsters here in four-button sacks and tweed suits who have just recently acquired the title of "Carolina student." The newcomer, we are told, is none other than the Freshman.

Partner, the Boll Weevil is something of a Freshman itself, but it has been tipped off by a number of its friends who have lived in these parts for some little time. We don't mean to be meddlesome, but having a kindred and unselfish spirit, we might as well pass these little tips on to you.

It hath been said that in the days of old these Freshmen birds were subject to an occasional dumping or perhaps a beating, or maybe a little tar and feathering. But the lads of '26 will be occasioned no such humiliation, lucky devils. The privileges enjoyed by these new generations have tended to make these Freshmen boys a little cocky, don't you know.

Boll Weevil has this to suggest:

1. Be sure and throw your hat in the Old Well the minute you hit the campus. Freshmen here are requested to go bareheaded about the campus all the time.

2. Put on your knickers the first day, if you have a pair, and wear them on all occasions.

3. Never speak to an upperclassman if you meet one on the campus. It isn't good form.

4. A good way of getting acquainted with an upperclassman is to slap him happy-go-lucky on the back, and tell him his fraternity is mighty good at such and

such a place, and that you know several of his splendid "brothers."

5. Answer up on all classes, and show your brilliance. Seniors and Juniors are always interested in your intelligence.

6. If you are asked to one of the houses on Fraternity Row, talk more than anybody present, and prove to the "boys" that you are clever. Change the Victrola record on all occasions, and show your politeness. Put wood on the fire. Lounge on the table. Make yourself at home always.

7. Wear the letter you made at prep school.

8. If you see an upperclassman in Patterson's, be sure and ask him to have a drink. This act of courtesy he will surely appreciate. Invite him to go to the Pickwick with you that night.

9. Don't yell or cheer for the team at the football game or you will be considered a Rah Rah boy. Beware of that.

10. Converse at all gatherings on fraternities, and show that you are up on the question. Intelligence, we again repeat, is always a welcome virtue in Freshmen.

11. Obey all these suggestions, and we will preach your funeral.

BOLL WEEVIL lets an humble howl to all Carolina men for "copy." Shortly after the college session opens the board of art and literay editors and business staff will be selected from the student body. The men that contribute the finest work will be given these places.

The *Tar Baby* died, partly because it grew in disrepute through certain business deals and partly because the students laid their censure on the publication and stopped contributing to it. We have faith in the talent that abounds on the campus, else we would not tackle so pretentious a job as trying to get out a college comic. In order that Boll Weevil may really be worth reading, an honest-to-goodness clever comic, the best men at Carolina in this kind of work must make up the Boll Weevil staff.

Our doors are wide open with a welcome as large as the Yale Bowl. Shoot your stuff along, and if its got the kick, be sure old Boll Weevil will be proud to get it.

EXIT THE FLAPPER

FASHION, we are told, and, indeed, have already observed, sets the inevitable change from short to long dresses for the women the coming fall season. Here and there we have caught a glimpse of the early bird in these parts, wearing, more or less with a self-conscious look, one of the new skirts, dragging the ground. It will be only a short while, we are sure, before all of our women will have discarded the short for the long, and we will take it all as a matter of course.

But with the passing of the short knee dress, we also witness, with tears in our eyes, the passing of that exquisite creature, the Flapper. Nor is that said ironically, for we mean it, every word. Say what you will about this modern girl, who has been dressing with short skirts, rolled stockings, bobbed hair, rouged lips, and what not—say what you will about her indiscretions, her willingness to smoke and occasionally take a drink, the "petting" that she indulges in, the wild and woolly parties that are said to be her passion—we do not lie when we say we genuinely hate to see her go, and that we have genuinely enjoyed her company, and have been thoroughly amused and entertained by her.

The Boll Weevil admires intellect. It is elated when on one of those rare occasions it comes in contact with a real clever woman. And the Boll Weevil does not deny that the Flapper is, as a rule, wholly lacking when it comes to this quality. "Tickle-brained" is a term that is not inaptly applied to this person. But, in spite of the Flapper's obvious shortcomings in this respect, and in spite of our admiration for the clever woman, we must confess that the Flapper has fascinated us. We like her little tasseled dress that strikes her slightly above her knees. We like to look at her neatly adorned, and nine cases out of ten, shapely, ankles. We like her free, happy-go-lucky, jazzy attitude. We like to gaze at her rouged lips, her deep-red cheeks, her fluffy bobbed hair. We make this confession, not because it will be a popular one, for it will not—but because we are honest. Our conscience does not hurt us, and we do not feel terribly wicked because we feel this way.

We have a grudge against Fashion for the change it is about to make. And we bid a sad adieu to the Flapper.

HONEST APPRECIATION

Look at that man laugh. He must have just heard a funny story.

No. He just told one! — *New York Sun.*

* * *

"Boll Weevil, it seems to me," remarked a critic, "is a pretty punk name for a college comic. Boll Weevil signifies destruction—"

"Destruction, surely," replied a member of the business staff with a lean and hungry look for shekels, "destruction of care and worry, frowns and tears. Only $2.50 per; check will do."

* * *

"They tell me they are having quite a time with this bug, the Boll Weevil, down in South Carolina."

"Yes, one farmer, in a test put a Weevil in a block of ice and kept him there all night, to see if he would freeze, but that wouldnt do. So he put him in a can on a red hot stove, and the next morning the bug flew out and set the barn on fire."

* * *

A DRY ONE

I call my dairywoman "Pharoah's daughter."

How come?

Well, you see Pharoah's daughter was the one who drew the prophet out of the water. — *Georgyle.*

* * *

Nutty Boy Why does a cat always eat the tale of a mouse last?

Bright Boy He uses the tail for a toothpick.

* * *

Royal Straight

Student I called the Doctor last night.

Professor Was anybody sick?

Student Yes, the Doc was when he saw the hand I held.

* * *

Blame the Hen

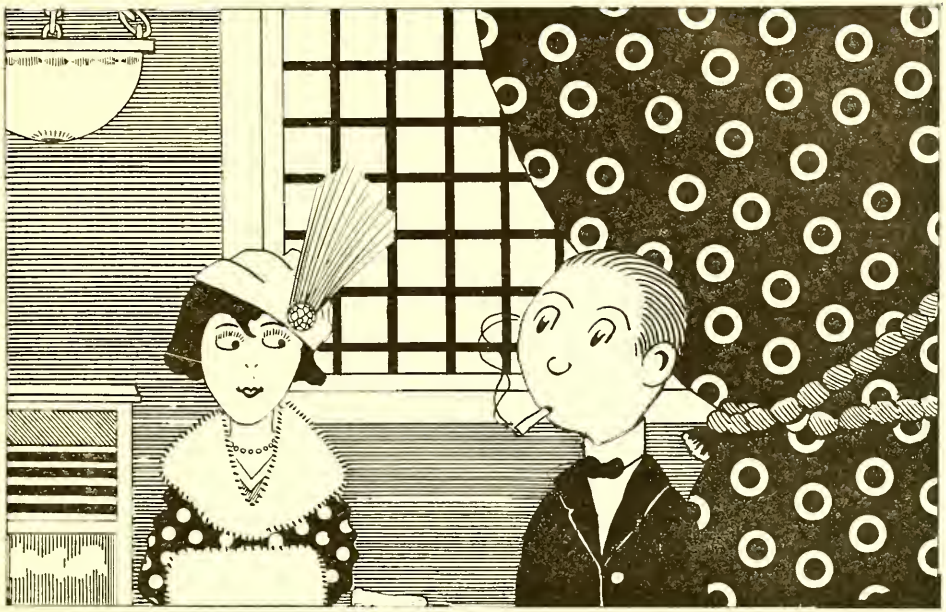
Farmer (to clerk) Want to buy any eggs?

Clerk How much a dozen?

Farmer Thirty-five cents.

Clerk I'll take this crate, but there's one short.

Farmer—I guess that was mislaid.



SHE (archly)—The man I marry must neither smoke nor drink.
HE (nonchalantly)—You mean a reformer, not a man!

Old Boll Weevil—That Terrible Bug

Down in South Carolina about three years ago the Boll Weevil started; little thing about the size of a seed, eats all the cotton, don't bother the weed. Some folks say Boll Weevil does no harm, just eats up the man's whole farm. President Wilson lived four years at the White House, drinking out of a silver cup, but when he heard about the Boll Weevil he gave it straight up. President Harding took the chair, said he wasn't scared; when Boll Weevil reached Washington, he almost dropped dead. Farmer stopped riding in a Ford and bought a Chevrolet; when Boll Weevil got him he carried it back because he couldn't pay. Some even bought a Cadillac; Boll Weevil made him take it straight back. We think maybe this is why the *Tar Baby* left the cotton patch, for this is where the Boll Weevils hatch. For instance, I knew a man named Jones, who was worth about a million bones. Boll Weevil reached his plantation, and he couldn't even take his spring vacation. I tell you all with good will the only farmer who now makes money is the man who has a still. That's the reason Aunt Jemina said Boll Weevil would sure reach Carolina. It is here as plainly seen, in the form of a magazine. A new publication just begun, little in size, but full of fun.

He—Have you read Nicholas Nickleby?
She—No, I don't care for those Russian novels.
—*Sun Dial.*

& & &

Senior—Do you see that girl? She believes in platonic love.

Worthy Chaperone—Good gracious! So young and yet so wicked! —*Cracker.*

THE QUALITY OF MERCY

Jimmy—Dearest, I must marry you—
Shimmy—Have you seen father?
Jimmy—Often, honey, but I love you just the same.
—*Juggler.*

& & &

MARY AGAIN

Mary had a little lamb,
Its price was awful high;
And should you ask who paid the bill,
I'll answer, it was I.

Some one wrote a little verse
Of Mary and her lamb.
I think I've read it somewhere else,
But I don't give a damn!

& & &

FORE!

Mother—Johnny, if you eat any more you'll burst.
Kid—All right; pass the cake and get out of the way. —*Chaparral.*

& & &

AMBITION

Bounder—There are a lot of stories connected with that girl.
Rounder—That so? I guess I'll try to be mentioned in one of them. —*Frivol.*

& & &

Fat Man—Do you serve lobsters here?
Waitress—Yes. I'll wait on you in a minute.
—*Mugwump.*

& & &

Customer—What do you take off for cash?
Saleslady—Sir! —*Mirror.*

The Literary Gallery

BOLL WEEVIL, of course, had to establish itself a library just as soon as it commenced publication. So Boll Weevil sets about to order all the books and magazines that smart and clever people read.

The old standbys—*Vanity Fair, Smart Set, Atlantic Monthly* and *Whiz-Bang*, headed the list of publications to which we fixed our name and semolions. We had to have at least one more good society journal on the list, so we wrote for the *Progressive Farmer*. To make it complete, we thought seriously of adding *Sporting News*, but such an outlay would be too expensive, so we compromised by buying one of Zane Grey's latest best sellers.

Because Boll Weevil has a tendency to be Bolshevik it subscribed later to the *High School Journal*, and bought a copy of the New Testament. Not caring much for the news of the day, but in order to have at least one newspaper for the sake of completion, it is now going through the process of jewing the business managers of the *Tar Heel* down for a reduced rate on a subscription to that periodical. Desiring a few jingles in rhyme Boll Weevil has ordered a set of Byron and Milton, and a copy of Omar Khayyam. For serious persual, when something worth while is needed as a stimulant and inspiration, Snappy Stories, La Vie Parissienne, Black Cat, and Youth's Companion, have our checks.

Boll Weevil bought Robert W. Services latest novels, a book of poems by Horatio Alger, Jr., and a series of plays written by the greatest playwright of the day, Rudolph Valentino. We may buy the latest hit in philosophical writings, "The Rover Boys," etc., by H. G. Wells, but we are holding out on this for further consideration. To satisfy our sense of humor we subscribed to the *Yale Record* and all the other college comics, the Chapel Hill telephone directory, Education 5, Hoss Lloyd's new Barber Shop Manual, and the *Carolina Magazine*.

BABBITT

They say that this bird, Sinclair Lewis, has perpetrated another 400 pages on mankind, and that for sheer impertinence it far surpasses the earlier of his creations, entitled "The Main Drag."

What's his idea anyway? Here he goes and writes a story about Gopher Prairies or Baxter's Cross Roads or something like that, and spiels off a lot of junk about the vices that loiter around the village hardware store and barber shop, when everybody knows that any girl is safe in a town less than 5,000. There never was a real sin committed by men who sit in their regular pews each Sunday morning, and who walk in solemn religious righteous spirit by day and night, as do these high knockers that reside on every Main Drag the country over. The idea is ridiculous. That book should never have been printed, and here's a motion that it be suppressed immediately.

And now, to cap the merry climax, not satisfied with the insult that he has handed my town and your town in that first outrage he scribbled, he comes along with another book and calls it "Babbitt" or some such crazy name. Maybe he thinks he knows life, but I've got my first Babbitt to meet. All the Buicks in my town have self-starters on them, too. What's he trying to do anyhow—run all our people in the smaller places to the big cities, or is he just plain sore with the American people? After they poured out all their shekels to him in royalties *ensemble galore* for that "Main Drag" book, I can't quite savy why he should have any kick coming. But these artists—they're the limit anyways.

HOW DID SHE MEAN IT?

The small boy was being reproved by his mother.

"Why can't you be good?" she asked.

"I'll be good for a nickel," he said.

"Ah!" responded the mother, "you want to be bribed. You should copy your father and be good for nothing."

—*Drexerd.*

& & &

"Terriby rough," said the stranger on board the ocean liner.

"Well," said the farmer, "it wouldn't be near so rough if the captain would only keep in the furrows."

—*Virginia Reel.*

& & &

Harry—Newlywed died very suddenly.

Perry—Yes, what ailed him?

Harry—His wife hit him with a bscuit when he complained about the food.

Perry—That accounts for the inscription on his tombstone, then.

Harry—What's that?

Perry—"Say it with Flours." —*Argwan.*

& & &

She (icily)—I wonder where all the men who can dance are?

He (feeling his sore foot)—In dancing with the girls who can dance, I guess! —*Medley.*

Notes On the Summer Vacation

Memoirs of the Travels of Two Carolina Students During the Recent Rest Period

I

Two Carolina undergraduates, strikingly alike in appearance. Typical University type. Tall, handsome. Frank shoes, Finchley suit, with four-button front, slicked black hair. Chesterfield cigarettes in sterling silver cases, pearl fraternity pins, Junior and Sophomore order men.

Packard roadster, filled with gas and oil and water and air and suitcases. One hundred dollars between them, plus a gallon and a half of Orange county corn, four quarts of Haig and Haig, two Orange crushes, and two sanitary cups from Patterson's. Destination: Hendersonville. Object: to spend the summer vacation, after a hard year passing four courses and the Pickwick.

II

Twelve hours later. On the road somewhere between Hillsboro, North Carolina, and Charlotte, North Carolina. Packard roadster, two Carolina undergraduates, two quarts H. and H., and a puncture. Busted bearing. Curses.

Fourteen hours later. No change.

Twenty-four hours later. One quart H. and H., Charlotte, Selwyn, bed.

Next day. Hendersonville.

III

Hendersonville—Carolina Terrace, poor service, $5 per. Hunter's Pharmacy. Funny little seats all along the sidewalk, on which the summer people flop down without notice. Auction sales of the finest embroidery made in the world. Kanuga, and a nine-hole golf course. The Terrace pavilion, Garber Davis three nights a week. $2.30 a visit. Fifth avenue, fourth avenue, sixth avenue. Kentucky Home. Laurel Park Beach. Buses to Asheville, round trip, eighty cents. Ball game, championship series, Hendersonville v. Brevard. Corn whiskey, $3 a quart, straight from the still. Packards, Cadillacs, Studebakers, in all colors, shapes and forms. Ford coupes. A Lincoln here and there, a Dodge or so, a Buick. Licenses from all over the world, but South Carolina especially. People, more people, still more people—people from everywhere, including Jerusalem, Ireland, and Africa. Cake eaters, flappers, neck artists, et cetera. Women—what women! Girls, girls, girls.

IV

The girls met by the two Carolina undergraduates were as follows:

Eva—tall, blasé, beautiful hair, dark, piercing eyes. Plays bridge with precision, grace, luck, and results, but dances poorly. Wears dresses long, black satin shoes with high heels, and black silk stockings. Talks very little, but says much when she does utter. Rather frightens on first acquaintance, but found to be very simple and human at heart. Smokes Milos, and refuses to drink corn liquor, declaring that champagne is her favorite drink. Kisses ardently.

Mary—bob-haired. Typical flapper type. From South Carolina, with the Charleston brogue. Craves intermissions with boys that have hair slicked back. Thinks that Oscar Wilde was a football player, and Milton a professional dancer. Likes to be called a sweet little mommer. Nice legs, with stockings rolled just below the knees. Smokes, but does not inhale. Drinks corn and gets sick. Favorite pastimes—necking and dancing.

Margaret—decided brunette, medium height, figure of Venus. Bobbed hair that falls over side of face in wicked, barbaric fashion. Went to school once at Sweet Briar, Virginia. Likes to say "Damn," and smoke Chesterfields. Will take a drink, and tell jokes by the hundreds. Knows the story of the three bears. Commonly called the "Berries" by speculative college youths. Long eyelashes, cheeks heavily painted, lips equally tinted. Has little desire to be kissed, but is fond of a big rush, and doesn't mind showing her Venus figure.

Elizabeth—Atlanta. Fond of Elinor Glyn and James Oliver Curwood. Plays golf, rides horseback, and plays bridge for five cents a point. Will play poker on occasions. Red hair. Beautiful clothes, and plenty of jewelry, daring stockings. Kisses with head back and arms around your neck. Dances well. Always popular, and usually dated up for weeks ahead. Will condescend to break dates for undergraduates.

Mabel—small, sparkling, talkative. Straight bobbed hair. Short skirt, with tassels. Skin-colored stockings, always rolled. Wears bloomers. Still believes in Santa Claus, and thinks that Jack Dempsey is a professional baseball player. Can drink chocolate milkshakes by the dozen, and chew Beech-Nut by the gross. Has never touched a drop of whiskey, and does not smoke. Fond of looking after drunks. Dancing biggest passion. Goes out for intermission, sits in cars, and doesn't mind being kissed, but gets little kick out of the recreation.

Margaret, Elsie, Jane, Elinor, Helen, etc., etc., flappers, flappers, flappers. Smoke, drink, kissing—

V

Asheville—Pack Square. Asheville Country Club. Biltmore Forest. Golf, bridge, dances, Scotch. Fraternity brothers, who live in big houses, have chauffeurs, and ride only in Packards or over. Battery Park, The Manor, Grove Park. Teague's. Tournaments where people go to applaud the victors and give dinner parties later in their honor. The Vanderbilts. The morning *Citizen*, with sports by Pat Richards, and "We Have With Us Today—" Family seals and coats of arms.

A girl—Marie.

VI

Marie was to one of the Carolina undergraduates the very face of Heaven itself. Sweet, pretty, attractive, adorable, entertaining, delightful, intellectual. She loved him immediately, and he loved her immediately. They were made for each other. He asks her down for the fall dances, and gives her his fraternity pin. She replies with the sweetest kiss he ever remembered.

VI

Six weeks later:

Chapel Hill—Patterson's, Gooch's, the Pickwick, the Postoffice, Fraternity Row, Alumnae, Davie Poplar, the Old Well. Grass that needed cutting everywhere. Tennis courts that needed something badly. Emerson stadium and football. Sessions on the summer vacation.

"Jack, remember Marie. Sort of fell for her, didn't you?"

Whereupon the other Carolina undergraduate replies: "Aw, hell."

What's a Man to Do?

This is a hard world, said the connoisseur. I want to get married and settle down, but to save my soul, I cannot find a girl that is really eligible, don't you know?

The most beautiful girl I ever saw is a cashier in a Greek restaurant. The most brilliant girl in my acquaintance is the daughter of a butcher, and wears glasses. The cleverest girl I ever ran into actually has a wooden leg, and chews Beech-Nut by the armfuls. Of all the women I've ever seen the most entertaining is a little lass that dances in a cabaret and has a reputation. When it comes to being accomplished, the only artist I intimately know is a kid that plays a piano in a cheap moving-picture show. The most delightful feminine creature I ever talked to had two divorces and a new drunkard husband. The most intellectual woman I've seen is a negress. Once I went in a side show of a circus and I laid eyes on the most perfect figure I have yet seen. In all my life I have never been so fascinated as once when I chatted with a girl at Coney, who later informed me she was a waitress in a New York hotel. The most graceful young damsel I know dances in the sorriest tab show I ever attended. The sweetest girl I know turned me down because I am a cynic. So there you are.

BEATING!

"What's the charge, officer?"

"Vagrancy, your honor. He was loafing around a street corner."

"Ah, impersonating an officer." —*Puppet.*

* * *

Accounting Stude—How should I book the $10,000 that the cashier ran away with?

Professor—Oh, just put it down as running expenses. —*Sun Dodger.*

* * *

She—Have you seen the "camel walk?"

He (still maintaining a little equilibrium)—Nope, not yet, I'm only up to the green snakes so far. —*Yale Record.*

* * *

They say that Bill Smith can do two things well at one time, and one of them is drive a car.

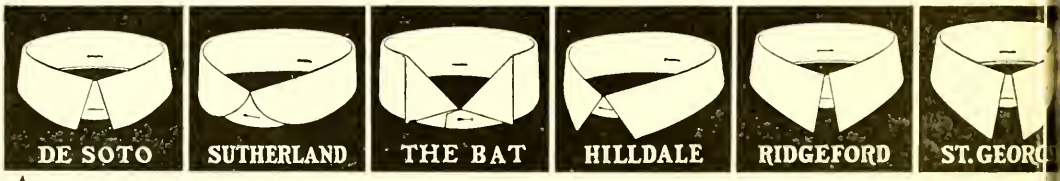
In Memoriam

Here lies the Tar Baby, the lifeless remains of what once sought to amuse, indeed, what once was praised as a bright, clever, sparkling youth. No better epitaph could rest on the grave of this dead child than "Gone, but not forgotten." Certain citizens, merchants, printers, were they assigned the task of designing the Tar Baby tomb, would place just that on his grave.

But be it said to the credit of this dead Comic, despite its checkered career, its censure by University authorities, its rejection by University students, its many knocks by contemporaries who accused it of ruthless plagiarisms, it deserves the admiration of all for its gameness. Were we asked to make the award of the Dill Pickle on this score, there would be no doubt in our mind but what Tar Baby justly deserved the highest honor. When it comes to being game, Tar Baby was more than the Berries. There was no yellow streak down that boy's back; he was anything but what we commonly call a quitter.

Tar Baby is dead. There was no funeral, no burial rites pronounced over his grave. He died as he lived during the latter part of his hectic career, unnoticed, and nobody gave a darn. His passing was marked by no tears, no signs of mourning, no emotions on the part of anybody, save perchance those who first gave Tar Baby life and dreamed great things for his future. He died blacker than he was when he was born, a sad, disappointed, crushed soul. Few friends he had when the end finally came, and as for enemies—But this is an "In Memoriam," and only the best of his life must be referred to.

Tar Baby is dead. May his successor have a more fortunate career, and the gods of fate bestow more blessings on its well-meaning self. For a life such as Tar Baby's—deliver us.



An eminent authority on men's apparel once said "No article of dress so makes or mars a m appearance as his collar, yet it costs less than any other part of his wardrobe. An ill becoming can ruin an otherwise perfect appearance."

* * * *

After all a perfect appearance is mainly a matter of individual taste—you've guessed it already, collar on the page is especially adapted to one of the six heads, so to encourage a careful selecti collars, an order for one dozen custom collars in any of the styles illustrated or for a Lion V Oxford shirt (shown on opposite page) will be given to the twenty-five students of this Univ submitting the best letters giving their style reasons for placing a certain collar on a particular he

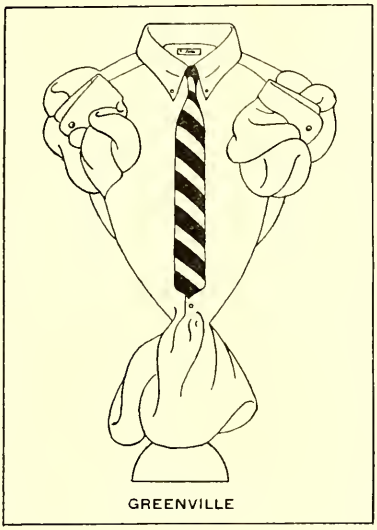
* * * *

If in the opinion of the judges (Three Advertising Men) more than twenty-five letters are c good, the same prizes will be awarded all contestants. No answer will be considered unless a panied by a letter giving reasons for style selections. Contest closes at noon November 15th. out your Corona or use a Waterman. For your convenience coupon is attached, although use c not compulsory.

ST. GEORGES

THE BAT

SUTHERLAND



GREENVILLE

Here is *Greenville* a full negligee white oxford *Lion Shirt.* The collar (*which really fits*) is made with the newer deep points, buttoned down and a button in back as well to keep your tie in place. The body and sleeves are *roomy* with *narrow* flat cuffs. In short, a fellow who saw the original sample said: *"This is the shirt absolutely for which we have been patiently waiting."*

DE SOTO

RIDGEFORD

HILLDALE

COUPON

E SOTO	SUTHERLAND	HILLDALE	RIDGEFORD	ST. GEORGES	THE BAT
	No.	No.	No.	No.	No.

_____

ge or University_____ Town and State_____

se prize is awarded to you state name of collar or shirt you wish_____ Size_____ Your dealers name_____

Sleeve length (if shirt)_____ Address_____

ITED SHIRT & COLLAR CO., TROY, N. Y. Care of Advertising Department.

A Morality

"Got all your dates filled out for the fall dances?" asked one Carolina man of another Carolina man, ten days before the great festivities.

"Who you having up?" replied Carolina Man, No. 2, nonchalantly.

"Mary, my sister. She found—"

"I'm sorry, old man, I've got all my dates filled. Surely would like to have one with your sister. Won't you have a drink? *They match for dopes.* I have a cousin that's coming up. Would like to give you a date with her. Darned good dancer, though I haven't seen her—"

"Wish you'd seen me sooner. I'm all filled up now. Sorry we didn't get to see each other sooner." Dopes were hurriedly finished, and the two Carolina men parted.

Ten minutes later Carolina man No. 2 met another Carolina man, who accosted him: "Bill, glad you happened along. 'Member Mary Shapely, the little 'mommer' that set Washington and Lee on fire at Fancy Dress. Coming down on my bid. Want a date with her?"

"Be delighted, boy. Haven't made out any dates yet at all."

Fifteen minutes later Carolina man No. 1 was signed up for a date with the little "mommer," and he commented also that he was just beginning to make out his dates.

Moral—Don't claim kin to the girl that's coming down on your bid.

And So It Is

A woman—"They tell me that this past Summer School at Carolina was something awful. I heard the girls were the wildest creatures, and didn't even care what they did out in public."

Another woman—"No exaggeration. 'Sall true. Up there on that terrible fraternity row girls flocked every night, and sometimes they even sat up until the bell rang, at ten-thirty, playing bridge. 'Twas a disgrace. And they had the crudest habit, boys and girls walking up town, hand in hand. Can you imagine it? That's not all, either. One girl was seen actually kissing a boy. Not on the hand or on the cheek, but lips to lips. 'Neckin', I believe they call it. My daughter will certainly not go to any place like that. She never was inclined to do wild things anyway. She doesn't even want to go off to any kind of school, and I'm glad she doesn't, for here I can keep an eye on her all the time."

I know her daughter. The other night I had a date with her. I've got another date with her tonight. I have intermission with her for the dance tomorrow night. I have a late date with her day after tomorrow night. I shall try to get a date with her Sunday night. And I swear I'm not in love with a soul in the world, and never have been.

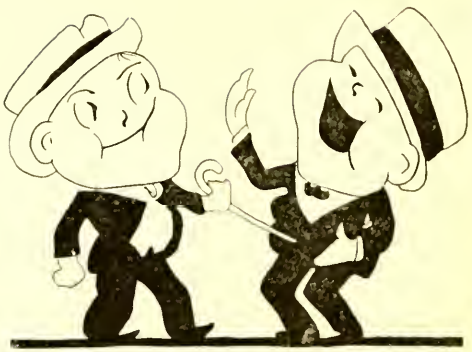
A CLEAN JOKE

May I hold your Palm Olive?
Not on your Life Buoy! —*Goblin.*

* * *

Alva—As far as I can see, there is no harm in girls wearing short sox.

Jack—No, not as far as you see. —*Punch Bowl.*



Hubb—What sort of man is your husband?
Dubb—I haven't tried his home brew yet.

The Cake Eater and the Flapper

A LOVE STORY

A cake eater rubbed a whole handful of vaseline pomade on his black locks, combed a perfect furrow down the center, slapped his Dunlap very carefully down on the left side of his head, counted the dollar and eighty cents to his name, and jumped in his father's new Ford coupe. Five minutes later he paid a nickel for a coca-cola, a dime for a "small package of Chesterfields," shrugged his shoulder so his new four-button tweed would cover the back of his collar to perfection, and glanced at the big drug store clock. It was date time.

He was informed by the mother of his date that she would be down in a minute, and to have a seat. Pretty soon, half an hour, a flapper hurried down the stairs. Her short, tasselled skirt, her thin black clocked silk stockings, her fluffy dark bobbed hair, and the squeeze of her fingers, as she apologized for her tardiness, thrilled him immeasurably.

They sat down on the porch, but there was no settee, and they were forced to sit in separate chairs. Their conversation was slightly awkward, for there was nothing for them to say to each other, since there was no settee. Finally, the cake eater said: "Want to ride up town and get a drink?" The flapper replied: "Sure, I'm plenty thirsty."

The coziness of the Ford coupe created a new situation. He headed his machine toward the country, because they forgot about the fact that their apparently intended destination was the drug store. He lighted one of his Chesterfields, first politely lighting one for her. She smoked with short jerky puffs, because she had never inhaled one in her life, though she would have been considerably hurt had anyone mentioned to her the fact.

Soon the cake eater stopped the car, and turned out the lights. "What a beautiful night," he suggested. "Gorgeous," commented the flapper. "It makes me think of you and love," the cake eater went on, in true professional style. She nestled closer. "I love you so much, honey," said the cake eater, as he took her little hand in his. They kissed each other. They kissed each other again. . . . They kissed each other a third time, a fourth, a fifth, a sixth, a seventh, an eighth, a ninth, a tenth . . .

Because there was no more dialogue, thus endeth our story.

The Cedar-Bird

A DEFINITION

Have you ever heard the definition of a cedar-bird? Great men have lost their minds in trying to define birds of this kind. Unlike fouls of the air, cedar-birds are found everywhere. We think they must have flown from every part that's known. Their whole history seems to us to be a mystery. But tracing back to Adam and Eve, where man was first deceived, Eve caused Adam to eat the forbidden fruit, and was chased from the Garden of Eden with a snake in hot pursuit. Leaving them for awhile, we go to Herod's domicile. He ruled with an iron hand, but was loved by people of every land. In fact, his life was the happiest till Salome called for the head of John the Baptist. Then, as it is well known, due to this woman, he was overthrown. Later, who should kill Achilles' joy but a woman, Helen of Troy. After all his strife, for her he ended his life. It was Cleopatra, the vamp of the Nile, who with a clever style, nearly drove Anthony wild. There are others I could mention, but to call their names is not my intention. There seems to be no end to women always tricking men. Reaching now the modern college, the birds of whom we have best knowledge. In speaking of them I'd like to state, and I'll bet some shekels I got it straight. That sometimes in their lives, by chance, they've had at least one fond romance. And nine out of every ten were finally shaken in the end. They even put aside their classes in order to be with the lasses. They pawned their diamonds and pearls for money to spend on their girls. And when at last they're broke, girls take it as a joke, and say: "I'm sorry for Dick or Ben, but Oh Gee! he was just a friend." Now, you've heard what we style a cedar-bird. Of course, it's hard to define, why men always fall for a line, but just to tell the truth, man must not cut a wisdom tooth.

THE POET

I loathe him.
I am a beautiful woman . . .
The title of the love sonnet was: *"Lines on Eleanor's Face."* —*Black and Blue Jay.*

* * *

Quick, Adam, I must be re-leaved, cried Eve, after the gale. —*Jade.*

* * *

Willie—I looked through the keyhole last night when May's fellow was calling on her.
Father—And what did you find out?
Willie—The electric lamp. —*Gargoyle.*

* * *

HAND TAILORED

Madge, just look at your waist. It's all rumpled.
Why, dearies, it's just been pressed. —*Juggler.*

* * *

Freshman—Who's playing today?
Linguistic Upper Classman—Je ne sais pas.
Freshman—Ought to be a good game, don't you think? They have a strong team. —*Fun Book.*

* * *

Professor's Wife—Henry, you have not kissed me for five whole days!
Absent-minded Professor—Indeed, my dear! Then can you tell me whom I have been kissing?
—*Sun Dodger.*

AND AGAIN:

The Roman *erat ludicrus;*
For *omnia* he'd pay.
When rich, he gave to *omnibus*
A Roman holiday.
He filled the *auditorium*
With sights that would unman us,
But after all the *glorium,*
It broke him for an *annus!*

N. R. J.

* * *

DOWN THE FIRE ESCAPE

He—May I call for you some night?
She—Yes, if you don't do it too loudly.
—*Mugwump.*

* * *

Mrs. Prof.—Do you think Wednesday would be a good time to hold a shower for Beatrice?
Prof. (dead to the world)—Any time she needs one, mother. —*Banter.*

Gosh! I'm a lucky girl to get in the first issue of BOLL WEEVIL.

The Big Ego

What are the virtues of all Carolina men? They are gentlemanly, kind, courteous, democratic. They love their alma mater and will fight for it, work for it, and do all in their power to help it win or grow or improve. They respect the Student Council, the Honor System, the Y. M. C. A. They will defend its name against any slander or unjust remarks. They will play like hell for it on the athletic field, and root like the same place for it in Emerson stadium. They are the biggest, finest, most congenial set of men found at any college in the country, and there is better college spirit shown on the Carolina campus than at any other institution of learning.

What are the virtues of all Trinity, Davidson, Virginia, in short, of men at all colleges in the country? *Ditto.*

Blackstone—What did your son learn while at college?

Webster—A couple of ukulele solos and how to spend money foolishly.

Mr. James—Are you in favor of women taxi chauffeurs?

Mr. Haynes—No; my wife drives our car.

It isn't the cough that carried you off, but the coffin they carry you off in.

If Mother Eve had been as wise as some of her daughters, what a fool she would have made out of that snake!

Mary had a little knee,
'Twas powdered white as snow,
And everywhere that Mary went
The wind was sure to blow.

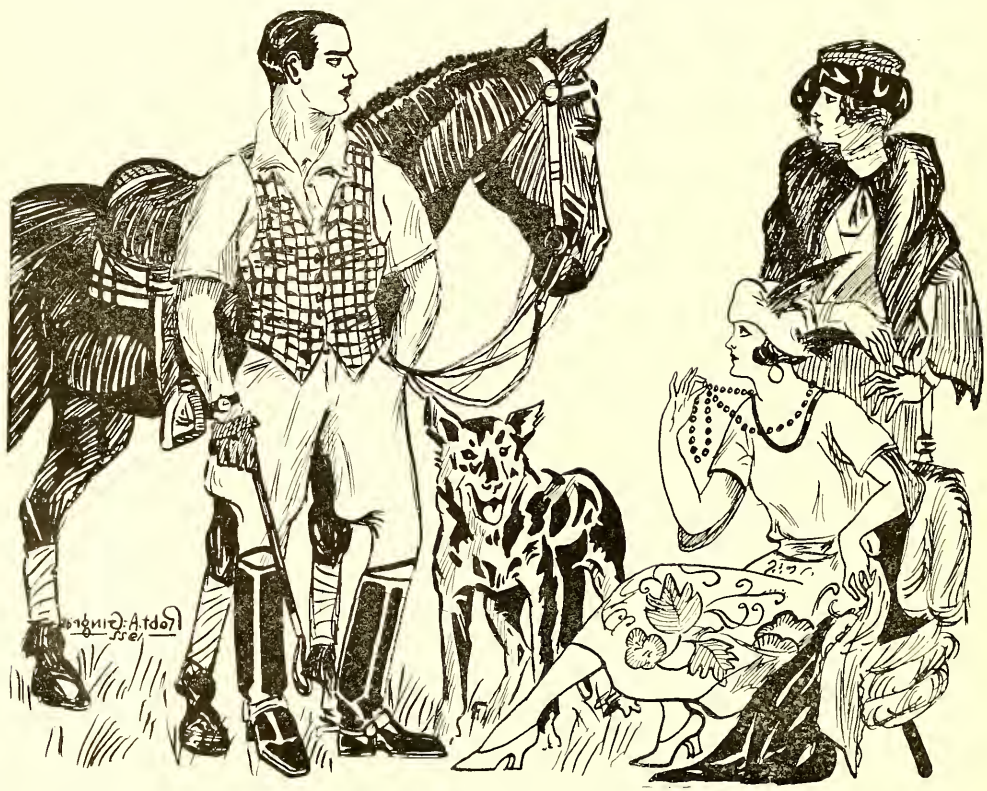
GABRIEL'S TRUMP CARD

The young man led for a heart,
The man for a diamond played;
The old man came down with a club,
And the sexton used a spade.

He—Who made Paris Green?
She—Helen of Troy. —*Durfee Hilltop.*

WITH APOLOGIES

The sun was hot upon the beach,
Her suit was little sister's;
She thought she was having a wonderful time, but
All is not bliss that blisters. —*Awgwan.*



Inquisitive Lady—Have you everything ready to go to the football game?
He (frankly)—Yes, it cost $10 a quart.

He—Your lips are chapped.
She—Yes, the chaps all like them.

A Certain Bootlegger

I never saw but one person I really hated. I've been tricked by girls, and felt myself a perfect ass, but this I've never resented, feeling more amused than anything else. I've been treated roughly, snobbishly, unkindly, unmercifully, by many men I know, but I always considered it as merely the ways of the world, and let it pass, without feeling any special dislike for the wrongdoers. Once when I had no money to pay, I was turned out of my boarding-house, and had to go two days without anything to eat, but I excused my landlady, and today consider her as one of my friends. I am not sensitive in the least, and my feelings are hard to hurt. I make it my policy to like the world, and I am slow to see any faults in my fellow-man.

But there is one man in this world I utterly despise. Should I ever see him again, I think I would slash his head off with my Durham Duplex or shoot him down with my automatic. If I were near a river, I would beat him down, tie a cannon ball around his neck, and toss him in.

He is a certain bootlegger that sold me twelve quarts of nice water for Scotch, when I was on my way up to the hops.

If a hen laid an orange instead of an egg, what would the little chickens say?

Look at the orange mamma-lade.

* * *

A farmer in Osevitch, South Carolina, writes the Boll Weevil for information on how to extinguish this troublesome insect down there, declaring that he has had to sell his flivver, house and lot, and player piano on account of his devastation.

Boll Weevil offers the following suggestions:

1. Catch them, one by one. Lay them on a good size whet-stone and maul their brains out with a hammer. (If you have no hammer, the back side of an axe will suffice.)

2. Stretch X pieces of barbed wire across the end of the field and shoo them out of the patch so they will run into this protection, and get their eyes scratched out.

3. Lay pieces of dynamite about the field, and light all the fuses at one time. The cotton may be slightly damaged in the rush, but then cotton is no good anyway at the present prices.

4. Stop raising cotton.

5. Move to the city and open a weiner stand or sell insurance.

6. Buy your flivver back, load them up in this conveyance, and take them for a Sunday ride. When you return, they will not be in much condition to eat or anything else.

Maiden (in lower berth)—Sweet slumber, take me in thy arms!"

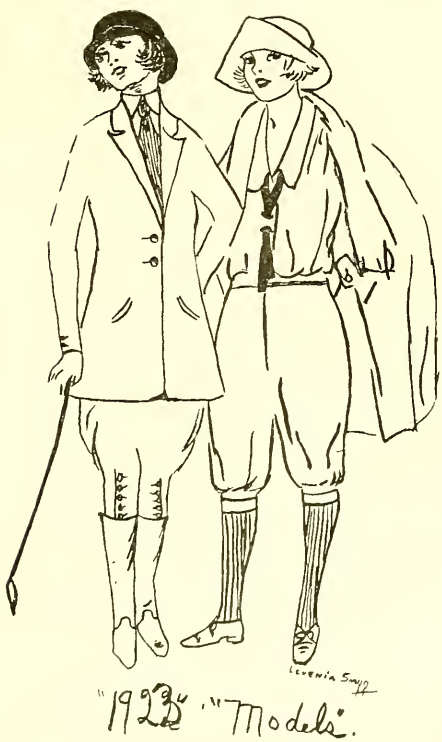
Drunk (above)—Shay! Who ish thish guy, shlumber, anyhow! —*Exchange.*

* * *

"The stork has brought a little peach,"
The nurse said with an air.
"I'm mighty glad," the father said,
"He didn't bring a pair."
—*Washington and Lee Mink.*

* * *

The difference between a kiss and a sewing machine is that one sews seams good; the other seems so good.
—*Bindery Talk.*



Through Center He Charged, Across the Carcass of a Youth Laid Down in Battle

His Greatest Day

Long, red, glittering Packards, sporty, new, graceful Cadillacs, special-built Buicks; cars of every make and design, thronged the Main Street of this village. At least thirty minutes was required to complete the purchase of a coca-cola at Patterson's, and an hour or more was necessary to make the deal of a chicken sandwhich at Gooch's. There were people here from every burg in North Carolina, and hundreds of visitors from the sisterly neighbor, the Old Dominion. For this was the great day of the year. At 2 p. m., on Emerson field, the football classic of the South would be waged. Was there ever a bigger game than the Thanksgiving contest between Carolina and Virginia?

The squad of muscular giants, who represented the home eleven, trotted in Swain Hall at 11:00 for their special luncheon. In their midst was none other than the virile athlete, captain of the varsity, president of the Senior Class, high muckety-muck in the Phi Society, a member of nineteen of the best organizations on the campus, young Clarence Duofold. He was, in short, the Berries, and he seated himself at the head of the long table with modesty befitting such a king of campus leaders.

Dinner over, Captain Clarence repaired to his room, laid himself down on the first story of his double decker, had his room-mate give him a nimble rub down, and soon was carried away in the realm of merry dreamland. He was awakened by his Big Ben, at 1 o'clock, and he promptly hied himself to the Gym., where with his fellows, he adorned himself in natty football clothes.

"Well, Clarence, feel just right?" inquired the mighty Doc., who was making the rounds to see that all the club was in perfect physical trim.

"Fit as a king, Doc.: much oblige," replied the Prince of Importance.

Pretty soon, after the coaches had whispered certain words of inspiration to the outfit, advising them to "Fight like hell," and "Stick in there," they trotted out amid yell after yell, from the crowded stadiums. "Carolina was split" in every conceivable form by blurry-eyed alumnæ, and bobbed-haired maidens, down to see their heroes in action.

A pigskin was tossed to Captain Clarence, and he took his stand on the field. Thence he commenced kicking, forty, fifty, sixty, seventy yards. The big toe was working in tip top shape for the fracas. His team-mates ran off signals with the precision of an Ingersol.

Shortly, after all had tired of the preliminary cheers, and finance kings had mopped up on program sales, and three hundred quarts of moonshine had been drunk by the spectators, the game was off.

Up the field, down the field, the two teams battled. The hero from the outset was destined to be young Captain Clarence. He grasped the ball to his belly and made gain after gain, around end, through tackle, through center, every conceivable point. But soon the Virginia line tightened, and the ball in their hands, they commenced to do a little stirring around themselves. Before anyone knew what had happened, a touchdown was recorded to the credit of the visiting team. They failed to kick goal and the score stood six to nothing in favor of the worthy opponents.

Thus the battle went, when the whistle went off for the end of the half. The coaches advised Captain Clarence's men to stick in there and fight 'em, and they returned to the field a resolute set of athletes. They would stick in there. They would fight 'em!

The third quarter showed no change, however. Meantime the stadium was growing wilder, for fear that the scoring was done for on this memorable day. But not so! There was to be a different tune in the song of the gridiron before the day was spent. Five minutes before the game was to end Captain Clarence got busy himself once more.

"Forty-two—four-six," he whispered to his constant center. The ball was snapped. It landed in the hands of Captain Clarence. He looked at his battle array, and for an instant surveyed the charging opponents.

But he was not phazed by their deadly attack. Through center he charged, across the carcass of a youth laid down in the heat of the battle. His determination was grim, and nobody had any idea of stopping such a battering ram. Straight through, on and on, he charged. Five yards, ten yards, fifteen yards, twenty yards, thirty, forty, fifty, sixty, seventy, eighty, ninety, while everybody in pursuit had given up in total despair. He rolled over with the touchdown that counted for victory. For a minute later, after brushing the dust from off his attire, he kicked goal, the ball striking the ground as the final whistle sounded, and bets began to be collected.

The spectators surged on the field, and bore the hero off while his praises were sung in the air, and his Dolly Dimple waved to him from the top of the stadium, as she struggled to get down to see her hero.

. . . . . .

"Say, for craps sake, Pete, crawl out of bed. You been scrub on this team three years now, and how the devil you expect to ever make anything sleeping all afternoon and getting out to practice late." Whereupon, Clarence Duofold, who had never made so much as a football trip in his life, washed his face, and started for the gym. to dress for practice and go out and watch the first and second team take their scrimmage.

GUTS, WE CALL IT

Flubb—That Smithers chap has an abundance of nerve.

Dubb—I should say so. He even tried to hang up the doctor for a prescription. —O. C. C.

Broker—How was the market today, old man?

Ditto—Nine dollars per quart!

AD IFINITUM

Blackstone—Just heard of Simpson's death. Did he have a peaceful end?

Webster—No; his wife was at his bedside until the last.

KIPLING

Ship me somewheres out of U. S.
Where the drinkers are not cursed,
Where there are no damn amendments
And a boy can quench his thirst.
—*Washington (Mo.) Dirge.*

"THE WEAK-END"

Jones—Will there be any pretty co-eds. at Carolina this year?

Smith—Will it snow next June?

"What has become of the girl you were making love to in the hammock last summer?"

"We fell out." —*The Ghost.*

BOLL WEEVIL compiles the following as the unlucky months to get married in:

January	July
February	August
March	September
April	October
May	November
June	December

U. N. C. Laundry—Don't kill your wife. Let us do your dirty work.

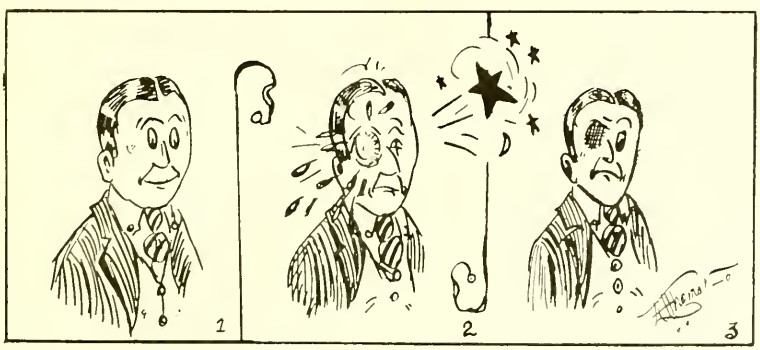
TELEGRAMS

"Dear Father, I'm in jail."

"Dear Son, break out."

ANOTHER ROAST

"To the Ladies! God dress 'em."
—*Punch Bowl.*



THE EVOLUTION OF A SNOWBALL

"The Sweetheart of the Cow"
—*With Apologies to Kellogg's.*

"Hic"

A TALE OF WOE

I saw my friend Jones down the street,
He wasn't steady on his feet;
His laugh was harsh, he called out "Dick,
I'll take another jugful, hic."
I ran up to him with great joy;
I thought, I'll get some now, O boy!
But why the great and joyous fuss,
My friend Jones was delirious.
He'd had the flu, been sick in bed;
I'm told the flu went to his head;
So up he got and went to dress,
Attired right neat, I must confess.
And out upon the street did reed;
A gang of kids ran at his heel;
O lucky Jones, you then lived in
Those happy days, and fooled a friend.

—E. C. H.

Nothing New

He—Darling, do you think your father could hear me kiss you?

Voice under sofa—He's use to it.

GOOD BIZZNESS

"I vish I vas as religious as Abie."

"And vy?"

"He clasps his hands so tight in prayer, he can't get them open ven der collection box comes aroundt."

—*Voo Doo.*

He Took His Word

A magistrate was cross questioning a criminal, charged with the murder of a rich old man.

Magistrate—Why did you split his head open?

Criminal—Well, I had been told that all of his money had gone to his head, and then, begorrah, I found that somebody had lied.

Slight Misunderstanding

A young couple were getting married and the nervous bridegroom was wondering whether he should kiss the bride. Knowing no one to ask but the minister he leaned forward and asked: "Is it c-c-customary to c-c-cuss the bride?"

The minister replied: "No, not yet. They usually wait a few months."

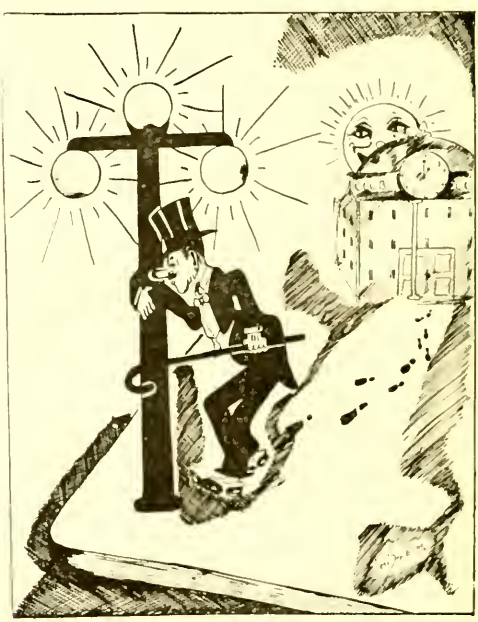
A Hot One

Mrs. Social Climber—We're going to live in a better neighborhood after this.

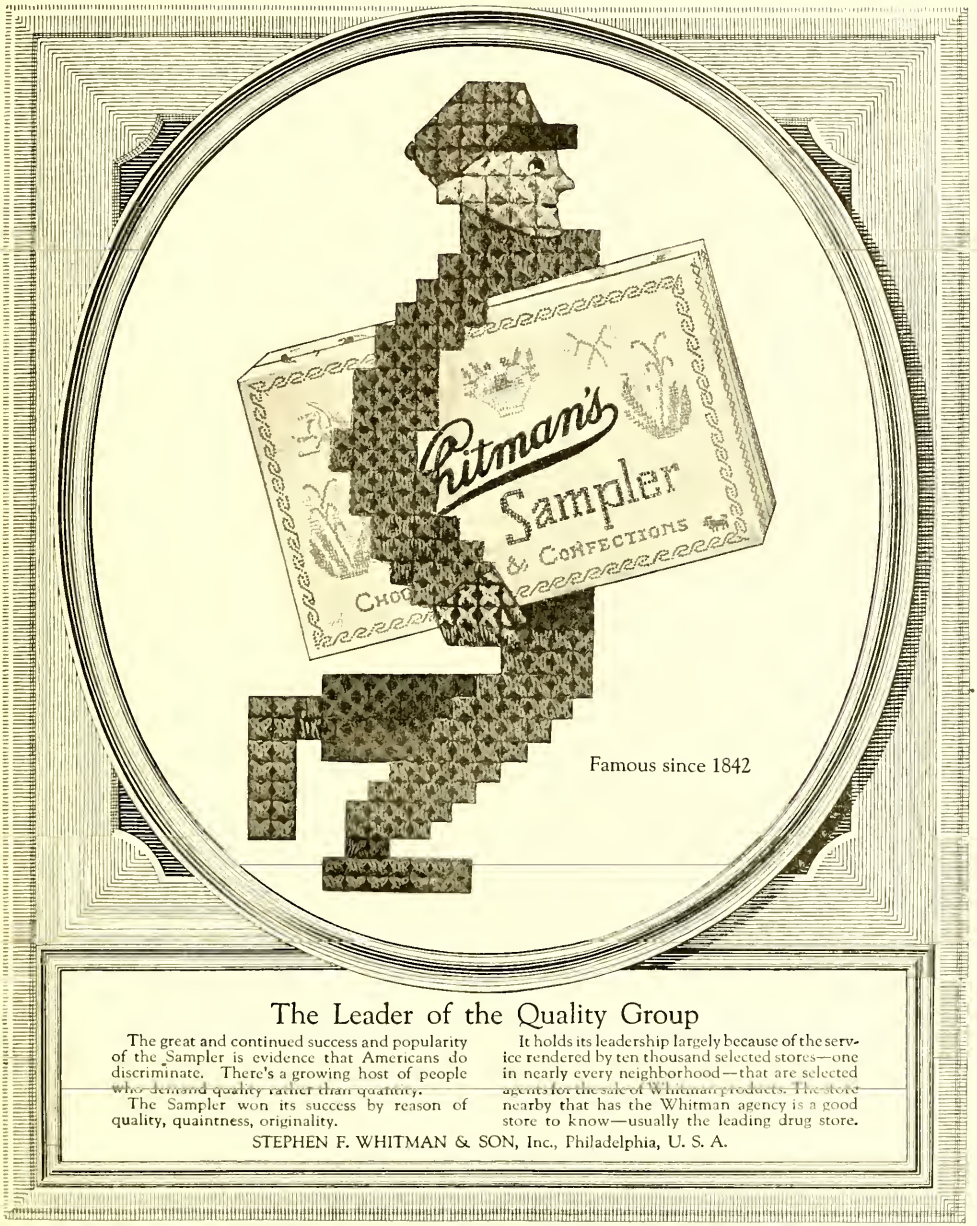
Mrs. Sharp Tongue—So are we.

Mrs. Social Climber—What, are you going to move, too?

Mrs. Sharp Tongue—No, we are going to stay right here.



"Get Thee Behind Me, Satan, and Push Me Along"



The Leader of the Quality Group

The great and continued success and popularity of the Sampler is evidence that Americans do discriminate. There's a growing host of people who demand quality rather than quantity.

The Sampler won its success by reason of quality, quaintness, originality.

It holds its leadership largely because of the service rendered by ten thousand selected stores—one in nearly every neighborhood—that are selected agents for the sale of Whitman products. The store nearby that has the Whitman agency is a good store to know—usually the leading drug store.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc., Philadelphia, U. S. A.

Whitman's famous candies are sold by

Patterson Bros.

The Carolina Boll Weevil

A Splendid Advertising Medium

¶ BOLL WEEVIL stands in the front rank of North Carolina publications as an advertising medium. Many large national advertisers are using it to move their goods, while the newspapers, with larger circulations, are not included on their lists. Just why is this?

¶ BOLL WEEVIL readers are a very select clientele, with nearly unlimited purchasing power. In short, with its quality circulation it might reach a much larger number of prospective buyers of a certain product than would a newspaper with five times its circulation. Vanity Fair magazine is an example of such circulation.

¶ BOLL WEEVIL promotion and merchandising work for advertisers has outstripped that of nearly every North Carolina newspaper.

¶ BOLL WEEVIL is sold on all trains in North and South Carolina by the Union News Company. It can be bought in nearly every town in North Carolina having a population of 1,500 or over.

¶ BOLL WEEVIL reaches a large number of young men and women just attaining their majority. These young people are just forming their buying habits for life. The advertising reaches them at an impressionable age.

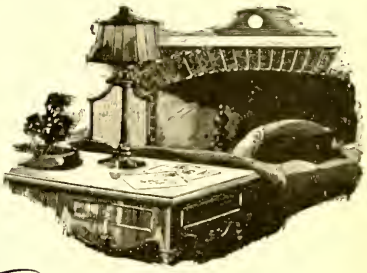
¶ BOLL WEEVIL is filled with wholesome wit and humor, which means that the reader is in a more receptive state of mind when he reads your advertisement than he would be when reading something else.

¶ For advertising information, etc., address

L. J. BRODY, Business Manager
Carolina Boll Weevil

Illustrated
Humorous

University of North Carolina
CHAPEL HILL, N. C.



Old Hampshire Stationery

Old Hampshire stationery is the finest paper made. Its texture is strong and firm, and like that of the richer silks, shows its quality at a glance.

Buy It Plain or Die Stamped

R. W. FOISTER

Nourishing - Strenghtening
During Active
School Months

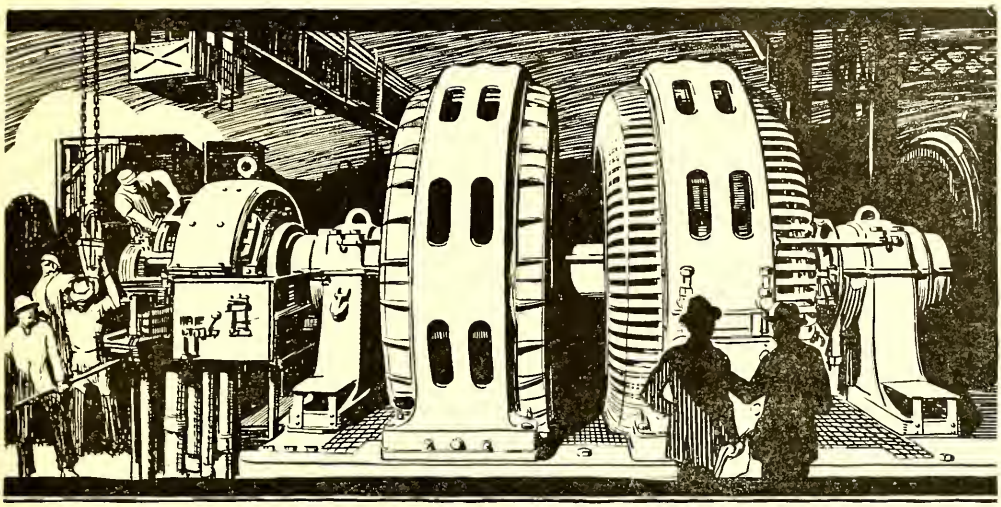
THE ORIGINAL

Relieves the fatigue of study and exercise. Delicious, concentrated nutrition that strengthens, refreshes and invigorates. Satisfying and economical as a daily luncheon. Keep a jar in powder or lunch tablet form in your room.

AVOID IMITATIONS

Write for sample and for booklet on its many advantages for the student and athlete.

HORLICK'S :: Racine, Wis.



Real Service Must Be Engineered

Many of the men whose names are writ large in engineering history are design engineers; men like Westinghouse, Lamme, Stanley, Hodgkinson, Tesla, Shallenberger. Their inventions have the quality of usefulness, of reliability, of producetability; which is an involved way, perhaps, of saying that they have the primary requisite of all really great inventions: *Serriceability.*

Engineering history abounds in instanees of near-genius that produced no produet, and of great developments that never reached eompletion; and most of these instances are explained by the lack, somewhere in the system, of that ability to give real Serviee.

Service, in a machine or a system, or wherever you find it, is not there by accident but because it was incorporated by men who understood what was required and knew how to provide it.

Much more is required of the designer than facility in calculation and mastery of theory. He must have first hand and thorough familiarity with manufacturing operations and with commercial and operating conditions. It takes more than mere ingenuity and inventiveness to design apparatus that will be really serviceable and will "stay put."

The design engineer, in the Westinghouse plan, is responsible for the performance of the finished product. He eannot possibly have the proper understanding of operation unless he operates and tests, unless he spends time and thought in investigation and study, not in the laboratory or drawing room, but right on the operating job. Here, most of his ideas will develop; and here he will see and prepare for all the different things which the product will later have to encounter. Then when he eomes to put his ereations on paper, his caleulations will be necessary and helpful to cheek the conelusions which he has reached, and this right use of them requires training and a high degree of understanding. This proper balance of the physieal and mathematical conception of things is what constitutes engineering judgement.

It should be thoroughly understood that the primary function of the design engineer is the conception and the production of new or improved apparatus, and familiarity with the practical is essential to the proper discharge of this duty.

It is this view of designing that makes this branch of Westinghouse engineering so important, so effective, and so productive of real developments.

W WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC
Westinghouse
ACHIEVEMENT & OPPORTUNITY

Clip the Coupon Now

Send Your Subscription

to the

Carolina Boll Weevil

"Carolina's College Comic"

$2.25 for the College Year

Published Monthly

¶ The Carolina Boll Weevil is the student humorous magazine published by the students of the University of North Carolina.

¶ The Carolina Boll Weevil is circulated throughout every college in the South. Contributions from students of other colleges are placed in our column called "Spices of Southern College Wit."

¶ Clip the coupon and mail it to us at once, thereby assuring yourself of receiving The Carolina Boll Weevil regularly. You cannot afford to miss a single number.

THE CAROLINA BOLL WEEVIL,
University of North Carolina,
Chapel Hill, North Carolina.

Gentlemen:

Enclosed please find $2.25 for my subscription for the remaining (9) nine issues of The Carolina Boll Weevil.

. . . . . .

. . . . . .

Our Next Issue Will Be
Out October 20th

BE SURE
TO SEE IT

"IT'S A SCREAM"

Send in Your Subscription to—

THE TAR HEEL

Carolina's Semi-Weekly Newspaper

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY AND FRIDAY
OF THE COLLEGE YEAR

STUDENTS should read The Tar Heel for all campus news.

ALUMNI should read The Tar Heel to keep in touch with University affairs.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE should read The Tar Heel, for the University of North Carolina is their institution, and they should know all about it.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

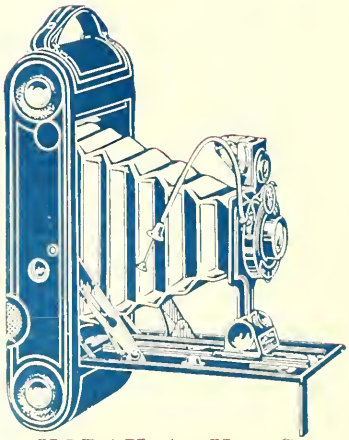
$2.00 per year delivered in Chapel Hill
$3.00 per year by mail

Send your subscription in to:

THE CIRCULATION MANAGER
THE TAR HEEL

University of North Carolina :: CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

Over Ten Years KODAK FINISHING For Students



KODAK As You Go

Pictures Tell The Story

Send your films to us BY MAIL. **Our Mail Service is unexcelled.**

It makes no difference where you are; just Mail your films to FOISTER'S, Chapel Hill, N. C. We will finish them and return them to you next day.

PRICE LIST

Developing

Roll Film, any size, per roll	10c
Film Packs, any size, per pack	20c

Prints

$1\frac{5}{8} \times 2\frac{1}{2}$ Vest Pocket	3c	$3\frac{1}{4} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$ — $3\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{1}{2}$	5c
$2\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$	4c	$2\frac{7}{8} \times 4\frac{7}{8}$	6c
$2\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$ (1-A or 2-A)	5c	$3\frac{1}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$ (3-A)	6c
Any size on postcards			6c

Developing and printing Film Packs, figure exactly twice as much as Six-exposure Rolls.

WE PAY RETURN POSTAGE.

Write your name and address plainly on outside of packages or letters containing films or negatives.

Figure price from above list and send enough money to cover order in full. If too much, we will refund with the pictures.

FOISTER'S

CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

BEST EQUIPPED FINISHING PLANT IN NORTH CAROLINA

CAROLINA BOLL WEEVIL

A Flying Tackle

FOOTBALL NUMBER

Slip into a Bradley –and Out-of-Doors!

Bradley

KNIT WEAR

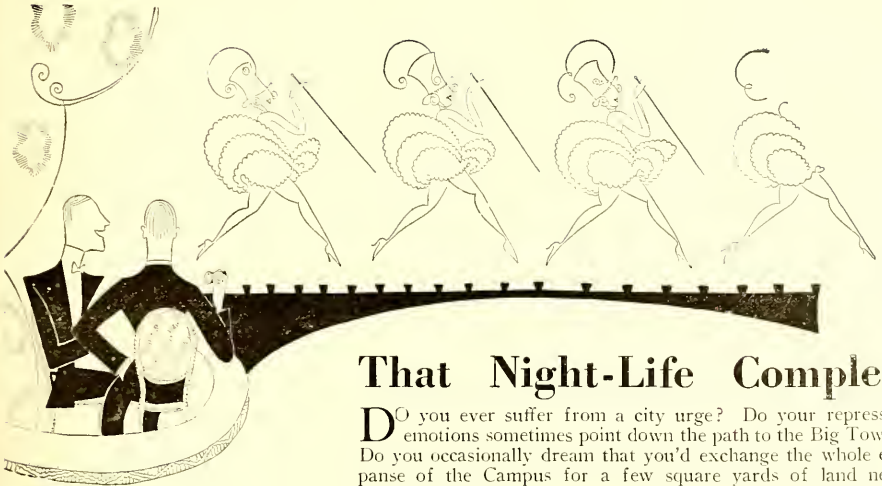
The New Book of Bradley Styles

Bradley makes Sweaters and Scarfs, Toques and Tams, Gloves and Hose, in fast and sturdy knit, to meet the college man's and girl's desire for good form and [illegible] Just drop a post-card [illegible] you'll find a real help in a copy of the new Bradley Book.

Sail or skate or ski; pull a stroke oar or captain the varsity football; be a grandstand looker-on, or "book-worm" it through life—you always need Bradleys.

Bradleys save your street and classroom clothes; they keep you warm and set your body free of the restraint of tailored coats; they yield to the most violent exercise, and stand-up under hard wear.

PRITCHARD-PATTERSON, Inc., *Local Dealers*



© Vanity Fair

That Night-Life Complex

DO you ever suffer from a city urge? Do your repressed emotions sometimes point down the path to the Big Town? Do you occasionally dream that you'd exchange the whole expanse of the Campus for a few square yards of land near Times Square?

And you can't, you can't, you can't—there's a lecture inhibition (Mechanical Engineering 3), or a football practice, or a rehearsal of the Glee Club. And the world seems dark . .

But

aren't you overlooking the march of modern science? Haven't you forgotten Einstein's annihilation of space? Must a man any longer be in only one place at a time? Certainly not! Not since the discovery of

VANITY FAIR

The greatest international travel agency for the modern man. Takes you to New York—but to the Biltmore Cascades, not to the Aquarium. To London—but to the National Sporting Club, not to St. Paul's. To Paris—but to the Folies Bergères, not to Napoleon's Tomb.

In Each Issue:—

PAGES of photographs of the most carefully dressed actresses and the most carelessly dressed dancers.

REVIEWS of the latest plays, to solve the problem of what to see when in town with her.

SATIRICAL sketches by Fish and other artists, to keep you in touch with the follies of the world.

HUMOUR, with a line that you'll find irresistible to female prom-addicts or home-town débutantes.

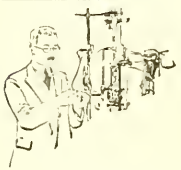
SPORTS articles—tennis, golf, baseball, boxing—by men who have played on teams themselves.

AN auction bridge corner which will make your game a social and business asset.

ART, life and letters, served up in short courses which will never jade the most delicate appetite.

AND the only sensible, correct, well-bred department of men's clothes published anywhere.

Where's the Nearest News Stand?



Which Type of Research is of Greatest Value?

A stove burns too much coal. A man familiar with the principles of combustion and heat radiation makes experiments which indicate desirable changes in design. That is research.

You want to make a ruby in a factory, a real ruby, indistinguishable by any test from the natural stone. You begin by analyzing rubies chemically and physically. Then you make rubies just as nature did. Your rubies are the result of research—another type of research.

While melting up your chemicals and experimenting with high temperatures, you begin to wonder how hot the earth must have been millions of years ago, and what were the forces at play that made this planet what it is. Your investigation leads you far from rubies and causes you to formulate theories to explain how the earth, how the whole solar system was created. That would be research of a still different type.

Research of all three types is conducted in the laboratories of the General Electric Company. But it is the third type—pioneering into the unknown—that means most in the long run, even though undertaken with no practical benefit in view.

For example, the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company are exploring matter with X-rays in order to discover not only how the atoms in different substances are arranged but how the atoms themselves are built up. The more you know about a substance, the more you can do with it. This work may enable scientists to answer more definitely the question: Why is iron magnetic? Then the electrical industry will take a greater step forward than can be made in a century of experimenting with existing electrical apparatus.

You can add wings and stories to an old house. But to build a new house, you must begin with the foundation.

General Electric Company
General Office Schenectady, N. Y.

WORTH WHILE GOING AFTER

They tell me that I'm lazy,
But this I do insist,
That I'll never be so lazy
That I'll throw my girl a kiss.

—*Punch Bowl.*

* * *

Bobby—Daddy, look! There's an aeroplane.
Absorbed Daddy—Yes, dear—don't touch it.

—*Tit-Bits* (London).

* * *

Tell a girl a good story and she'll laugh at it; tell her a bad one and she'll repeat it. —*Tiger.*

* * *

The Toreador (after an hour's session)—Hello, hello, central. Can't I get a better line?

Central (who has overheard most of it)—Say, ho, I don't see what's the matter with the one you have.

Panther.

* * *

Brutus—Hello, Cæsar, old boy. I see by your togo that you had eggs for breakfast.

Cæsar—Yeh, et tu, Brute. *Flamingo.*

* * *

Mrs. Prof.—Are you quite sure you are true to me?
Mr. Prof.—Why, of course, dear. What an absurd question!
Mrs. Prof.—Well, then, kindly explain who this Violet Ray is you are always talking about.

—*Tiger.*

* * *

Father—My boy, you must cut out this drinking—don't you know it shortens your life by exactly one-half?

Incorrigible—Well, you see twice as much.

Red.

* * *

Our idea of the ideal girl is one that takes a rub look to the football games and looks up her own questions instead of asking us. *Tiger.*

* * *

He who laughs last is usually last to get a joke.

—*Tiger.*

The Bank of Chapel Hill

Oldest and Strongest Bank in Orange County

Capital $25,000.00 Surplus $50,000.00

Resources Over Half Million Dollars

M. C. S. NOBLE, *Pres.* R. L. STROWD, *V-Pres.*
M. E. HOGAN, *Cashier*

H. B. RUFFIN W. F. MOODY CHAS. RUFFIN

CAPITAL PRINTING CO.

Specialists In

Newspaper, Periodical, College

PRINTING

Printers for The Carolina Boll Weevil, The Technician, Old Gold and Black, and other publications.

Hargett and Wilmington Sts., RALEIGH, N. C.

FABRIC

THE CONSERVATIVE ELEMENT IS THE FOREMOST ITEM IN CLOTHES DEVELOPED FOR COLLEGE MEN BY THIS ESTABLISHMENT. WHILE PERFECT CONSIDERATION HAS BEEN GIVEN TO THE MODELING OF THE GARMENTS, IT SHOULD BE UNDERSTOOD THAT THE FABRIC VALUE IS OF FIRST IMPORTANCE, BOTH AS REGARDS ATTRACTIVENESS AND SERVICE POSSIBILITIES.

FORTY DOLLARS

AND MORE

CUSTOM FINISH WITHOUT THE ANNOYANCE OF A TRY-ON

READY-TO-PUT-ON

FINCHLEY

5 West 46th. Street

NEW YORK

Nourishing - Strengthening During Active School Months

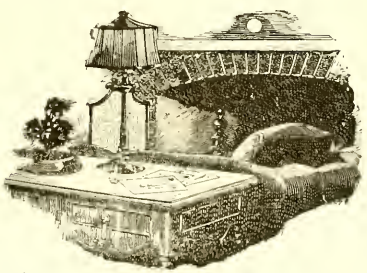
THE ORIGINAL

Relieves the fatigue of study and exercise. Delicious, concentrated nutrition that strengthens, refreshes and invigorates. Satisfying and economical as a daily luncheon. Keep a jar in powder or lunch tablet form in your room.

AVOID IMITATIONS

Write for sample and for booklet on its many advantages for the student and athlete.

HORLICK'S :: Racine, Wis.



Old Hampshire Stationery

Old Hampshire Stationery is the finest paper made. Its texture is strong and firm, and like that of the richer silks, shows its quality at a glance.

Buy It Plain or Die Stamped

R. W. FOISTER

The First National Bank

OF DURHAM

¶ A large, up-to-date Banking institution privileged to be of State-wide service, always at the disposal of the University of North Carolina, its faculty, student-body, and alumni in the transaction of their banking matters.

CAPITAL, SURPLUS AND PROFITS, $1,100,000
RESOURCES OVER $6,000,000

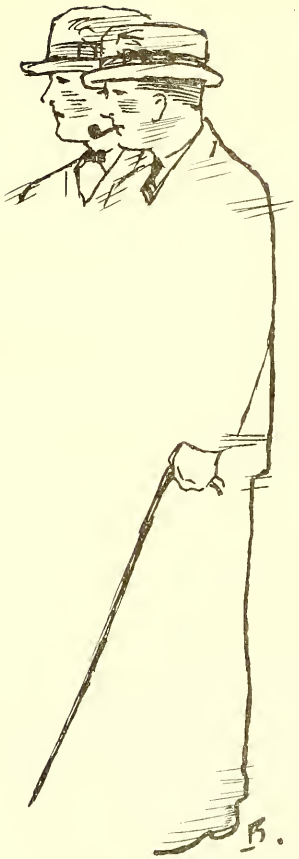
Julian S. Carr, *President*
W. J. Holloway, *Vice-President* — Clayborn M. Carr, *Vice-President*
C. C. Thomas, *Vice-President* — Southgate Jones, *Cashier*
W. J. Brogden, *Attorney*

What is the secret of a Perfect Meal?

That quality we so lavishly bestow—that service we give so unexcelled, and last, but not least, our reputation that has met the storms of competition for nineteen years.

GOOCH'S CAFE

Has Stood the Test : : : Since 1903



LOGICAL

"I've never flunked a course at Carolina, and yet I rarely study. I play poker every night, bet on all the games, drink profusely, never miss a dance, step around with fast women, and haven't been before the student council."

"Going back next year?"

"Going back? I've never been to Carolina."

THE CAROLINA BOLL WEEVIL

Carolina's College Comic

Published by Students of the University of North Carolina

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ASSOCIATE EDITORS

(Staff to be selected on competitive basis.)

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STAFF

D. J. Cooper, '24
W. C. Perdue, '25

The Business Manager will be at his office at the DEKE Annex from 1:30 to 3:00 p.m. daily, excepting Saturdays and Sundays.

For sale at FOISTER'S, Chapel Hill; all railway trains, and leading news stands of the South.
Contributions should be sent to THE CAROLINA BOLL WEEVIL, or left at the BOLL WEEVIL offices.
Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized October 9, 1922.

Contributors For This Issue

JOHN PAUL, WADE ATKINSON, R. S. PICKENS, A. WEIL, D. SINCLAIR, R. C. MAULTSBY, S. MEACHAM, N. CATES, JR, G. H. PAULSEN, C. B. COLTON, R. B. HESTER, G. Y. RAGSDALE, E. H. HARTSELL.

VOL. I, NO. 2 FOOTBALL NUMBER OCTOBER 30, 1922

TOUCHDOWN !

BOLL WEEVIL graciously dedicates this issue to that great and ancient clash of beef and brawn, which the moderns have dubbed with the title of football.

Football, the powerful rule of the destinies of every college in the country. At once the most wonderful, the most thrilling, the cruelest, the worse, the best, the most heartless, the greatest of all sports. The pigskin, chased by hundreds of muscular giants each Saturday of this season, and worshipped by thousands of hungry fans. The Great God of us all.

We can get more kick out of sitting in the stadium on Emerson Field and seeing Carolina romp away with a gridiron victory than in any recreation we have yet experienced. We have been known to throw our arms around an unsuspecting old lady, and toss our Stetson madly in the air, in one of those exciting moments when Carolina annexed a touchdown. Nothing pleases us more than to see the body of some pitiful opponent dragged to the ground, and a team of bodies crash down upon him, burying his nose in the dust. To that extent we have the nature of the brute, and so have thousands of others.

To football Boll Weevil bows down. We are willing to call off every single thing on the program of the fall quarter, but if perchance one of Carolina's big games should be cancelled, we have no doubt but what we would shed great tears, and spend many sleepless and unhappy nights.

CLEAN HER OUT !

THE recent wrangle in the German Club has amused us. Unfortunately, Boll Weevil's mind never has, does not, and never will function politically. We have marvelled at the way in which many good campus men have been fascinated with the game of politics, but we have been bored to utter destruction whenever they attempted to get us interested in their mighty program. Once we were asked to pronounce our judgment as to the success of the present Harding administration. Better ask, said we, the street cleaner in Gainesville, Ohio, or the dog catcher in Cary. Upon being pressed, however, we did volunteer this one comment: Damn the present postoffice administration.

But we are enjoying the campus campaigns in the German Club, more or less as a disinterested outsider. The purpose of one party, we observe, is to clean out the German Club, and make it safe for aristocracy. A good and noble purpose. All that Boll Weevil asks is to put a couple of men in front of the line who have worn Tuxedos once or twice in their life before, and who do not still wear their hair pompadoured.

CONTEST NOW ON

The contest for places on the Boll Weevil staff is now on. For information call by the Boll Weevil office at the Deke Annex or drop us a line for an engagement.

Tid-Bits From Main Street

On a hill by the Roanoke, where Lee camped two generations ago, a swamp angel stood in relief against the haze of a Carolina sky. She saw no Confederates now—or Yankees either. She saw snakes, and the blinking suns up in the two heavens, over New York and Edenton. Nor was she thinking of Jackson and Sherman, and the bootleggers, whose shadows were all around her. She was meditating on Persimmon Beer Ice Cream, the plays of Ibsen, the snuff stains around her mouth, and the fact that the Revenue Officer had stared at her new waist, which concealed a gallon jug.

A breeze which had crossed a thousand miles of ocean, all the way from Bermuda, for the express purpose, ricocheted her gingham skirt, in a manner so graceful, so full of animalation and moving beauty, that the lower jaw of a chance watcher on the road fell three inches over her assortmnet of biological specimens. She did her daily dozen, and her skirt split, a pint slipped from her waist. A girl in a tobacco patch, drinking corn as she longed to drink rye.

It is Hymn Millrace, playing hookey for an hour from the county reformatory.

The days of squaws, and porcupines killed with knitting needles are deader now than Barnum, and a rebellious girl is the spirit of the Mildewed Empire, called the Sahara of the "Bozarts" in America.

II

Gofer Prary was home-brewing for the winter. The cold October wind kept the women and children indoors. Fall is not a season in the Great North West, it is an epoch. The lawns were covered with old beer mash. In every block the householders, John Brown, the rich Mr. Lawson, every one save the anemic Si Slocum, who extravagantly bought his hootch from a bootlegger, were seen perilously climbing chimneys, throwing bath-tubs out of second-story windows, and dancing like Greek satyrs, from the effects of the first run. While Penobscot delivered an oration from the attic window, Hymn danced on the rafters, and begged him not to swallow the dregs, which he held in the hollows of his teeth.

III

She went to the Lucky Thirteen's afternoon Hot Dog. She had learned the elements of the game from the John Browns. She played uproariously and reasonably cheated. She had no opinions on anything more classical than B. V. D.'s, a topic on which Mrs. Highground elucidated for fifty minutes. She cussed frequently, and was the complete parrot in the manner of snubbing the hostess, Mrs. Half Dyed.

Her only doubtful period was when she lost on a hand of strip poker.

The young mistresses chinned away on the privacies of home life, with such an intimate knowledge, which caused Hymn to blush. Hornita Corndock described Larry's method of extracting nose hairs. She remembered her plan for reconstrucing Gofer Prary. Why were these people so vulgar? Why couldn't Larry Corndock use a depilatory. She would buy some for Penobscott. But, these people did not sympathize with her. She had a headache.

IV

She rallied half way between giving in and holding out. Her head ached faintly. She was in a strut. All the night his form, the slew-footed future, were hazy, as though she was obtaining the results of a psychic. While her mind stood still the light of a horse and buggy sneaked around a bend in the path, and he moved further away. "What can I do," she thought. "I believe— Oh, I won't be robbed now. I AM good. If I'm so unaesthetic that I can't sit by a fire in the rain and talk to a man, then I'd better take up psychoanalysm."

"Where's the Dean's office? I want to outline my courses."

"Don't see him. See the football captain."

Crip Courses

Apologies to R. Kipling

I've taken my fun where I have found it,
I've passed, I've flunked and I have stood.
I have had my picking of courses
And four of the lot were called "pud."

Now, one was a course in Geology,
And another Economics XV;
And one was a course in the Old Rural School,
And the last one was Spanish—a la Green.

Now, I ain't much hand picking courses,
But taking them all along
You never can tell till you have tried 'em,
And then you are likely to go wrong.

There are times when you think you might pass
And times you know you cannot;
But, if you don't pass your six out of nine
Tom Wilson knows you're a sot.

Geology V was my first one,
And more like a real course it were,
But it taught me at last how to drink, yet pass,
And I learned about "pudding" from her.

Then I transferred up to Pharmacy,
Hoping to make a good "frat,"
I got a tiny live medico course,
Though I knew I would sure flunk that.

Interesting, yet hard and tedious,
Kind of a mixture it were,
But I flunked it one night, 'cause I couldn't study right,
And I learned about flunking from her.

Now, I have taken fun where I have found it
And now I must pay for my fun;
For when all the "pud" courses are used up,
Along comes Crane with damned Psychology I.

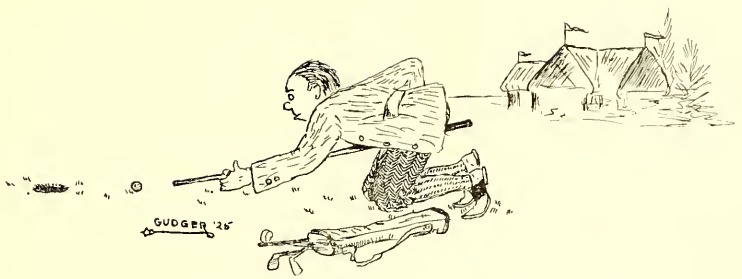
And the end of it is sitting and thinking,
And dreaming of sixes to come;
So be warned by my lot (which I know you will not),
And do not these acts so dumb.

THE CO-ED'S PRAYER

May the Lord Help Her!

"—and bless Mama and Papa, and make me a good little girl, and send Mama a nice son-in-law, Amen."

Smilin' Through.



Tom Smitson, Billiard Shark, Takes Up Golf.

Page the Connoisseur

This modern girl is one personage I simply cannot make out. Perhaps I am disillusioned. Anyway—

I met the Girl of My Dreams last summer. We fell in love at first sight. I know that we did, because she told me so, and I told her so. We saw each other constantly, and we were convinced that our love was composed of something more than kisses and sweet nothings. It was real. This time I knew I had found me the girl I had long wanted. She told me I was the first man she had ever really cared a rap for anyway. She was convinced that I was the Companion Superb for her. She liked my eyes, my teeth, my great big He-man's arms. She loved me for my great ambitions, my high ideals, my aspirations to something finer than the mere prosaic pursuits of the Idle Rich. She loved the way I danced, the way I golfed, swam, played tennis. . . . I was, in short, her Ideal man. Those few weeks we saw each other were days of residence in Paradise. We would not have traded our dates for the wings of St. Peter's cronies in Heaven. I left her with tears in her eyes, and she solemnly swore that she would write to me every day, and exacted such a promise from me.

Incidentally, in the space of those few weeks, I gave this dear girl my diamond fraternity pin, spent $500 for dinner parties and country club luncheons, $200 for gasoline, lost ten nights of sleep, and bought, I am sure, a small interest in the Whitman candy factory. But these things are incidental.

Well, she wrote to me. I learned, through her epistle, that she had met Joe Somebody. I was informed that he drove a Packard. I was told that he had dark eyes and a million dollars. I received other intelligence through her letter. I found that I had been missed, but I seemed so far away. I discovered that it was best to have my fraternity pin back, because she was afraid she might lose it. I observed that she would be unable to come down Thanksgiving because Sweet Briar was much nearer Washington and Lee, and she had decided it would be more convenient to take in the hops there. I learned that Joe Somebody was a student at Washington and Lee. I learned that it would be best for me not to go up Christmas. I learned that her house party, for some reason or another, had suddenly been called off.

Say, I don't understand women.

BLAMELESS

"How come you left Parker's boarding house?"

"Well, the first week an old cow died, and we had nothing but beef, beef, beef. The next week an old pig died and we were fed on pork, pork, pork. Monday Mr. Parker's grandfather died, so I left."

AN OLD STORY

A little girl I know
  Is sweet as sugar pie
I like her lips just so,
  And she likes mine—O my!

I met her in a street car,
  And took her to a show;
Before we had gone far
  I had no more of dough.

This little girl can eat
  As well as she can kiss;
Spending her hobby feat,
  And yet a darling miss.

And now I'm purely broke,
  I will be damned, by jove!
Though *money* is no joke
  This girl I dearly love.

1923

Mother and son were at the circus.

"Mother, ain't that elephant big as hell," asked the young son.

"Why, son, haven't I told you time and gain not to say "ain't?"

HOW ABOUT THE FRONT?

Oh! Wind, if Winter comes, will skirts be long behind?

Welcome!

The gods have for a flood of tears
Brought back the girl of yester-years.
While gone is the Goddess of Disclosed Charms,
Of dimpled knees and white-hot arms—
Gone to the Isle of Idio.

The Kam-Alayh, the sacred book,
On crowded page occasion took
To comment on a human trait.
I'll put it down; I got it straight
From the Isle of Idio.

'Twas this: "Stolen waters are sweet,
And bread eaten"—need I repeat?—
"In secret is pleasant to the taste,
While of that you have aplenty you waste,
And incur the wrath of Idio."

So it is, I think 'tis true,
Let us say if I or you,
Long for a sight until they flaunt it,
Then the charm is gone—we do not want it.
For a reason 'twas decreed by Idio.

Aye, gone is the lass of recent days,
Who drank our booze and liked our ways,
The girl so daring, of mannish taste,
Who met half-way and yet was chaste—
Chased to the Isle of Idio.

O pal of many a moonlit ride,
Who close as ivy clung to my side,
From whose painted ribbons of fire I sipped
The nectar of light love! Thou slipped
Back to the Isle of Idio.

I fain would call you back to me
Once more to dance, once more to be
Within the embrace of your trust;
Once more—but the laws of the gods are just.
She's gone to the Isle of Idio! God!

Precious flapper, thou soon wilt be
Only a deep-etched memory
Of wild, wild nights, and halcyon days,
Of dapper appearance, of flapper ways.
Thou art lucky, Isle of Idio.

Instead of these, thy sister we
Have to keep us company.
Not so wise as thee, yet equally wise,
For there's a light in her eyes that lies, and lies—
She comes from the Isle of Video.

She's different from thee—hidden calf,
High-heeled shoes, modest laugh,
With her head held high her modesty begs
To refrain from talk of liquor and legs.
This modest maid from Video.

No bobbed hair, no knowing look,
No liquor-lade breath, no Whiz-Bang book,
No dare to do, no "don't say don't"
(Her sister would, but she just won't)
Has this new arrival from Video.

But we welcome thee, thou modest maid,
Of corsets, no paint, looks so staid.
We loved thy sister—true, she was fast,
But had her limit, and at the last
Fled to the Isle of Idio.

Of her at first we made a fuss
But her brazen ways soon palled on us.
Her lips were sweet, but her brain was nil;
We're glad she came, but we got our fill,
Ere she kept her tryst with Idio.

The pendulum returns to normalcy;
We'll ride it, demure lass, with thee;
Maid, though thy modesty alarms,
We'll love thee for thy hidden charms.
Till thou return to Video.

—J. P.

NEVER

"You've never kissed a man?" he asked,
As he held her with all his might;
She nestled closer in his grasp;
No; not since Sunday night.

"Bill is making good money now, isn't he?"

"No."

"What? He just bought a ten thousand dollar house."

"Yes, but he's a counterfeiter."

A SUMMER ROMANCE

He said he would—
She said he could—
They did—

"How do you like the new style of long dresses?
"I don't mind."
"Why?"
"I've got such a darned good memory."

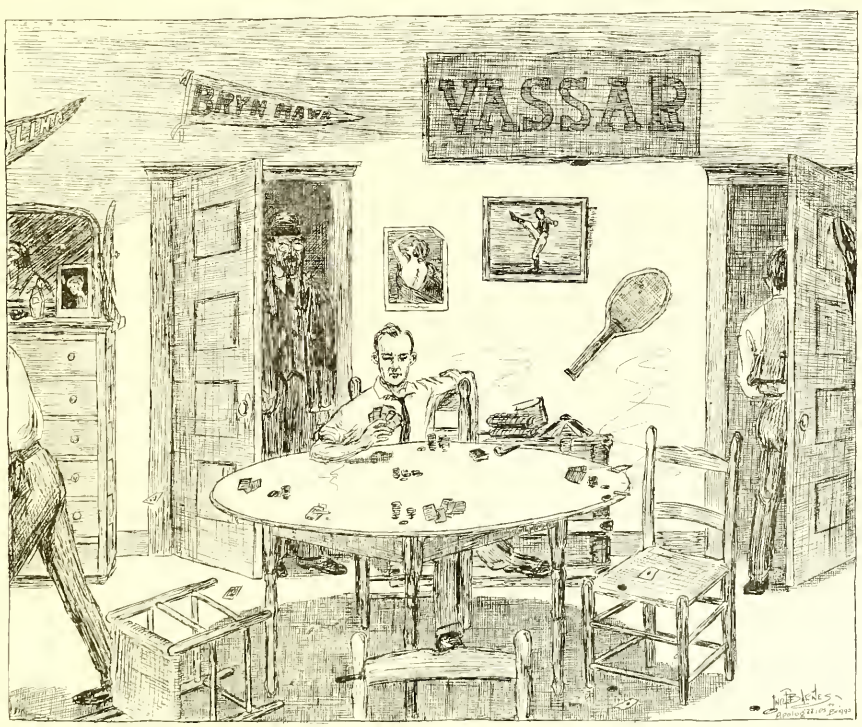
Man is born of woman, is of a few days, and full of prunes.

NOT A FLAPPER

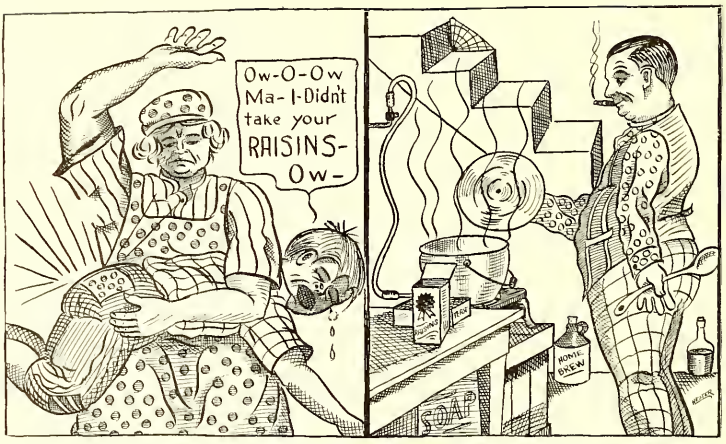
They are girls that powder
Girls that paint
Girls that are
And girls that ain't.
But I would give 'em all up if I'd find
The girl that's made me lose my mind.
She's the kind of girl that doesn't joke
Doesn't drink
Doesn't smoke.
Doesn't give a rap for men
Like her—there's not one in ten.
The kind that is without a taint
She's the girl of yesteryear—that ain't.

First Drunk—Say, er (hic) can you tell me where Phillips hall is?

Second Drunk—Why, er, yes (hic) you know where the postoffice is. Well, it ain't anywheres near there.



"When a Fellow Needs a Friend."



The Sins of the Father Are Visited on the Children.

Gushing's Visitor

John rose early Tuesday morning. The alarm on the other side of the room saw to that. He dressed with care. Not so unusual for John to dress that way, but today was a red-letter day—it was Washington's Birthday to start with—and again, he was going to call on Miss Fountain. The gushing Miss Fountain, whose picture was forever and eternally in the picture section of the Sunday papers.

John ate a hearty breakfast, studied the morning paper with care and then left for his office. After a half day's work he came back to his apartments for clean linen. He threw off his clothes and scrambled around in a hot bath. His man laid out his clothes, dusting the collar buttons and cuff links. John was always particular about his collar buttons and cuff links.

Thinking of the gushing Fountain, John turned off the water and clambered out of the top. Being fat he always had trouble in negotiating the slick sides and top of a bath tub. Almost winded by his efforts, he puffed into a dressing gown and finally into the clothes so carefully laid out by the man. He examined the collar buttons with particular care and smiled when he saw the state of absolute cleanliness left by the servant. John thought a lot of his servant and every Christmas remembered him with a substantial check.

Lingering before the glass, admiring his well dressed bulk for a few minutes, John thought again of the gushing Fountain. He was to see her in a few minutes.

She had sent for him. John had admired her picture, and once or twice had caught a glimpse of her passing through the traffic in her car. She rode in a beautiful car. But the wonder of it was that she had sent for him. Set for him a special time. She had given him a choice few minutes in the late afternoon and the late afternoon promised to be filled with a fine, soft light. John always liked fine, soft lights. In fact, his artistic nature, and John was an artist in a way, demanded that the lights be soft and alluring.

Hiring a taxi John rode sedately through the crowded traffic to the Fountain home. It was highly decorated. Washington's Birthday was going to be suitably celebrated that night. Cherries were in evidence.

John sent up his card by the maid and waited the summons of his lady in the lower hall. The maid returned and told him softly to follow her. He did.

The gushing Fountain was seated before her dressing table. A thing of soft and exquisite beauty. As John entered she unbound her hair and let it fall in all its glint and radiance down her silk clad back. John stepped forward and ran his hand through it, feeling the texture with expert hands.

"The last permanent wave I had put in has completely gone away," the Fountain articulated, "and I called for you tonight to put in another wave and dress my hair in the old Colonial fashion. We are giving a Washington Day dinner tonight and I am going in costume. Please hurry, as it is late. If you do a good job I shall transfer all my work to your establishment."

John went to work immediately curling the Fountain's hair.

First Crook—De last guy I stuck up didn't have nuttin'.

Second Crook—Woteha do, croak um?

First Crook—Nah! He looked like a straight guy, so I takes his I. O. U. for 50 bucks.

* * *

A wealthy farmer intending to send his son to college, wrote a letter to the Registrar, in which he said: "Please say what are your terms for a year; and will it cost anything extra if my son learns to write a good hand and spell proper, as well as to row a boat?"

A MEMORABLE EPISODE

I

'Twas night off the coast of Hawaii,
And the moon laid a canopy white,
As I rowed her ashore with a broken oar
From the shell of the "Flying Kite."

II

I remember the little low murmur
She gave when the boat struck the land,
And I took her and wrapped her in seaweed,
And laid her upon the sand.

III

Stript was her soul of iniquities,
Clean was her heart as could be,
And she spoke no word but the look in her eyes
Was enough for a man like me.

IV

She had boasted one day when I met her
That ne'er had the man been born
Who was fit to be the mate of her,
And I swore I'd show her she was wrong.

V

"Now, don't be long," she murmured,
As I left her to bring up the wine;
And I knew in my heart ere this night was gone
I could call her platonic soul mine.

VI

For hours I talked to her softly
In phrases of love divine
Till I knew by a look in her deep blue eyes
That her proud heart was conquered by mine.

VII

Then I did hold her closer,
My hands caressing her face,
Her hands broke the strings of my conscience,
And I knew that here ended my race.

VIII

She gave me her heart in that hour,
And only one sound heard we—
The ceaseless purring of ruby lips,
And the throb of the billowy sea.

IX

I sometimes sit in my study
And look out upon the blue sea;
And I think of this maid of Hawaii,
And I wonder—Does she think of me?

WELL?

A woman in Michigan the other day married a man seven feet tall whose name was Little.

It seems that woman wants but little here below and wants that little long.

* * *

"AND SHE'S A FAIRY QUEEN"

A co-ed, fresh from one of the larger cities of the South arrived on the campus Registration Day with her mind made up to hear all forty-eight verses of "I Got a Girl Named Lulu." Naughty Little Girl!

* * *

HELLO!

Her voice was like soft singing
That sounded clear and fine.
It rang like notes of music
As it came along the line.

I swore that I would meet her,
The one to be my own,
But, oh! how very deceiving
Is Bell's old telephone.

* * *

Son—Mother, why did you marry father?
Mother—Why, my child!
Son—Oh! beg pardon, mother.

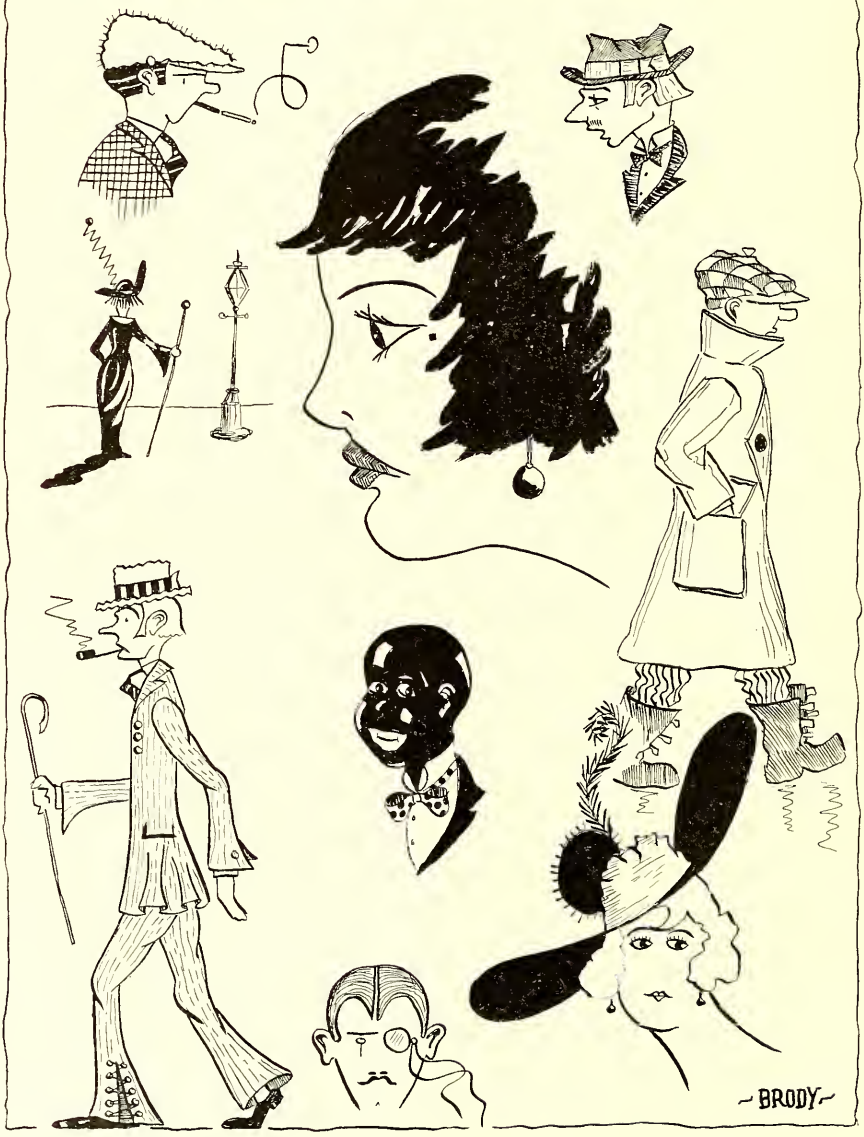
* * *

When it rains it pours;
When man sleeps, he snores.

—*The Dickens.*

Boy: I see ya back.
Girl (gazing at knickers): Anyway, it isn't bowlegged.

VANITY CASES



ART

(A Drammer in One Scene)

Scene: A long hall in the Louvre Museum, Paris. The walls are covered with pictures. Sunlight is streaming in the windows. A young couple are walking slowly along looking at the pictures in a bored manner. The man reads the titles and painters of each one from a guide book. He seems quite interested in some of the pictures. The woman, dressed in a brown coat-suit, follows a few steps behind him, as a dog being led along. The man is dressed in an ill-fitting knicker suit. As they approach the voices become audible.

He: That certainly is a grand picture!

She: I can't stand this much longer. We've seen miles and miles of these dull things. I'm sick of them.

He: Oh, dearie! Look here! This one, number 419 (*consulting the guide book*), is Whistler's "Mother." He's an American, you know. (*This is a misprint in the guide book. Number 419 is a picture of Eve in evening attire.*)

She: What an awful way to paint one's mother. These artists are the most immoral people I know of. From the looks of these galleries, you would think that clothes were a new invention over here.

He: Now, honey, don't get mad. That is a great masterpiece.

She: Yes, that's all you drag me through these damn galleries for—just to look at naked masterpieces. I wish we hadn't come on this fool tour.

He: Sh—. Don't let on to anyone we are on a tour.

She: If you are ashamed of it, why did you come on the darn thing. I'm sick of being herded around like cattle.

He: Now, honey, don't get mad. We'll slip away with that artist fellow we met, and see that Mount Marty place they all talk about.

She (*brightening up*): Let's go to his studio now and get him. What boulevard does he live on?

He: Defense d'Afficher, I think. That is the name on the corner of it. Let's look at a few more pictures before we go, though.

She (*frowning visibly*): Yes, you won't leave these nude things for anything, and I am dying for a smoke, anyway. I'm glad there isn't any art gallery in Gopher Prairie.

He: Now, honey, don't get mad. When you get home you'll be proud of seeing all this highbrow stuff I like it. This is real art.

She: Art, hell! I guess I heard you cracking jokes about the pictures with that horrid person from Keokuk. (*Sarcastically*) Yes, this is so wonderful. The coloring is so rare, and the lines are so natural. They remind you of some former love, I suppose.

He: Now, honey, don't get mad. We'll go get a cocktail right now.

She: Yes, and I want to read the *New York Herald*. I wonder what the McCormicks are marrying today. What is the name of this gallery?

He: This is the Louvre, dearie.

She: I thought that was the name of the big store in Paris.

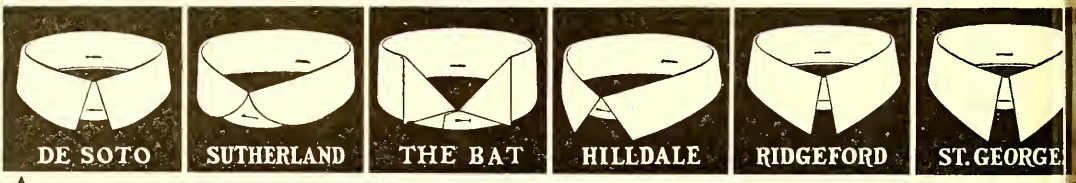
He: Well, the guide book says that this place is called the Louvre.

She (*resignedly*): Well, it must be then. What burg is this we are in. I can't keep up with the schedule.

He (*consulting a printed schedule that he takes from his pocket*): Let's see. This is Thursday, the eighteenth. This is Paris, dearie.

She: Well, I've *always* heard about this place. I must send some postal cards from here.

(Curtain.)



An eminent authority on men's apparel once said "No article of dress so makes or mars a ma appearance as his collar, yet it costs less than any other part of his wardrobe. An ill becoming co can ruin an otherwise perfect appearance."

* * * *

After all a perfect appearance is mainly a matter of individual taste—you've guessed it already, ea collar on the page is especially adapted to one of the six heads, so to encourage a careful selection collars, an order for one dozen custom collars in any of the styles illustrated or for a Lion Whi Oxford shirt (shown on opposite page) will be given to the twenty-five students of this Univers submitting the best letters giving their style reasons for placing a certain collar on a particular head.

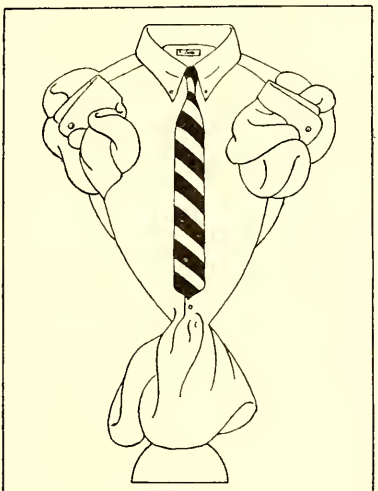
* * * *

If in the opinion of the judges (Three Advertising Men) more than twenty-five letters are equa good, the same prizes will be awarded all contestants. No answer will be considered unless acco panied by a letter giving reasons for style selections. Contest closes at noon November 15th. C out your Corona or use a Waterman. For your convenience coupon is attached, although use of it not compulsory.

ST. GEORGES

THE BAT

SUTHERLAND



GREENVILLE

Here is *Greenville* a full negligee white oxford *Lion Shirt.* The collar (*which really fits*) is made with the newer deep points, buttoned down and a button in back as well to keep your tie in place. The body and sleeves are *roomy* with *narrow* flat cuffs. In short, a fellow who saw the original sample said: "*This is the shirt absolutely for which we have been patiently waiting.*"

DE SOTO

RIDGEFORD

HILLDALE

COUPON

SOTO	SUTHERLAND	HILLDALE	RIDGEFORD	ST. GEORGES	THE BAT
	No.	No.	No.	No.	No.

or University_____ Town and State_____

prize is awarded to you state name of collar or shirt you wish_____ Size_____ Your dealers name_____

Sleeve length (if shirt)_____ Address_____

TED SHIRT & COLLAR CO., TROY, N. Y. Care of Advertising Department.

She: I wonder what that child is pondering about.

He: Breakfast, I guess.

Never Again

Once, during the present gridiron season, I took a certain young damsel to a football game. She was, I believe, a Flapper. Never again will I commit such an unpardonable folly. Rather will I sit at home and read the Saturday Evening Post or go to the nearest moving picture palance and see Harold Lloyd run a flivver automobile in a wall fence. Or better still, stay home and mow the lawn.

Nor am I adverse to this person, the Flapper. I have, in fact, always been somewhat susceptible to her wiles, and I have enjoyed more than one hour with her in the broad, open country, or the pleasant confines of a cosy parlor. She is a dear girl, so bright and cheerful. When it comes to downright entertainment with jokes that fairly sizzle, so sparkling and charming, this kid makes Whiz-Bang look like a funeral ceremony. But this is a digression.

As I was saying, never again will I escort her or any other such maiden to a gridiron contest. Before I consent to take any kind of girl to a football game, I shall ask her the following questions, and have them fully and satisfactorily answered:

"Have you ever attended a football game?"

"Do you know a headgear from a first down?"

"Are you in love or personally acquainted with any of the players?"

"Do you cheer for any particular side, or do you just up and holler every time somebody runs with the ball?"

"Do you know that the man who stands farthest behind the line of scrimmage is not called the Wayback?"

But this list would not suffice. There are countless hundreds of others that I would be forced to ask her. Anyway, you can readily guess why I have sworn off taking little girls to football games.

PERSONALLY

Mother of Soph (who is visiting her hopeful)—Son, do you know the president of the University?

'25—Yes, mother, I know him.

Mother—Have you ever talked with him?

'25—Once.

Mother—And what did he have to say?

'25—Young man, you will have to do better in your work or get out.

Mother (lecturing small son who has been playing baseball on Sunday. Incidentally he lives in Chapel Hill)—Why mother never thought her darling would ever break the Sabbath. Do you know where little boys go who play baseball on Sunday and who when they grow up drink and gamble and swear?

Son (Class of '36)—To fraternity houses.

Omnes feminæ sunt pulchræ,
Et puellæ semper *fair,*
Si *they passed their* longæ vitæ
Any time, or anywhere.

You may laudo Cleopatram,
Sed *she* non *for* mihi est;
Nam, *of* omnes feminarum
Mea parva *girl* est *best!*

N. R. J.

Kind Breezes

When the winds blow high,
And a lady comes nigh,
No need for to sigh,
Just use your eye.

"SPLIT CAROLINA"

Did you see that ball a'sailing—man wasn't it a sight
With arms snugly tucked around it—he ran with all his might
Ten stalwart Carolina men, worked hard and cleared the way
We knew it could be nothing else but "Carolina Day."

The strong arm and the three mass play, hurdling thru the field
Talk about your "interference"—say boy—it was some "shield";
The runner wriggled and he twisted—he dodged—not running wild,
He placed it back the goal post—the stands they nearly cried.
The "TEAM" then got the fever—it was fight—fight—fight.
They did it with real football—"Did It," is right.
And the boys were all behind 'em; alumni and all,
"Carolina knew it," 't was the day for "State" to fall.

Shoe Strings and Seventeen

Did you ever stop long enough to think on the curiousness of human nature? I have. Did you ever watch the actions of some person, and then wonder why he did certain things—why God placed in his being a propensity for such bits of foolishness? I have.

Why can girls hold their equilibrium so much better in the presence of boys than boys can in the presence of the fair sex? We have men who are masters of men; but women are the masters of the masters of men—in some respects. I have seen a superlatively sensible youth converted into an unutterably foolish ass before a covey of pretty girls.

Did you ever, at the age of seventeen, tie a girl's shoe string? First, you have to decide on some method of kneel'ng—that is, to be graceful, you know. Once on your knees, you set to work. Of course, tying a shoe str'ng, as everyone knows, is a very easy accomplishment. Even the young man, as he bends with grace, feels confident of his ability to perform the feat. He ties the lace into a flaring bow; but, on close inspection he finds one end longer than the other. So he unties it and starts anew, desiring to make it look the best under the touch of his hand. But the second time he is not so successful as the first, for the string to him looks horribly ugly and unshapely. He faintly suspects that there is some little something that he has forgot about tying shoe strings.

He gets anxious lest he forget exactly how it is done. He tries to think how he ties his own shoe string. Confidence deserts him, eyes grow hazy, fingers become unsteady. His third attempt fails miserably.

And all this time the pretty miss is smiling—sweetly, pathetically, tenderly. She observes that he has lost the combination entirely. Finally, when he manages to get the strings in a knot, she comes to the rescue by sending him for an American Beauty rose, protruding from a neighboring garden fence; and while he is on the errand, she quietly ties the lace herself.

Doesn't it seem curious to think that that young man had been tying and untying shoe strings twice a day for seventeen years, and one day he forgot how? What was the matter with the boy? Was he a dunderhead? Or was he just seventeen?

Where is old Petroleum?
Kerosene him last week, but he ain't benzine since.

Speaking of queer freaks, know a man with two hands in front and one behind.

How It's Done

"Why do they ring the old South Bell?"
The dizzy freshman cried.
"That is the curfew bell, my lad,"
The Sophomore then replied.

"So hie thee home and get to bed;
You'll find your way all right.
Under the pillow hide your head,
And don't forget the l'ght."

To Steele 13 the freshman went,
Straight as an arrow sped.
Between the sheets himself he got—
Next day he had no bed.

AN APPRECIATION OF COLES PHILIPS.

Just a word about your model:
Is she the stuff? Well, I should toddle,
Coles.
Form and limb and hair,
That girl is certainly there,
Coles.
We like her form and face,
We like her silks and lace,
Coles.
And that ain't all,
No, not at all,
Coles.
Figure, line and curve,
You must have a steady nerve,
Coles.
We don't know how you treat her,
We would like to meet her,
Coles.
Covers, hose—adds, all,
They are hanging on our wall.
We thank you,
Coles.

I heard a group of happy college boys, gathered in front of Swain Hall, before the evening meal, sing songs of long ago, of today and tomorrow. Some sang well and some didn't, but somehow it drew them all together and helped them to wait for the repast inside the hall.

Again, near midnight, I heard another group, with many string instruments play and sing from the steps of Smith. It was more select, the music and the voices this time and many a head was stuck from dormitory windows to hear the songs that made one think of home. A half moon made things even more lonely and blue for the home-sick youth and more romantic for the fellow who didn't care, and still could see things beautiful.

The Literary Gallery

Miss Nell Battle Lewis, in the Raleigh (N. C.) *News and Observer*, has been throwing fit after fit, some two-column fits, and others lasting through three and five, defending H. L. Mencken in his startling statement that the South is "the Sahara of the Bozart."

Good patriotic North Carolinians have tried to wither the daring defender of Mr. Mencken under the fire of many examples, chief among them "Idle Comments" by Irwin Avery. Miss Lewis has stood by her guns, and Mr. Mencken has so far come through with colors flying. Good for Miss Lewis. Her deed is worthy of praise.

Now, why has Mr. Mencken called the South to order for raising hell in the card house of so-called literary value? Why didn't he say the whole United States and her territorities. Mr. Mencken certainly hasn't written anything of any fearful value. He growls and grunts through two or three book reviews in "Smart Set" every month. He now and then snorts through a short story in some magazine. Possibly he has written a novel, but if he has no copy of it has come our way. Mr. Mencken has liver trouble. If he would take a big dose of Doan's liver pills he would stop hurling his words around and hurting the feelings of all good Southerners. Why, bless his heart, what cares the South about what Mr. Mencken thinks. Two-thirds of the people in the South never heard of him, anyway.

A high standard of literature in any country is built up on generation after generation of culture and literary production. This country has passed through five normal generations and two or three of them have had to spend most of the time fighting either English troops or the Indians. There is no reason for blaming the country for that. Our revolutionary fathers didn't have time to write books. They had to shoot bears and of life permanent literature springs from, the War between the States interfered, and since then the South has been recovering from the shock. Goodness knows, a whole section can't start writing right off the bat.

Some say the South should produce better literature, but for all the raving of Mencken and his cohorts, the South keeps right on producing good cotton and lots of boll weevils.

But the time has come for the development of Southern literature. No longer should the South remain lowbrowed. Let us begin to comb our hair back from the forehead and give our brows a chance to grow taller. If we don't Mr. Mencken and Miss Lewis are going to throw another fit and it is painful to watch them suffer. Think of Miss Lewis going through her mail in the morning, reading the denunciations of all the old ladies in the State who claim to have known Isaac Irwin Avery, and feel that they are the subject of some of his sketches. Poor Nell!

But we have digressed. We would like to know what part of the country has produced anything to which can be compared anything the South can't do. Has Ohio, or New Mexico, or any other state?

Some say New England. Some say the Middle West. Well, go ahead and compare, and let us see what you find. Practically all the folks writing now in the Middle West have names which indicate that they were born in Poland, or their daddies were. Most of the writers Miss Lewis seems to pin her approving blue ribbon on are a bunch of literary hounds suffering with a bad case of bellyache. They do nothing but colic about what some do and others don't do.

Mr. Mencken has the worst case of bellyache in the crowd. He has a chronic case. Nothing agrees with him. Why doesnt he stop eating the present literary product of the country if his stomach won't stand it? These "birds" who are constantly howling about everything from marriage to birth control, simply make us tired.

Go ahead Mr. Mencken; go ahead, Miss Lewis. Save the South from mental stagnation. Tear away the dam that is holding back the waters of literrary production. Flood the country with South-produced literature. Mould the Southern brow into heighth. Open our eyes to our many faults. May God help you in the work. Soon the night prayer of the children will be "And God, please help Mr. Mencken and Miss Lewis reform us. Please help us get out of the rut. Mr. Mencken, O Lord, says we are all wrong. Miss Lewis says he is right; therefore, he must be, Lord. So help Mr. Mencken and Miss Lewis with our brows. Amen."

—R. S. P.

ADDITION

Risibility—inclination to laughter.

The above is the definition, short and terse, of one great quality Carolina lacks.

There are lots of giggles indulged in. Many smiles flit around the campus, but the inclination to laughter is lacking. The Carolina student body is a bunch of sad birds, staggering slowly forward under the burden of living. Glum faces, dissatisfied shoulder blades and general air of discontent prevades the whole bloody place.

A terrific indictment, one says. Yes, it is. A true indictment, however, and the only cure is the development of quick and clever thinking on the part of the students.

(The business manager made us insert this paragraph. He is working up a circulation.)

Why? Oh, Why?

Her letters are flavored with "honey" and "darling" and "precious love" and "sweet boy" and "oodles of love" and "darlingest child," and if there is anything on earth I utterly despise it is "slush" and cheap sentiment.

She cannot understand how my fraternity bumped six other fraternities and only got two men. Out of curiosity once I asked her how much was 23 and 46 when added, and she had to acquire a pencil and paper to produce an answer. I selected the crispest joke in BOLL WEEVIL and showed it to her, and she failed dismally to gather its point. She laughed till her pretty, shapely hips shook with a vigorous shimmy, over a parody on "Mary had a little lamb."

Once I asked her if she had read the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, and she replied that the only yacht she knew anything intimately about was an expensive structure recently acquired by her father. I have no doubt but what she thinks that Rex Beach is a summer resort. She is devoutly fond of Elinor Glyn, and she told me that "Blood and Sand" was the most wonderful moving picture she had ever seen, and meant it.

And yet I love her.

TRY HICKORY

There was a young lady from Marion—
All the boys said she surely could carry-on.
To summer school she went,
And then back home she was sent.
Now they take no more girls from Marion.

BUBBLE BUSTED.

You all know Joseph—some call him "Ham."
Well, he talked of the house he built by the dam;
But a terrible hurricane hit it one night.
Now there is no house—by a dam site.

"Carolina was lucky to win that game."
"Yes, Fortune smiles on the brave."

The Intermission Coco-Cola

WHERE IS THY STING?

Times are changing and skirts grow longer. Uneven brocades and flowing serges that almost touch the ground. The flapper flaps no more, but walks sedately forth showing a little more than a slender ankle adorned in silk.

"What is this world coming to?" asks a stranger, as he passes by.

The pendulum swings and each successive stroke lengthens in its wake.

Long skirts today.

Tomorrow? Who knows?

Perchance a fig leaf.

Oh Style, where is thy sting?

* * *

MAN

She lets me kiss her now and then
And that is nice.
She does the same for other men,
I get advice.

Of course, I kiss a friend or two,
Or maybe three—
A common thing for men to do,
But why should she?

* * *

STOP! LOOK! LISTEN!

She is attractive—you stop; you look; and after you marry her you LISTEN.

* * *

Tommy—What does LL.D. after a man's name mean?

Jimmy—I guess it means that he is a lung and liver doctor.

F. G.: I love Garber Davis.
S. G.: Give me Weidemeyer every time.
T. G. (the country cousin): We've always gotten better satisfaction dealing with Sears-Roebuck. They are so prompt.

The Weather

If your business is on the bum,
Blame the weather;
If the preacher wants to come,
Blame the weather;
If your brain is dull and hazy,
If your bones are tired and lazy,
And the newsboy drives you crazy,
Blame the weather.

When at night you cannot rest,
Slam the weather;
If the cleaners missed your vest,
Slam the weather;
If your neighbor steals your chickens,
And your shoes hurt like the dickens,
Though your name is Squire Pickens,
Slam the weather.

When in June the girl won't kiss,
Fuss the weather;
Or a trolley car you miss,
Fuss the weather;
If some time with her you tarry,
And you ask her will she marry,
If she answers, "Not you, Harry!"
Fuss—cuss the other fellow.

THEIR COLLEGE YELL

Pooh, pooh, Harvard! Pooh, pooh, Yale!
What we know we learn by mail.
We're no cowards, we're no fools;
We are correspondence schools!
Stamps, stamps, stamps!

A Question Air(hot)ed

(With apologies to Edison)

Were you born? If not, why not? If it was at any time in the next ten years, who is the admiral of the Swiss Navy? Were either of your parents present at the occasion? Was any member of your family ever killed by a revolver? If so, was the revolver that caused his death a buzz-saw or a merry-go-round? State plainly and legibly in not more than 326 words which one of the following questions was discussed by the League of Nations: (1) The Best Known Modern Methods of Extracting Grunts from Pig Iron. Write a nine-word thesis on the following subjects (choose one) (1) How Far is Near? (2) Who Shot What Off of Whose Head? and if compelled to use more than the required number of allotted words, write them on the back of your paper in Sanskrit or Gum Arabic, but do not hand this sheet in. If Columbus discovered America, what man, named Volstead, ruined it? Give location, geographical boundaries, and winter population of Rex Beach? Where in his works did Shakespeare, the author of Tennyson's Pilgrim's Progress, first say, "Give Me Liberty or Give Me Death?" What was the middle name of Adam's first wife? Was he (Adam) ever a baby? Omit the next five questions with the exception of the first three and the last one: (1) Why is ice not what it is cracked up to be? (2) What is the color of the White House? (3) For what two reasons do you prefer the ballet to the ballot? (4) How much is 9x7=54? (5) What is Warren Gamaliel Harding's middle name? Why is William Jennings Bryan? Does an ocean wave when it stands still? How long is an hour in Chapel Hill—is it as long as a sentence in Sing Sing? When was the war of 1812 fought? Fill in the following sentences: While picking ..... I was stung in the..... ..... by a ..... (2) Who in the ..... would have thought .... (3) To ..... with the Kaiser? Does Sherman's opinion of war concord with your opinion of women?

This questionnaire and psychology test combined is supposed to test the receptiveness and quickness of each student's mental coördination and is proposed to allow it to take the place of the final "exam." for Seniors, and also all Freshmen should be able to answer every one of the questions in the allotted time before they shall be allowed to matriculate.

"You admit, then," said an Alabama judge, "that you stole the hog?"

"Ah sure has to, judge," said the colored prisoner.

"Well, nigger, there's been a lot of hog stealing going on around here lately, and I'm just going to make an example of you, or none of us will be safe."

Things, Seen and Heard

Saturday and That Night

I saw a crowd of hundreds and thousands go wild with delight as "Red" Johnston ambled his way through eighty yards of Maryland defense and brought Carolina's score on up to 20, and made way for 7 more. It was "Red's" last game for his team at home, and the roars that swept the field as he ran were no greater than those which were directed at his ears a minute later as he came from the field to save a bad ankle.

The spectacular Carolina back had made many long runs and sensational plays on the gridiron, but many of them had been made away from Emerson Field, before a select few from Chapel Hill, and the stands saw what they had wanted to see. Johnston's greatest run, perhaps, and at home before his own admiring student body, with the glory of his feat not in print but before their eyes. And the bad ankle, with its awkward brace, seemed to help the sorrel-topped runner on his way. Maryland, perhaps, wonders how he got through, but the stands saw it was his speed and skill, and gave him the applause he deserved.

I saw the "Y" packed with students for the Hallowe'en carnival, produced by the Co-eds, and from the balcony above I watched the crowd. In one corner homesick freshmen bought cake and across the way ate ice cream with it. They got candy too, and a hot-dog—and, then gulped them down in burning haste.

The crowd shoved and pushed and the good-natured girls distributed wares and collected coin, as every man in the bunch tried to be most conspicuous. Wonder how many men have achieved greatness with big mouths that way.

Upstairs, boys, freshmen, seniors, juniors and sophomores, and others, had fortunes told and fought for places in the line, not to learn the mysteries of their futures but to have a girl hold their hands. They laughed and talked and joked and said, "Oh, boy," and expanded chests and wondered what this girl or that girl thought of them. Someone should write a great book some day on woman's accusation that: "All men are conceited."

I saw a sophomore in his first full dress, as he walked to the formal dance. His hands were as though in hot water, and his shiny hair received attention with constant precision. His friends yelled this thing and that thing at him and he walked on in great dignity. He had been wearing dress-suits for ages! Another chance for Booth Tarkington to write "Seventeen."

DAVIE POPLAR

Fresh—I understand a poplar man founded this University.

Ditto—Who's that?

Fresh—Davie.

Lost and Buried

I am hopelessly damned, unforgivably wicked. In the first place, let me say that I am a Carolina student. I have registered for 36 courses, 4 years, A.B. I had high hopes on entering here, for at other places, and in my home town I was called an unusually bright boy, with vast possibilities. At eight I was reading *Plutarch's Lives;* at the tender age of nine I won a medal in a memory test; at eleven I swam across the largest lake in my neighborhood, and at fourteen I had finished high school.

I am fairly well read, fairly well traveled. I have been called a rather brilliant conversationalist, and around the women I am somewhat the "Beans." I part my hair in the middle, use Vaseline Pomade; have been known to get drunk, and have not led what one would call a strictly moral life. Consequently, they used to say I was a good fellow.

But all hope is gone forever, now. I find that I am to be pointed at on the streets here, and will be shunned from now till Gabriel toots. I give up. Already I am having some carbolic acid prepared for me.

I have æsthetic tendencies, and was, ostensibly, not thrilled in the least at the recent Carolina-State football game.

TRY GEORGETTE

"So, you are the music professor?"

"Yes, I wrote Annie Laurie . . but she never answered me."

* * *

"Santa Claus was certainly wonderful to you."

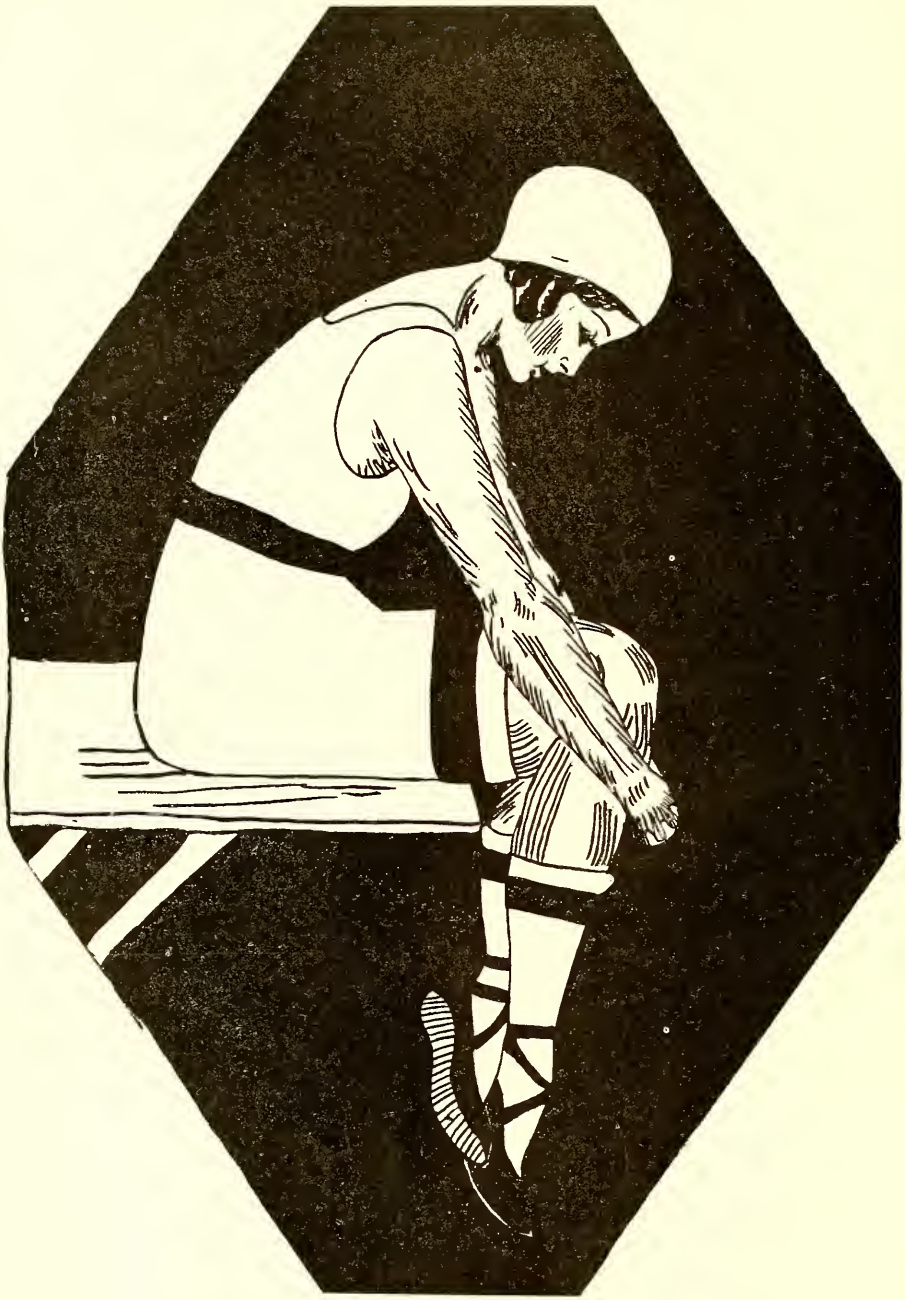
"Why?"

"He filled your stockings well."

* * *

I saw a fool, seated at his typewriter, trying to write something people would read and understand and like. He wrote, did not read it, did not understand it, and did not like it, and concluded that Barnum was right.

The Long and Short of It



The Palm Beach Girl

As State Pictures Carolina and as Carolina Pictures State

With the Frosh

There it hung in all its pristine loveliness, suspended midway between speaker's platform and lofty ceiling, in the hallowed vault of Memorial Hall, a crass appeal to the members of the freshman class, to make one of their number their supreme officer.

The placard, most appropriately worded in bright green letters, swayed gently to the sweet strains of the Meditation from Thais' and Beethoven's Melody in G Minor, flowing from the violin of a picturesque, blind musician, and the large crowd looked, laughed and wondered. It wondered why and it also wondered how.

Certainly, the sign hung in a rather difficult location to attain with any degree of ease. And therewith and thereby hung a tale which a lizard-eyed Tar Heel sleuth has unearthed.

Verily, it seems that the spirit of "President" Turner, of by-gone fame, is alive again on the campus and stalks among the cohorts of the Class of '26.

Old man Ambition, campaign manager in the freshman election last week, found several gullible tyros who fain would listen to his siren call, and he whispered sweetly into hungry ears of great things awaiting him who slings a mean hat into the ring.

The several owners of these ears didn't make any campaign speeches; nothing so moth-eaten as that. The general idea was to get one's name before the public and let dear old psychology do the rest. Sundry notices proceeded to do this.

One of the would-be potentates, however, evidently had not only ambitions but also aspirations. "Take a tip from William Randolph Hearst," the Old Man breathed into his spirit, and another palpitating press agent passed into the pale of pulsating publicity.

This resistless ambition, this overwhelming desire, at once explains the weird and mysterious goings-on which took place in the small, oh, so very small, hours of Friday morning, in that weather-beaten old pile which answers and echoes to the name of Memorial Hall. It also serves to explain the action on the part of a brace of Ethiopian gentlemen, having janitorial affiliations with the University, in very precipitately removing their whereabouts from a pleasant crap game in the basement of the hall to the distant environs of our noble village.

These two depose that their flight was occasioned by moanings and groanings, rustlings and rattlings, and a medley of unique and hair-raising sounds, the exact nature of which they did not remain to ascertain, which emanated from the vaulted ceiling in the midwatches of Friday night. That the Angel Gabriel had arrived upon earth they doubted not for one moment.

A story of similar vein is told by a night-blooming resident of New West, who claims to have seen a light flashing mysteriously in the eery gloom of the building, and the subsequent emergence of three shadowy forms, one very tall, one very short, and one of a size divine.

So, it is apparent, that through the musty and intricate innards of the apex of Memorial Hall must needs have wended these Three Musketeers of adolescent campus politics, at an hour when the rest of the campus serenely slept, and have stealthily lowered their little monument to ambition, their clarion call to the members of '26, wealthy with the desired votes.

AN IMPORTANT DEPARTMENT

A certain young negro in a neighboring city, having had a most narrow escape from serious injury and probable death on that morning, proceeded to tell his recently taken spouse of his adventure.

Strolling on the streets of that city on the above mentioned morning, hearing a growl behind him, turned, and to his almost sudden death from fright, saw a rabid dog flying towards him. Following the example set by the dog, he began to fly also. After running several hundred feet, upon turning he saw that the dog was steadily gaining upon him. As a possible retreat from his danger, he dodged into a department store, entering into the shoe department. Turning his head, he perceived with his bulging eye-balls that the dog was gaining on him at the same rate as above—steadily.

At this point the much excited spouse, ever anxious as to the welfare of the husband, became very eager. Edging closer to him, she affectionately took him by the arm. "From there," continued the husband, "I ran into the collar and tie department, and the dog was still closer. From there I flew into the hat department, and, looking behind again, I saw that the dog was almost on me. And then—"

"He grabbed you," interrupted the wife.

"Yes, honey, right in the middle of the pants department."

Votre Homme Gets Soaked 237-0

Hail Bowl, July 4—"Red" Balloon ran 139 yards, 2 feet, and 3 inches for a touchdown against Votre Homme at the Hail Bowl to-day, bringing the total number of Yarvard points to 237. The Lavender and Old Lace threatened to score only thirteen times, but on every occasion Referee Wryface penalized the "Bootblacks" 77 yards for being upside down or for throwing elbow gears at their opponets.

Balloon's great run was the brainiest bit of football ever staged at the bowl. The freckled back gritted his teeth, adjusted his nose guard, snatched the oval out of the atmosphere, and dashed 40 yards in a northeasterly direction. On reaching Votre Homme's 9-inch line he suddenly halted, scratched his cranium, about faced, and with perfect interference trotted 99 yards, 2 feet, and 3 inches, for the final score of the fracas. A tumultuous outburst of applause greeted noble Balloon, as he placed the hide of the Duroc-Jersey safely behind the goal line and started for the water bucket.

Quarterback Killumger was the outstanding star for the Lavender and Old Lace. His punting and generalship were absolutely phenomenal, the equal never being seen before. Twice his trusty toe sent the ball on its parabolical course for almost seven yards, while he never failed to call for a line plunge on the fourth down with 33 yards to go.

The score must not be taken as a fair comparison of the two teams, for Coach "Hurry-Up" Toast rushed his second, third, and fourth teams against Votre Homme in rapid succession. It is hard to estimate just what size the Yarvard score might have been had the 'Varsity gone the entire distance. Professor Knowall gives ye scribe the astonishing statement that under those conditions, the "Pink Windstorm" would have collected 993 points, allowing for change in the temperature and physical stamina of the referee. These figures are authoritative, as they were obtained by using "The Law of Probability."

OR SHOOT GOLF

A Pittsburg lawyer was conducting a case in court not long ago, and one of the witnesses, a burly negro, confessed that at the time of his arrest he was engaged in a crap game. Immediately the lawyer said: "Now, sir, I want you to tell the jury just how you deal craps."

"Wass dat?" asked the witness, rolling his eyes.

"Address the jury, sir," thundered the lawyer, "and tell them just how you deal craps."

"Lemme outen heah," cried the witness, uneasily. "Fust thing I know this gemman gwine to ask me how to drink a sandwich."

IF YOU ARE TOO BUSY—

To hike to the room and study;
To call and see her just once in a while;
To chum up with your fellow student;
To go to Church or the "Y";
To co-operate in general student activities;
To exercise and preserve your health;

EVERYBODY WILL BE TOO BUSY TO PAY ANY ATTENTION TO YOU OR GO TO YOUR FUNERAL.

MODESTY.

She was an awfully nice girl with high ideals 'n everything. Walking down the street her stocking became unfastened. Nothing to do but stoop and adjust it. Just as she was in the midst of it and bending over—a sudden gust of wind came about and—blew her hair away from one ear completely exposing it. She was never so embarrassed in her life.

A Study in Evolution.

Guests in "Quality Street"

Guests in "Quality Street" greet Whitman's quality group of distinguished candy packages as welcome friends. In any social gathering they give an added sense of sociability. There's magic in eating together. There's conversation stimulated whenever the hostess produces the Sampler, Salmagundi, Pleasure Island, or any others of the favorites in "The Quality Group."

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc., Philadelphia, U. S. A.

Whitman's famous candies are sold by

Patterson Bros.

Babbling Barbers

When I feel stirring within myself that vague, inexpressible yearning for enltnre and enlightenment, which reaches out beyond the limited vistas of uninspired daily existence, I do not pay a faculty call, I do not enter the library and coax the desk assistant into letting me have the latest by Octavus Roy Cohen, or some other notable *literateur*. Neither do I thnmb the pages of last week's *Literary Digest, Whiz-Bang,* or *Police Gazette.*

There was a time when such vain pursuits of the fine, intangible things of life interested me. But no longer. I have discovered the eternal fountain-head of culture, the conversational capital of the universe, a twentieth centnry Symposium of divinely inspired bull-artists.

If it is the national political outlook npon which I desire a well-gromnded store of information, I betake myself to this Hall of Intellectuals and casually venture an opinion as to the fitness of a certain Mr. Harding to sncceed himself. Instantly, floods of wisdom break forth, first from one oracle and then from another, and it is only a question of a few minutes until the destiny of America has been settled irrevocably.

Sometimes, football is the burning issue of the hour, and in this case, as in every other, I need go no further to have every doubtful point cleared up.

Perhaps my versatile mind and varied interests will lead me to speak of bird-dogs and hunting. Then it is that my quest for culture is most rewarded. The oracles pour forth words of wisdom in an unending torrent. I learn more abont the breeding, feeding, and general characteristics of all the setters and pointers in Dogdom than I could have collected in a year of academic research on the subject.

There is only one drawback to this Elysium of good listening. It is not considered good form to enter it without snbmitting to certain initiatory rites and ceremonies. It is the enstom of the castle that the neophyte shall be either shorn or shaved.

But the shearing and the shaving are merely side-issues. I look upon my shaggy locks and stubby beard as a passport to the society of the immortals. Sitting in the comfortable high plush chair, I am lulled into a blissful state of semi-consciousness by the musical and nnending flow of words from the oracles. I forget that I came in for the purpose of getting a haircut. So does the barber. We are agreed that any compensation he may demand of me is not for such lowly service as separating me from a few superfinous bristles, but for the priceless enjoyment of his learned disconrse.

IT WILL HAPPEN.

A big one will be pulled off tonight—
"Doc" Nathen's shirt.

Woman and Football

Every human being commands a certain place in society. Bnt where? That is the question. All manner of that sect known as "learned men" have long pnzzled over the question, all to no end.

What we are primarily interested in at this juncture is the place of that specie of the genus homo known as woman. Long have we puzzled over this most puzzling problem, into the weary hours of night, and at times, even until the cold break of grey dawn. Our philosophizing has led us to one, and only one, conclusion.

We have at last discovered the place of woman on Saturday afternoons in early fall. Better, we say that we have learned where they ought not to be. That place is on a football field. They are distinctly ont of place on snch occasions. They, the females, have recently expressed themselves as being opposed to that brand of treatment known as "cave-man stuff." We define such as being distinctly "he-man stuff." That is precisely what a football game is made of—this "he-man stnff!"

This man's game is very tense. Especially is this true when there is money on the game. Man is prone, in addition, to use that horrid thing called profanity, especially when the tension increases. He can't do it in the presence of said women. They are insnlted if they hear it, and these horrid brutes of men are stared at, accompanied by most vile thoughts. Then, too, their remarks are disheartening, showing, at frequent intervals, their gross ignorance of the game. Only recently, coming from one of those dainty creatures, sitting immediately to our rear, there was a disconcerting statement made at a crucial point in the game. She shouldn't have been there. She should not have made the statement. We should not have cussed. Yet, she was there; she made the statement; and, finally, we cussed. One of the players, carrying the ball around right end on the fourth down, ran out of bounds immediately in front of us, about even with the head of the chain. There, five yards from the goal line, with the score 0-0(with the half nearly up, that disconcerting creature blurted out in all her ignorance, "Oh! Jack is off-side."

ACQUAINTANCES

Do you know—
Sally—*Salapatica?*
Enrip—*Eurip-ideas pants?*
Felix—*Fel-ix cited?*
Minerva—*Miner-vus wreck?*
Umphry—*Umphrey—ever blowing bubbles.*
Lizer—*Fertilizer?*
Buck—*Buck Guano?*

Title *Tar Heel* editorial: "Be Bad."

Whereupon Tar Heel editors receive following comment: *Go to Hell.*

Higher Education Spells Efficiency

That means to take care of small details as well as the larger ones

¶ This department of the institution believes in the spirit of delivering a service that satisfies, and cheerfully invites comparison against former methods of laundering.

¶ All laundry prices are figured on a cost basis, with the guarantee of clean clothes and a dependable delivery service.

LAUNDRY DEPARTMENT
University of North Carolina

EVERY DAY IS WASH DAY SEND IT TO THE LAUNDRY

A SUMMER PLAYMATE

The moon played on the rollies,
A golden lane it made;
A dream path leading onward
To my maiden of the wave.

Yes, that's the name I called her.
The girl of whom I rave;
But now she's like the moon path,
A memory of the wave.

For now vacation's over,
And you bet I behave,
For some one told my real girl
Of my maiden of the wave.

—*Punch Bowl.*

She—Clothes don't make the man.

He—No; and it is taking less and less of them to make a woman. —*Pelican.*

"My kid brother was awfully sore at you when you were calling on me last night."

"Why so; I didn't do anything."

"That's why. He waited at the keyhole all evening for nothing." —*Gargoyle.*

---*YES,*

There's Always a REASON!

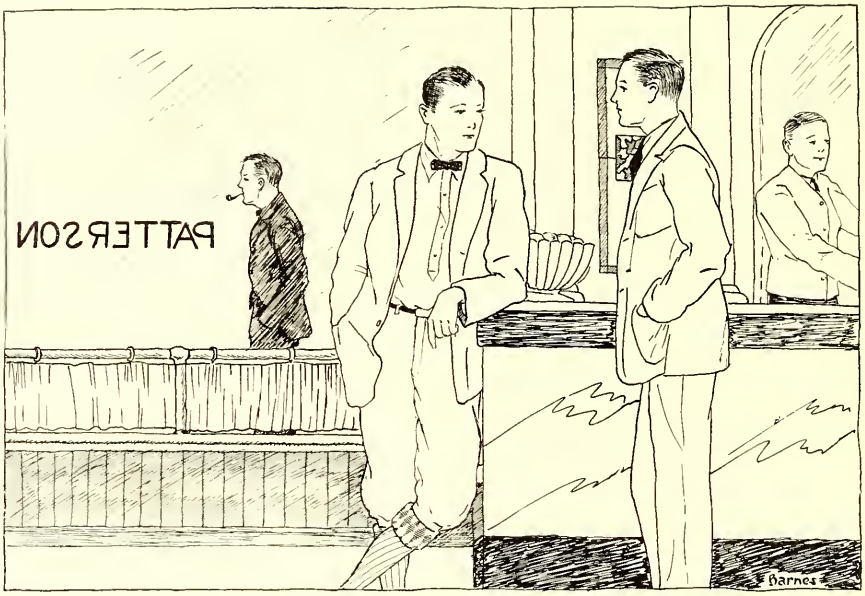
¶Why did we sell the University the furniture for the Five Hundred New Dormitory Rooms this past summer? Why? Because we gave them a better price on "Specification goods" than our competitors!

¶If you will let us, we can and WILL save you money whenever you are ready to buy anything in our line.

¶We will appreciate your business, large or small, and give you the best possible service.

"Our Door Opens With a Welcome"

The ROYALL & BORDEN CO.
Chapel Hill Street
DURHAM



PRECOCIOUS LAMP

Kid—How old is that lamp, ma?

Ma—Oh, about three years.

Kid—Turn it down. It's too young to smoke.

—*Philadelphia Watchman-Examiner.*

THEATRICAL ANTIQUITY

Frank—How'd you happen to get a date with that chorus girl?

Furter—Intimate friend of my grandfather when he was in college. —*Sun Dial.*

THE LAST STRAW

"I wish, now," said the lecturer, "to tax your memory."

A wail in the audience: "Has it come to that?"

—*Answers* (London).

REJECTING THE BID

Miss Pflippe—A penny for your thoughts.

Mr. Worrymore—That was the pre-war price. Thoughts have gone up. —*Judge.*

WELCOME RELIEF

"Look 'ere—I asks yer for the last time for that 'ar dollar yer owes me."

"Thank 'evins!—that's the end of a silly question."

—*Blighty* (London).

APPLIED HYDRAULICS

Mixie—A friend of mine fell asleep in the bathtub with the water running.

Trixie—Did the tub overflow?

Mixie—Nope; luckily, he sleeps with his mouth open. —*Chaparral.*

LARGE PERCENTAGE

Father—How many people work in your office?

Son (government employee)—Oh, about half.

—*Bystander.*

THE REASON

She—George, you looked awfully foolish when you proposed to me.

He—Well, very likely I was. —*London Opinion.*

RECENTLY DECIDED

He—Phyllis is a decided blonde, isn't she?

Her Friend—Yes, but she only decided last week.

—*London Blightly.*

IT WOULD SEEM THAT WAY

Prof.—Why should we read all of the best of the present-day literature?

B. S.—So we can appreciate the parodies.

—*Punch Bowl.*

Boll Weevil

Down in North Carolina,
Where low prices held their sway,
The farmers all drank whiskey
Just to pass the time away.

Then at the University
The "Boll Weevil," it was born,
And now the farmers all read that
Instead of drinking corn.

So mail us your two dollars—
Don't send a "boom," we pray,—
And we'll send you "Boll Weevil"
For eight months and a day.

FILL OUT THE BLANK NOW

THE BUSINESS MANAGER,
The Carolina Boll Weevil,
Chapel Hill, N. C.

Dear Sir:

Kindly send the "Boll Weevil" for the rest of this college year to the address below. Enclosed find my check for $2.00.

. . . . . .

. . . . . .

. . . . . .

A million men have turned to One Eleven Cigarettes— a firm verdict for superior quality

"111"

cigarettes

15 for 10c

The American Tobacco Co.

THE CAROLINA BOLL WEEVIL

A Splendid Advertising Medium

¶ BOLL WEEVIL stands in the front rank of North Carolina publications as an advertising medium. Many large national advertisers are using it to move their goods, while the newspapers, with larger circulations, are not included on their lists. Just why is this?

¶ BOLL WEEVIL readers are a very select clientele, with nearly unlimited purchasing power. In short, with its quality circulation, it might reach a much larger number of prospective buyers of a certain product than would a newspaper with five times its circulation. Vanity Fair magazine is an example of such circulation.

¶ BOLL WEEVIL promotion and merchandising work for advertisers has outstripped that of nearly every North Carolina newspaper.

¶ BOLL WEEVIL is sold on all trains in North and South Carolina by the Union News Company. It can be bought in nearly every town in North Carolina having a population of 1,500 or over.

¶ BOLL WEEVIL reaches a large number of young men and women just attaining their majority. These young people are just forming their buying habits for life. The advertising reaches them at an impressionable age.

¶ BOLL WEEVIL is filled with wholesome wit and humor, which means that the reader is in a more receptive state of mind when he reads your advertisement than he would be when reading something else.

¶ For advertising information, etc., address

L. J. BRODY, Business Manager
Carolina Boll Weevil

Illustrated
Humorous

University of North Carolina CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

Copyright 1922 Hart Schaffner & Marx

QUALITY isn't just a word — Quality's a fact. You don't get it in clothes unless it's there.

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX make a business of putting quality into clothes; best quality in fabrics, tailoring and style.

Make It Your Business
To Get Them

PRITCHARD-BRIGHT
COMPANY
DURHAM, N. C.

Subscribe to the Tar Heel

The Student Newspaper of the
University of North Carolina

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY AND FRIDAY

$2.00 Local
$3.00 Out-of-Town

Send your subscription in to the Circulation Manager of The Tar Heel, Chapel Hill, N. C.

Camel

cigarettes are the highest quality

regardless of price

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Winston-Salem, N. C.

BOLL WEEVIL

THANXGIVING NO. 25¢

Slip into a Bradley –and Out-of-Doors!

The New Book of Bradley Styles

Bradley makes Sweaters *and* Scarfs, Toques *and* Tams, Gloves *and* Hose *-- well and sturdily knit, to meet the college man's and girl's ideas of good value and smart style. Just drop us a postcard and we'll be glad to send you a copy of the new Style Book:—*

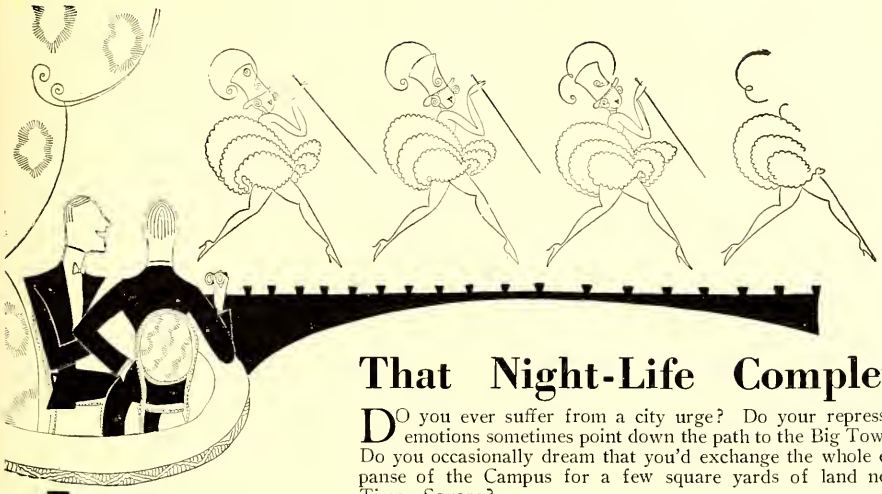
BRADLEY KNITTING CO.,
Delavan, Wisconsin

Bradley
KNIT WEAR

Leisure hours and home holidays are best enjoyed in Bradleys. This handsomely styled Knitwear is first choice with college men and women—and it is so sturdily knit, of such fadeless colors, that it defies even the hard treatment which "kid" brothers, and small, tomboy sisters give their clothes!

You will be especially interested in the great *Shaker Sweater Coats* that your local Bradley merchant is showing—at attractive prices—for college wear!

PRITCHARD - PATTERSON, Inc., Local Dealers



© Vanity Fair

That Night-Life Complex

DO you ever suffer from a city urge? Do your repressed emotions sometimes point down the path to the Big Town? Do you occasionally dream that you'd exchange the whole expanse of the Campus for a few square yards of land near Times Square?

And you can't, you can't, you can't—there's a lecture inhibition (Mechanical Engineering 3), or a football practice, or a rehearsal of the Glee Club. And the world seems dark . . .

But

aren't you overlooking the march of modern science? Haven't you forgotten Einstein's annihilation of space? Must a man any longer be in only one place at a time? Certainly not! Not since the discovery of

VANITY FAIR

The greatest international travel agency for the modern man. Takes you to New York—but to the Biltmore Caseades, not to the Aquarium. To London—but to the National Sporting Club, not to St. Paul's. To Paris—but to the Folies Bergères, not to Napoleon's Tomb.

In Each Issue:—

PAGES of photographs of the most carefully dressed actresses and the most carelessly dressed dancers.

REVIEWS of the latest plays, to solve the problem of what to see when in town with her.

SATIRICAL sketches by Fish and other artists, to keep you in touch with the follies of the world.

HUMOUR, with a line that you'll find irresistible to female prom-addicts or home-town débutantes.

SPORTS articles—tennis, golf, baseball, boxing—by men who have played on teams themselves.

AN auction bridge corner which will make your game a social and business asset.

ART, life and letters, served up in short courses which will never jade the most delicate appetite.

AND the only sensible, correct, well-bred department of men's clothes published anywhere.

Where's the Nearest News Stand?

"WORD MONGERS" *and* "CHATTERING BARBERS"

"Word mongers" and "chattering barbers," Gilbert called those of his predecessors who asserted that a wound made by a magnetized needle was painless, that a magnet will attract silver, that the diamond will draw iron, that the magnet thirsts and dies in the absence of iron, that a magnet, pulverized and taken with sweetened water, will cure headaches and prevent fat.

Before Gilbert died in 1603, he had done much to explain magnetism and electricity through experiment. He found that by hammering iron held in a magnetic meridian it can be magnetized. He discovered that the compass needle is controlled by the earth's magnetism and that one magnet can remagnetize another that has lost its power. He noted the common electrical attraction of rubbed bodies, among them diamonds, as well as glass, crystals, and stones, and was the first to study electricity as a distinct force.

"Not in books, but in things themselves, look for knowledge," he shouted. This man helped to revolutionize methods of thinking—helped to make electricity what it has become. His fellow men were little concerned with him and his experiments. "Will Queen Elizabeth marry—and whom?" they were asking.

Elizabeth's flirtations mean little to us. Gilbert's method means much. It is the method that has made modern electricity what it has become, the method which enabled the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company to discover new electrical principles now applied in transmitting power for hundreds of miles, in lighting homes electrically, in aiding physicians with the X-rays, in freeing civilization from drudgery.

General Electric
General Office Company Schenectady, N.Y.

95-624J

PRECAUTION

"Rastus, why foh you pack dat 'er razor to dis dance?"

"Niggah, don't yoh read, yourself, as how dis heah am to be a cut-in dance." —*Lord Jeff.*

* * *

"So you can't get another chance to ask her father, eh?"

"Oh, yes, I have an engagement with him. When I asked him if I could marry her he said he'd see me in hell first. —*Pelican.*

* * *

SHADES OF MARMADUKE

I took her to the Junior Prom,
I fussed her to our dance;
I fed her sweets and Murads
And I thought I had a chance.

The night her chapter gave their hop,
With no regard to form,
She dragged some other dumb-bell out
And I kept our fireplace warm.

—*Dodo.*

* * *

TRY THE CORNER

Prof.—Have that room swept out, Dobbs. We're entertaining in there this evening.

Dobbs—Yes, sir. As you say, sir. Where would you have it swept to, sir? —*Beanpot.*

* * *

Servant—The Lyons are calling, sir.

Master—Very good. Show them into the den. —*Lemon Punch.*

* * *

Young Wife (reading her new movie scenario)—Two burglars here enter the living hall, and the clock strikes one.

Bored Husband—Which one? —*Voo Doo.*

* * *

"Hey, frosh, what time is it?"

"How'd you know I was a frosh?"

"I guessed it."

"Then guess what time it is!" —*Virginia Reel.*

* * *

Prof.—Success, gentlemen, has four conditions.

Voice from the Back Row—Tough luck, the registrar will kick it out of college. —*Burr.*

* * *

Wun—They dance well together, don't they?

Lung—Yeah, and they'll get called for it before the evening's over. —*Orange Peel.*

The Bank of Chapel Hill

Oldest and Strongest Bank in Orange County

Capital $25,000.00 Surplus $50,000.00

Resources Over Half Million Dollars

M. C. S. NOBLE, *Pres.* R. L. STROWD, *V-Pres.*
M. E. HOGAN, *Cashier*

NEVERTHELESS, A CLOSE SHAVE

He—The swimming meet between Williams and olgate has been called off.

Why?

He—Too much lather in the water.

* * *

Si—Pretty good crop?

Cy—Pretty fair.

Si—'Bout how many gallons to the acre?

—*Virginia Reel.*

* * *

Side Show Cashier—I need a holiday. My beauty's eginning to fade.

Boss—What makes you think so?

Cashier—All the fellows that buy tickets are begining to count their change. —*Sun Dodger.*

* * *

Professor—Look here, you said you wanted that lcohol to clean some glass apparatus, and here I find ou drinking it.

Student—Sure, you see I drink it and then breathe n the glass. —*Gargoyle.*

H. B. RUFFIN W. F. MOODY CHAS. RUFFIN

CAPITAL PRINTING CO.

Specialists In

Newspaper, Periodical, College PRINTING

Printers for The Carolina Boll Weevil, The Technician, Old Gold and Black, and other publications.

Hargett and Wilmington Sts., RALEIGH, N. C.

INTEREST

THE INTEREST FINCHLEY GIVES TO THE DEVELOPMENT OF OVER-GARMENTS ADOPTED TO SERVICE BY COLLEGE MEN HAS BECOME A MATTER OF PROMINENCE. THE EFFECTS IN FABRICS ARE EXCEPTIONALLY ATTRACTIVE AND THE QUALITY CAN BE COMPARED ONLY WITH THE STURDY CHARACTER OF THE WOOLENS FAVORED BY ENGLISH UNIVERSITY MEN.

FORTY DOLLARS
AND MORE

CUSTOM FINISH WITHOUT THE ANNOYANCE OF A TRY-ON
READY-TO-PUT-ON

FINCHLEY
5 West 46th. Street
NEW YORK

STUDENTS and ATHLETES KNOW THAT

THE ORIGINAL

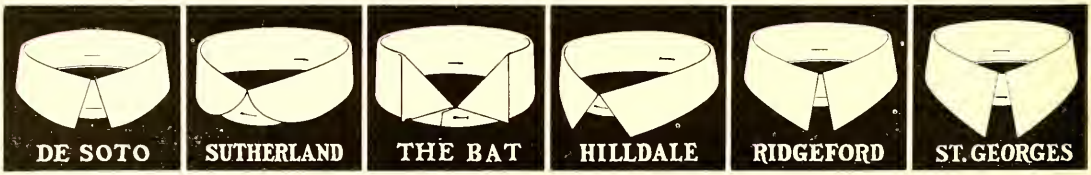
Refreshes and invigorates after study or sport, or at any time when a nourishing food-drink is indicated, and drink it at the fountain and in their rooms.
Also in ready-to-eat lunch tablet form.

Sustaining
Healthful
Delicious

AVOID IMITATIONS

Interesting literature on student uses sent prepaid

HORLICK'S :: Racine, Wis.



Here are the six heads properly collared, that appeared in the last issue of this publication.

Frankly, the contest was created to have you become better acquainted with Lion Shirts and Collars, and, frankly, we thank you for the interest you took.

LION CUSTOM COLLARS

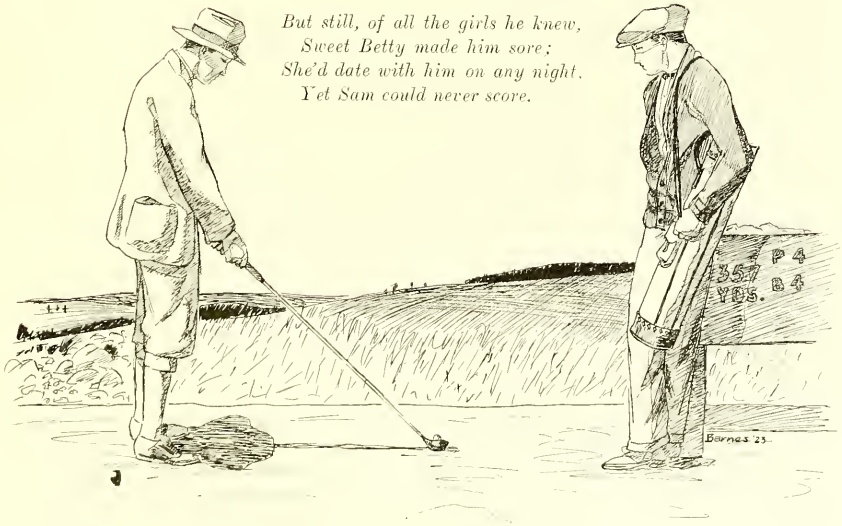
Fore !

Sam Smith had been a golfing fool
Upon his college team;
His driving was ferocious
And his putting was a dream.

When Slick Sam hit his "Silver King"
It rose in soaring flight,
The caddies sought protection,
Presenting an awful sight.

In woman's ways old Sam was there—
He sliced their mushy line;
His driving was delightful,
His stance, it was sublime.

But still, of all the girls he knew,
Sweet Betty made him sore;
She'd date with him on any night,
Yet Sam could never score.



THE CAROLINA BOLL WEEVIL

Carolina's College Comic

Published by Students of the University of North Carolina

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The Business Manager will be at his office in new West Building from 2:30 to 3:00 p.m. daily, excepting Saturdays and Sundays.

For sale at FOISTER'S, Chapel Hill; all railway trains, and leading news stands of the South.
Contributions should be sent to THE CAROLINA BOLL WEEVIL, or left at the BOLL WEEVIL offices.
Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized October 9, 1922.

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VOL. I—NO. 3 THANKSGIVING NUMBER NOVEMBER 30, 1922

THANKSGIVING

THANKS for life, for death, for immortality. Thanks for three good meals each day, a warm bed, a couple of decent suits of clothes. For women to love, a good Alma Mater to educate us, a football team that can beat Virginia, a bit of Savoir Faire. For pretty fair corn when we are thirsty, for music when we are depressed, for vaudeville and leg shows for our lighter moods, for the arts in saner moments. For at least some degree of freedom to live how we wish, do what we want, go where we please. For the Bible, for Shakespeare, for Valentino, for Milton, for McManus, for Byron, for Shaw, for Beethoven, for Gloria Swanson, for Mencken, for Horace Williams, for Wilde, for Sinclair Lewis, for Kidder Graham, for Fitzgerad, for Lardner, for Keith, for Babe Ruth, for Cabell . . . . .

That all men are not fools, that all women are not ugly, that all golfers are not duffers, that all drinkers are not sots, that all classes are not Chemistry and Physics and Mathematics, that all college comics are not hecumb, that all teachers are not prudes, that all undergraduates are not immoral, that all men who do not belong to the church may yet get a chance to pass through the pearly gates.

For now a beautiful day, now a rainy day, now a victory, now a defeat, now a greater painter, now an unlucky artist, now a Browning, now a Service, now a Hugo, now an E. M. Hull, now a Martin Luther, now a Billy Sunday. For beauty and variety, for sunshine and moonshine.

In having an opportunity to put a rock on the rock pile, to wear knickers if we so choose, to walk through the woods on a sunny day, to read the Whiz Bang should we ever have such a notion, to play bridge and tennis on Sunday, to go to church, to drink Coca-Colas, to live decently and cheerfully and happily.

Boll Weevil is thankful.

MARK THIS DOWN

ONE very noted professor in the University faculty has time and time again asserted that whatever may be the faults of the campus, one thing is certain—it never has and never will tolerate a hypocrite. Hypocrisy has no place in student life here.

Indeed, a fine tribute. And, so far as Boll Weevil has observed, to a great extent, a deserved one. He with a tendency to be loose in character, he who is ignorant and lazy, he who is stupid and boring, he who is cynical and Bolshevik, may live and prosper here for a short or long period. But history tells us that the man who pretends to be what he isn't, lives here but a short day.

Every once in a while some four-flusher bobs up on the campus, laying claims to a three-generation aristocracy, a veritable mint of sheckles, an unusual appreciation of the fine arts, or a supernatural intelligence, and for a while he gets away with it. But if four-flusher he is, and the goods he fails to produce, then out he goes, and happily so.

Here we tolerate no sham, no false pretense, no posing as something we aren't. Carolina demands a show down early in the game, and the hypocrite makes a luckless exit.

TO THE FETZERS

BOLL WEEVIL nominates for the Hall of Fame the Fetzer brothers, those two masters of the coaching art, who have been so pre-eminently successful so far in their work at Carolina. Matter not who wins the Thanksgiving classic, be it Virginia or Carolina, or a draw, the Fetzers have won their starry crown.

Captain Bill and Captain Bob have shown themselves to be wonder workers in developing finished players out of raw material, in creating strength where weakness lay. Teams that are trained by these two men are fighting, scrapping, never-failing machines. They may encounter defeat—such may be the case Thanksgiving Day—but their opponents invariably know that they have just emerged from a scrap when the final whistle is blown.

So, regardless of the outcome of the gridiron's curtain-ringer this season, we lift our hats to the Fetzers. Boll Weevil dubs them with the title of the Berries, the Bush, the Lilac, the Boots et al.

REASONABLY ACCURATE, WHAT?

Prof.—Sir, how many stars are there in the elements?

Stude—There are . . . er . . . ah . . . three-hundred-eight billion . . . er . . two-hundred-twenty-five million, six-hundred-fifty-two thousand, no hundreds and eighty-seven.

Prof. (critically) Eh? On what authority do you base your statements?

Stude—Sir, if you can't take my word for it, count them yourself.

YE OLDEN DAYS

In the days of old when knights were bold
And barons liked to revel.
If a good knight held his lady's hand
He was called a fast young devil.

But now the knightly days are gone.
Comes the day of paint and powder;
And a girl gets mad if every lad
Don't wrap himself about her.

PLENTY SHARP

Old Jacob Peters, a college town grocer, though he had never been blessed with a day's schooling in his entire life, was proud of his ability to "figger," an accomplishment he had picked up about the store. He often boasted very proudly that none of "them pesky college upstarts" could pull it over his eyes or cheat him out of any money.

One day a Freshman breezed into the store with great haste.

"Young man," said Old Peters, rather pertly, "What kin I do for ye?"

"I want to get two fives for a ten," said the Freshman.

Old Peters' eyes narrowed suspiciously, and he smiled up his sleeve, so to speak.

"Son, you can't pull that gag on me, I'll give you two tens for a five."

The transaction was made.

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN SOUP

As I sat looking across the table at her, my heart began to throb and jump as it had never done before, for I swear to you that she was the vision of loveliness. But as I gradually became aware of the kind of place that I was in, my inward desires began to increase by leaps and bounds. But this girl was too pretty for a place like this, and yet, apparently she did not seem ill at ease in the least. On the contrary, she stood before me as if waiting, listening, to hear me speak.

I must confess, my heart again began to go pitty-pat and my inward desires to grow greater, as I meditated upon the pleasures which she was soon to afford me.

I could not believe my eyes—she was too queenly for this place—her face, her figure—both were perfect. It could not be possible—there was some mistake—she could not belong in this place. But as I glanced again into her face she let her eyes remain fixed upon my own. There came a look of understanding into them and I caught a smile of encouragement as it played across those luscious lips.

Could it be that she understood my desires and was ready to satisfy them? Again, I felt the hesitancy in speaking. Suppose she was not what she seemed to be. What shame and disgrace would be heaped upon my head.

But nothing could hold me back now, I must speak to her. My desires could no longer be held in control. Resigned to my fate, and hating the very words as I uttered them, I looked straight into her eyes, as I said, "Ham and eggs, please."

Miss Penelope Periwinkle, after reading nine chapters of "Three Weeks," gives up in despair because she cannot understand what the asterisks stand for.

IT SNOWETH

In the pitchy blackness of the night the snow sneweth hard and fast. Tiny little flakelets sifteth to the groundlet, and everything seemeth as Heaven itself, as these airy, fairy feathers floateth to their pallet.

In the excruciating coldness of the weather I stood on the street corner and thanked my lucky stars that I was held secure in her hot embrace. Says I to myself: "She's been a serviceable old overcoat to me." And I rammed my freezing hands deep into her pockets.

Officer 24 had barely passed by, after exchanging the time of night with me, when suddenly the door of the house across the street flew open as though from the butt of a billy goat, and a woman rushed out into the darkness. I recognized her at once as Mrs. Bonestead, and my heart leaped within me. She was screaming at the top of her voice, "Harry! Oh, Harry! Dear little Harry! Where can he be?"

She rushed pell-mell down the boulevard, and I at her heels. Could dear little Harry be lost?

As she ran, she peered to all sides, expecting to find him buried alive in the snow dunes. So did I. She raised her voice to the skies, yelping for Harry. I did, too.

She reached the river bank first. But I arrived there second. We looked in the bushes, under the bridge, and in the black water; but not a trace of Harry. When at last Harry could not be found she turned on me and smote me, saying: "Quit me, villain. I wilt not stand thee, even at the risk of dear little Harry!" Then she hung her head with teary salt freezing on her cheeks, and returned to the house.

I dared not enter after her, but my eyes could not leave her; the pathos of the affair rekindled my heart. So I went to the window and gazed in.

I saw her go to her bedside, and pause. Suddenly her breast heaved high. She felt a darling's pat on her foot, and saw a shaggy head beneath the bed. And she stooped to lift the cute little pup to her lips.

I bounded with joy at my station outside. Then I felt a lump of lead in my heart. Why couldn't I be the one to get her kisses? But, then, I was only her husband; and besides, I must suffer for staying at the club until midnight.

I drew my overcoat's embrace closer about me, took my place by the telephone post, and dozed as the snow sneweth on.

Someone spreads the news that there is hot water in the showers.

ADVERTISE

The man, a stranger in the town,
For fortune he would try,
The merchant's lot he would renown,
A drygoods store he'd buy;
He asked a wiseman how to rise,
The wiseman said, "Why, advertise."

A dazzling girlie in a store,
With kisses (?) for to sell,
She gave a sample, then one more,
And then the rest, they sold so well
She asked the wiseman why he buys—
The wiseman said, "Why, advertise."

An old-maid woman sweet and fair,
Who had false teeth and falser hair,
Her face was colored a rosy hue
With paint and powder and lipstick too;
To win some suitors she would devise—
The wiseman squalled, "Don't advertise!"

MORAL

Unless you have some worthy ware
Don't let the public on it stare,
For you will land, God knows where,
In a land where wretched failures swear—
But if you have a worthy prize,
You bet your boots, "You advertise!"

Dr. Greenlaw has written a book called the "Great Tradition," but a lot of Sophomores think it's called the "Great Condition."

The Mystery of the Missing Pickle Fork

OR

WHOINELL COULD HAVE DONE IT?

By Cuthbert Q. Mutt

Author of "Etcetera," etc.

Chapter I

"Flotsam," quivered Sherhawk to me one morning, as he filled his Dunhill with Our Advertiser, "Flotsam, I fear my master brain is becoming watery."

"Exactly," I sniffled, scarcely heeding the words of the great defective, Sherhawk Foams; all of which leads us up to

Chapter II

Bang! Bang! Bowie!

And the pearl inlaid door of our sanctuary was flung open; in rushed— who?

Search me!

Chapter III

"Ha, ha, ha, and a few more ha's," snickered the boisterous intruder. "Nothing is wrong, but while running for second assistant vice-president of my freshman class I learned a thing or two about creating a sensation."

And thus what promised to be a grotesque mystery was simply solved.

"Oowah!" I cachinnated at him. "Do you wish to see Mister Foams? What might your name be?"

"I am—"

Chapter IV

"Lord Howe Greene," Foams finished for him.

"Why, how did you know?" ground out the visitor, as if he had been inhaling Fraternity Frappe.

"Simple," Foams smiled. "Look in the mirror."

Just another example of the great defective's marvelous deduction!

Dammit, Another Chapter

"I came to see you," m'lord began, seating himself on an upturned coal scuttle and carefully wiping his monocle with his shirt tail, "about something that has happened."

"What, has something happened?" shot out Foams, now the picture of interest. His long nose sniffed the air, as does a hound with hay fever.

"My famous pickle fork has disappeared! It happened while my wife, Aintshe, and I were partaking of pickled herring." Thus, did the lord delicately hint at his wife, Aintshe Greene, and his fastidious idiosyncracies.

Chapter VI

Foams cast his Dunhill to the floor and ground it beneath his heel. (He had drawn a prize this time.)

Then his pale pink eyes shone with glee. "I have it!" he grated between clenched teeth. "Were you eating anything else?"

"A few beans, of course," admitted Lord Howe Greene.

"I have it!" crowed Sherhawk, and in the silence that ensued you could have heard an egg drop to the floor.

Chapter VI and a Half

"Tell me and be done," supplicated the lord.

"Me too," I chimed in, not to be outdone.

"Simple," yawned Foams. "You finished eating the herring, *and put the pickle fork in your pocket when you picked up a knife to eat the beans with!*"

And reaching into the lord's pocket, he withdrew the long lost fork.

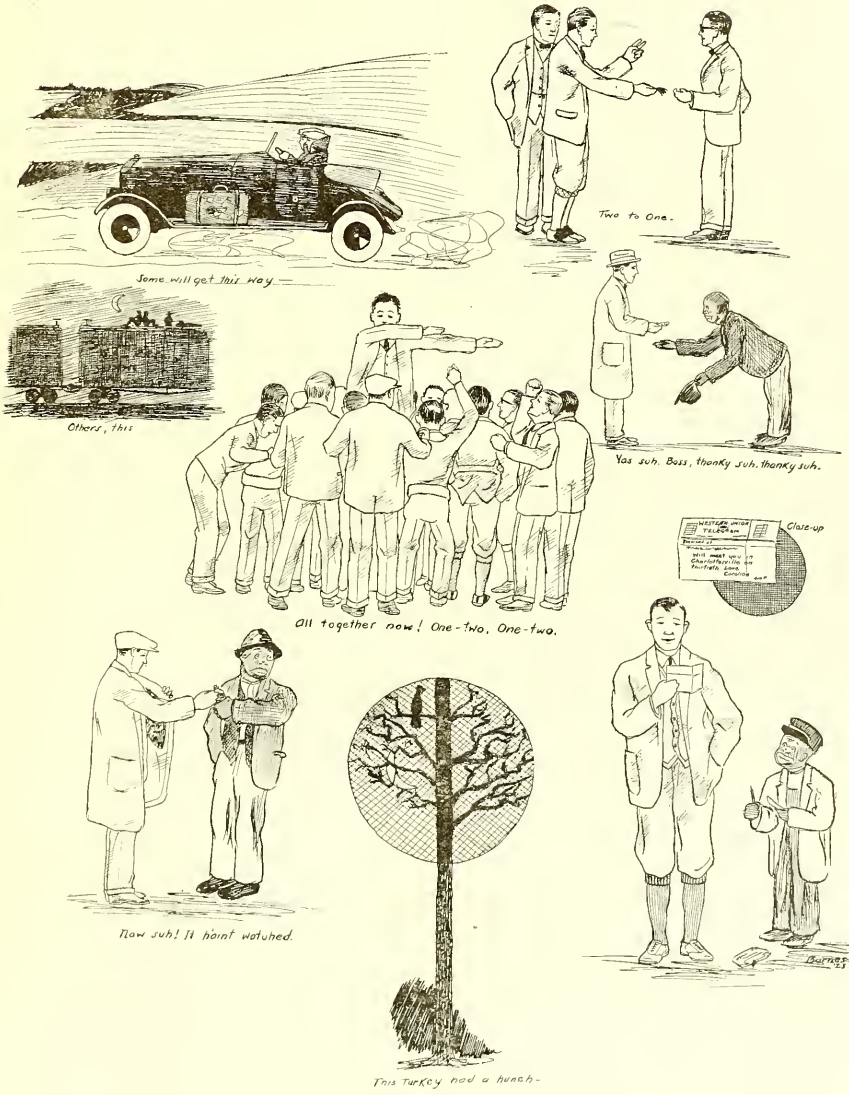
I twitched in amazement.

Chapter VI and Seventy-two One Hundredths

With the money Lord Howe Greene paid Foams for solving his case, the great defective and I went to the Pickwick that night *and had two bags of peanuts apiece!*

[At Last—The End]

CHAPEL HILL
THE DAY BEFORE THANKSGIVING



Then and Now

ACT I

(Then.)

(Time—*Thanksgiving, 1800.* Place—*Bar-room of the Omega Alpha Fraternity House. The members of the Omega Alpha Fraternity offer up thanks just before the first Carolina-Virginia classic.*)

Bro. G. Washington: Brothers! Brother Jefferson has just arrived with some of the good old stuff that Monticello is noted for, and I propose a toast to the brethren from North Carolina before we hie to Lambeth Field.

Bro. Zeb. Vance: I ain't ever refused a drink yet, so let's quaff of the cup. Brother Davie will take us to the field in his new barouche. He made the trip from Chapel Hill in it in two weeks.

Brother Jefferson: Goat Edgar Allan Poe, have the menials prepare the juleps. I say, Brother Randolph, who is the rosy-cheeked wench you escorted to the ball last night. Would that her garter adorned my dresser!

Brother Randolph: Nay, nay, Brother Jefferson, Mistress Polly is wearing my pin at present.

(The menials enter and pass around the drinks while the brethren light their pipes.)

Oldest Living Brother (*Lord Fairfax*): I say, brothers, before we drink let's sing the fraternity drinking song, "Little Brown Jug."

(They sing.)

Bro. G. Washington: I propose a toast to our Tar Heel brethren, and the fair damsels of our two states.

(They Drink.)

Brother Durant: And now, brethren, to show that the spirit of our fraternity is not dead, I propose a toast to Virginia with some real old Orange County corn. Goat Poe, cease playing that African game of chance, and see that the drinks are prepared, and we will offer up thanks.

Brother Davie: I say, Brother George, is my periwig on straight?

Brother Washington: Straight enough, Brother Davie.

(The menials enter and pass around the drinks for the second time.)

Brother Vance: Let's drink to our mistresses and spouses. *(They drink.)*

[Curtain.]

ACT II

(Now.)

(Time—*Thanksgiving, 1922.* Place—*Bar-room of the Omega Alpha Fraternity House. The bar is a modern affair, donated to the fraternity recently. The members of the Omega Alpha Fraternity are gathered to offer up thanks just before the annual Carolina-Virginia classic.*)

Brother Jones: Brothers! Brother Clark has just arrived from Culpeper with some good stuff. We want to go to the game feeling right.

Brother Smith: Come on an' let's catch it now. Brother Bill will take us out in his Lizzie.

Brother Lewis: Who is the ealic you took to the dance last night, Brother Wilson? Some good sport!

Brother Wilson: I know how to pick 'em, don't I? She is the beesknees.

Brother Greene: Come on an' take a drink, you all. Here's the chaser; it's pretty strong stuff. Put on the Vic., one of you goats.

(They drink, smoke and chew gum vigorously.)

Brother Jones: We can hold another. Here's to you boys from Carolina, and may I win your money. Hold the fruit jar, you goat there, while I get a light. Gimme a cigarette, somebody!

Brother Colbys: Come on and take a nip of this Hickory Mountain Corn before we go, brothers. It's the stuff. Grab a glass and line up.

Brother Wilson: I wonder where in hell I put my hat. I bet some of you crumbs have stolen the thing.

Brother Smith: Aw, you fool, there it is under the tub.

Brother Wilson: All right. Let's catch another, and beat it to the game. This is gonna be some game. I hope the Old Man doesn't come around after its over.

(They drink.)

[Curtain.]

DO YOU SUPPOSE GILDA WOULD BELIEVE THIS ONE?

'25—There's one man I have always felt sorry for because he told the truth.

'26—Who's that?

'25—Jonah—Don't you know he caught hell when he got home and offered as his excuse to Mrs. Jonah, that he had been in a fish for the past three days.

LIFE

Late to class,
Unprepared;
Six on English,
Never cared.

To the pick,
Peanuts too,
Is this all
A *fresh* can do?

Norma's on—
Ain't it great?
Look at her
Till half past eight

Sling the bull
Till half past ten;
Time to go
To bed again.

* * *

She (talking hoarsely)—I have such a bad cold this evening that my voice is husky.

He—Let's shuck along to the dance then; I have some corn in the car.

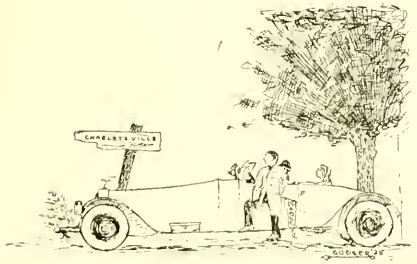
* * *

Teacher—Johnny, give me a sentence with Ben Hur in it.

Johnny—Miss Jones got sick and dismissed the Math class, and I wish you had Ben Hur.

TRY THIS ON THE VICTROLA

"Is it corn whiskey, Mr. Gallagher?"
"No, it's Bevo, Mr. Shean."



Four Drinks to Charlottesville.

Question: Is she a grass or war widow?
Answer: Neither; she's a college variety.

BEAUTY

SKEATS

A jug of wine is a joy forever;
It imagination increases, though one endeavor
To pass out; and no one an extra bed will keep,
So that heavy with drunken sleep
We may rest from our reeling.
Therefore, around our head, are we wearing
An icy towel, this morning after,
In spite of despondence and a sense of disaster,
And dark brown taste, and hell to pay.
And check not due for many a day.

DO YOU KNOW THAT

Chickens do not sleep at the Coop;

Fraternity Row is not plowed up;

The Cabin is not made of logs;

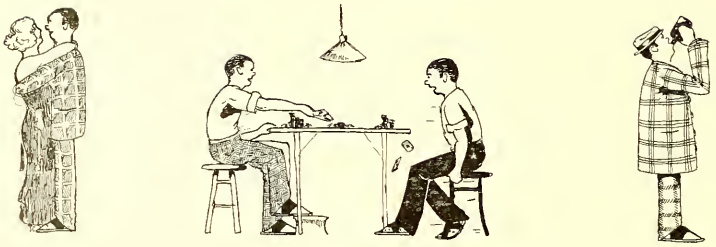
You don't have to write a good hand to make your letter;

All the Shicks are not originally from Egypt;

Do Drop Inn is not a summer resort;

All the members of the German Club are not Germans.

THE COLLEGE MAN



AS SISTER SEES HIM

AS FATHER SEES HIM

AS MOTHER SEES HIM

THE STONE AGE

1st negro—Say, nigger, you couldn't live up where I come from—it's so hard up dere dat de canary birds sing bass.

2d negro—Law, Mose, dat ain' nuffin—down dere in Chapel Hill deys so hard dat dey requires the sparrers to wear muzzles.

* * *

GRAND TOTAL OF 3

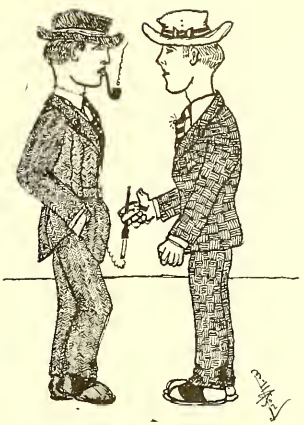
One and one make two,
But when—
One and one marry
In a year there's one to carry.

IKEY'S LETTER HOME

Chapel Mountain, N. C.,
(Last night, after supper)

DEER PA:—I jus got through wif my supper & is going to write you just a short letter to let you know that I want some more money. Some fellers comes roun to my room the other nite, pa & sez to me—do you wanna make some money & I does so I sez yes—Well they pulls out a roolett wheel & maybe you dont know what it was but anyway it was a wheel with a hole lots of numbers on it & a arrow & if the little arrer stops on my number I gits some money, but it dont do it so they gits my money—anyway pop—I'll try to put in on the rite number next time so please send me some more kail. Folks is orful funny down here they ealls supper dinner & dinner lunch & breakfast is post tosties and then they calls all the bildings after some body. Just to show you how crazy they is—I eat at Mr. Swain's bilding & study in Mr. Alumni's bilding—then two there's Memorial bilding where all the ded folks gits their write-ups 'n everything—'n if you git sick they say you is cast into the infirmary where you gets greazed castor oil—only I aint gonna get sick. I have just met Isaae Rosenberger. he is Mr. Rosenberger's boy & is a very good man & I like him fine but I must cum to a elose as it is getting late & I must quit but please send me som money dad.

Your son Ikey,
IKEY GOLDSTEIN.



First Student: "Where did you get the headlight?"

Second Student: "It's my engagement ring made over. I got it back the other day for the thirteenth time."

FEMININE

"What's that in yonder distance?
Bill McBodden cried;
He donned his black-rimmed spectacles
And glared ahead, wild-eyed.

"It seems to me," he said, at length,
"It be a ruthless savage,
With war paint on his ugly mug,
To plunder and to ravage.

"No such thing," exclaimed Von Wurl;
"It's only an innocent girl."

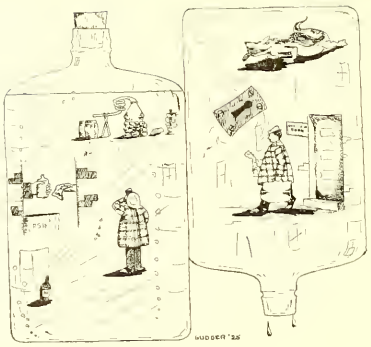
* * *

MORE ACQUAINTANCES

Do you know—
Odessa—*O dessa little bit more?*
Utah—*You taught me how to do it?*

* * *

As we wander through the cemeteries we wonder where are all the sinners.



Cause and Effect.

THE GIRL

My train was leaving me,
But the girlie, still she sat;
I didn't mind the train a-leaving,
I liked the girl and all that.

My train was leaving me,
The girl was big and fat;
I didn't mind her sitting,
But she was sitting on my hat.

* * *

No, Penelope, never use a preposition to end a sentence with.

* * *

No, Josephine. Not tonight. Some other night, maybe.

* * *

No, Clarissa, fusel oil doesn't keep the lamp of learning lighted.

I
Don't know
Whether it's wonderful
Or not
To meet someone
Like you,
Be with you,
Just long enuff
To want you more.
And then to have you
Go away—
Well, anyhow,
I wonder who feels
The worse,
You or I?
I bet I do
Not you.
I laugh
When I get with others
Of course
And I'm agreeable
Too.
Then somethin's
Said or done
Which makes me think
Of you.
It makes me wonder
If it's all
Really worth while
To be prayin' for
Just one hour
More
When I'm
With you,
And many hours
Less
When Im not.
Maybe it is.
Maybe it isn't.
I know right now
I'd give the world
To see you
Once again.
That is
Of course
If I had it,
But I haven't—
And that's the reason
Im blue.

No, Geraldine, Meyer Greentree hasn't been engaged to play for the Fall Dances.

* * *

HEARD OVER THE BACK FENCE

"Mrs. Jones, you know that Smith boy is wearing golf knickers these days. He's never played a game of golf in his life, and I bet he doesn't know which end of the caddy to hit the ball with."

* * *

"NECK"

Jack—If a woman was to kiss you, what would you do?

Abe—Kiss her back.

Jack—But suppose she were a tall girl?

Prof.: "What does K.K.K. stand for?"

'26: "Can't think. Must be Karolina's Kollege Komic."

Student: "Are you going to Charlottesville to the game, Professor?"

Absent-minded Prof.: "What game?"

OPTIMISM

I promised her that if Virginia won I wouldn't touch a thing on Thanksgiving night.

Will I be "lit" in Charlottesville?

I will.

* * *

O. C. C.

Lives there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said
This night before I go to bed,
Methinks I'll paint things red.

* * *

SHE'S A BEAR

They say that this girl in Durham has perfect animal features. She has a dear face and bare feet.

* * *

THE POPULAR CRY

Oh, where, oh, where, can my little girl be?
For me, I cannot see!
I left her right there
In my best friend's care,
And now she's fled from me!

* * *

No, Dorothy, turpentine and rosin are not all that's manufactured at the 'Still.

The Tar Heel, we are told, paid the way for the athletic editor to cover the V. M. I. game in Richmond. He went on a fast freight.

Running on Time

It was the night of Shakespeare, a night of poets and troubadours. A harvest moon shone tenderly down upon a calm and limpid lake, casting little black shadows here and there in whatever place a tiny ripple showed itself.

. . . . . .

Seated on the mossy grass which surrounded the magical lake were two lovers—clasping the one to the other's heart. In their hearts beat but one thought and their souls were also as one. For they knew that the time of their departure was near at hand and true love is so rare. One was reminded of Napoleon taking leave of his beloved Josephine.

. . . . . .

"Kiss me again, dearest," she said, "for soon I must leave you, probably never to see you again." He did.

. . . . . .

Then she left him hurriedly, for— she had three other late dates to fill.

PENALIZED FOR HOLDING
or
Why she gave back his pin.

Drunk?

By Bon Ami Low'l

Stamping
Clouds,
Pouring
Winds,
Sleeting
Hail,
Drenching
Sun,
Parching
Rain,
Yellow
Skies,
Faery
Palaces,
Eats,
Bowery
Inns,
Drinks,
Cabarets,
Women,
Oh, Death,
Where
Is
Thy
Sting?
Monkeys.

NO BULL HERE

Nathan, a janitor in one of the new dorms, reeently had oeeasion to eomplain to one of his roomers, that each of the two gentlemen who roomed aeross the hall had a dog. One, a bull pup, the other, a large white eollie, with some wolfhound blood in him. He had made friends with the bull, but was far from being on good terms with the other. He was telling one of the occupants of the room which he happened to be cleaning up at that time, that he was afraid to go in the room while the big dog was there.

"But, isn't it against rules of the dormitories to keep dogs?" asked the student.

"I don' know 'bout dat, suh," replied the janitor, "but it sho' is agin' my will."

Touchdown and Three to Go.

Ere We Part

Little flapper, ere we part,
Give, oh give me back my heart;
Or if thou canst only send,
Give me back my jeweled pin;
Listen to my simple plea—
Send it back "post haste" to me.

In the summer, long ago,
You didst drive away my woe,
You didst take away my care,
And my pin you came to wear.
But the winter's come, and so
I must get it back, you know.

But, lest ye think harsh of me,
Remember this—I love but thee,
And when summer comes anew,
And if Fate wills, I meet you,
You shall wear my pin once more,
And we'll repeat those days of yore.

Two little worms were digging away in dead earnest. Poor Earnest.

* * *

Stupid Looking Freshman—Where's the Dean's office? I want to outline my courses.

Upperclassman—Don't see him. See the football Captain.

The Literary Gallery

There is no questioning the fact that Mr. Mencken was to an extent right when he asserted that the South was the "Sahara of the Bozart." The writer has only questioned Mr. Mencken's right to refer specifically to the South when, with the exception of the great cities, there is no section of the country showing any marked advancement in a literary way.

All things must have a foundation, and in the South today there must be laid a foundation on which a great literary structure is to be raised. The agitation over the lack of literary attainment that is drifting over the State and over the South today may well be termed the breaking of the ground so that such a foundation can be laid.

This foundation must be laid carefully and the material can be nothing other than men and women who are willing to give up their lives to the advancement of a great literary art in the South. The cornerstone of the southern literary structure will be laid only after many hundreds have buried themselves deep down under the ground in order that the building have a strong and lasting foundation.

There will be no particular honor in being one of that great foundation. As a matter of fact the foundation of a building is seldom ever seen unless some interested party digs deep under the surface to find out what is supporting the beauties that have risen above.

It is always a pleasure to liken the literature of a section or of a period to a great cathedral. After the hard and heavy work gone through with in order that the foundation of the cathedral be properly laid is over, comes the heavy stone work—the solid matter. From that springs the walls, the windows, and finally, the great towers. It is to be remarked that even the greatest of cathedrals have only a few towers, and that will hold true in literary structure. Few can be great towers, or even chimes in the towers.

In the schools of the South today there are the hundreds who are going to be a small part in the foundation of the South's literature. In these same schools are a few painstaking teachers who are the master masons, and upon whom the duty of laying that foundation rests.

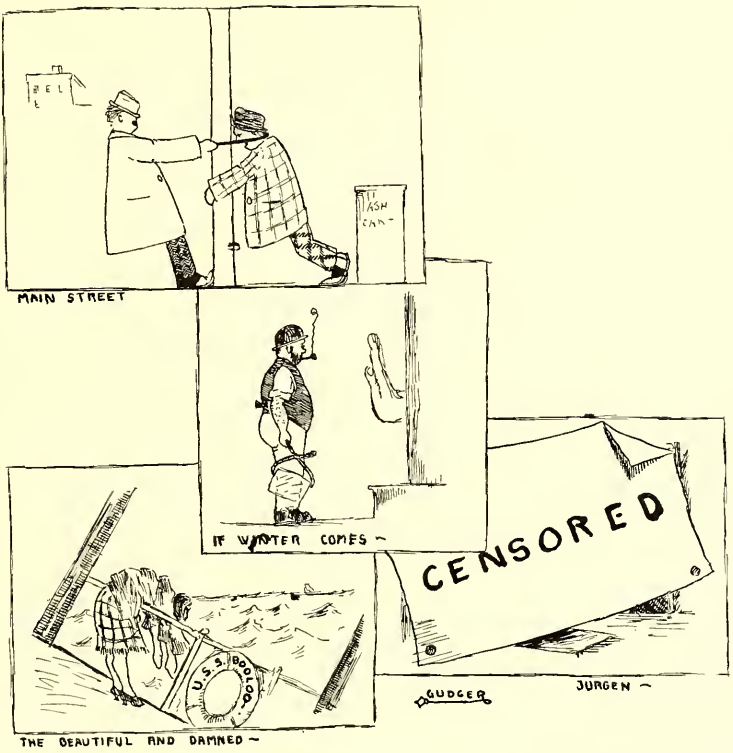
In the unwritten songs of the mountains and the soft crying winds of the sand dunes, in the social whirl of the cities, in the whirring of spindles, in the crooning of the negroes, as they sing softly and pathetically the cotton-field melodies, in the new and lifeful South, these teachers should find the cement with which to mould into some concrete form these human minds that are to be the foundation on which the coming generations are to build.

The writer associates and talks with men nearly every day who have the Promethian spark, and who dream fond dreams of being a part of the southern literary cathedral. They are men with the culture that comes from fine breeding. They think, sometimes clearly and sometimes otherwise, on the subjects uppermost in the public mind. They are men with the cosmic urge throbbing in their minds and hearts, and they are the men on which the South must build its literature.

Many must go down into the dark secret places of obscurity to build up that foundation on which the coming generation or generations are to build the great stone walls and the towers of the South's literary production.

We dream of the possibility of being one of the magnificent windows with its artistry and its beauty. We fondly think of being one of the towers that pierce high into the air and command the respect of all those that look. We hoped once that we might be the chimes that sounded for the poetry of a great nation, but unless we realize that before the great windows and towers are builded, and that before the chimes can be placed high enough for the people of the world to hear their music, deep down in the earth of obscurity must be laid that foundation on which it all must be builded.

Out from North Carolina let the note of triumph be sounded. Let the world say that we have no great literature, but let them hear at the same time that battle-cry of those who are willing to go deep into the trenches of those who are called unknown, that those who are to follow may have something on which to stand, may have something on which to build a great and enduring literature, not only for the South, but also for the Nation and the world.



BOHUNKUSVILLE'S CONCEPTIONS OF THE LATEST NOVELS

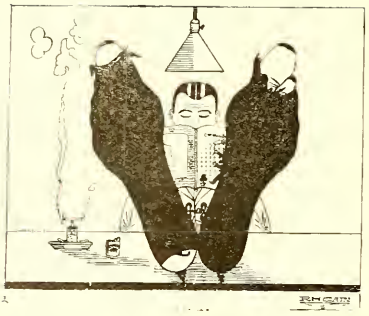
Radiolite

Spooning under a July moon. She was just back from school, sweet, innocent, enraptured by the silvery moonbeams falling about us. We were in our youth, deeply in love, and together again after a long absence.

Sitting there in the swing, hanging by two massive chains, from the spreading limbs of two tall oaks projecting above us, we were indeed a picture of contentment, and happy beyond expression. The stars above were merrily twinkling at us as if they sanctioned our love. A smooth breeze fanned her hair. Somewhere in the distance a bell tinkled, accompanied by the chirping of crickets in the trees.

"Oh, George, it is wonderful to be here with you again after being away so long," she said. Her head was gently resting on my shoulder, her hand in mine. These words were accompanied by a slight squeeze on both our parts. "You are more wonderful than ever tonight, sweetheart," said I, whispering softly in her ear. She gave a deep sigh, accompanied with a murmur of satisfaction. "George, dear, the sky is filled with stars tonight. Let us kiss every time we see one fall." Struck almost dumb by these words, and happy to have such an excuse, I murmured my assent.

"There, to the right, one is falling," she whispered. I kissed her, but saw no falling body. The time passed swiftly. Again she saw another of those heavenly bodies skimming over the skies at a terrific speed. Again I kissed her, this time more tenderly, and more prolonged than ever, but again I failed to see the falling star. More time passed, and with the world in oblivion around us we "loved with a love that was more than love," me and my pretty Marie. With one arm around her, her hand in my hand, and with her eyes looking up at me, we passed the time away, whispering words of love to one another. Presently, looking straight ahead, she saw another falling star. I kissed her, but learned that she was counting lightning bugs.



THE ETERNAL MASCULINE

An Interview With Mr. J. Dempsey

(As heard over a dictaphone.)

M. E.—Hello, Jack! How is everything since the big fight?

Jack Dempsey—Why, hello, friend. Everything is in pretty good order; lots of proposals for fights, but never a chance of having one. By the way, did you see that fight in '21?

M. E.—Of course, I did; I haven't missed anything from a horse race to an inauguration ceremony in years. But I didn't come to discuss the Franco-Knockout. I've come to ask you something really serious.

Jack—Well, that fight was serious enough for me, and even more serious for old Georges.

M. E.—But I wanted to get your idea on the cancellation of the European debts to the United States.

Jack—What debts? Why, I didn't know anybody owed us anything.

M. E.—Aw! Jack, I'm not joking with you. You know, the debts contracted during the war by France and England and the other nations.

Jack—Well, don't bring up the war; I've heard enough about it. Besides, I've got as much idea about cancelling a debt as I have about fixing a sprained fin of a fish.

M. E.—Anyway, the people say you were raised on a farm and that your father is a farmer. What do you think about placing a farmer on the Federal Reserve Board?

Jack—What do you mean? Make him walk the plank?

M. E.—No, the Federal Reserve Board is a small group of men who control the Federal Reserve system.

Jack—What's that? A new railroad?

M. E.—No! It's a—

Jack—Then forget it and ask me about something I know like roast beef or porterhouse steak.

M. E.—Be more earnest, Jack.

Jack—I'm earnest, and if you don't like my type of earnestness, get out or I may knock you out.

M. E.—All right, I'm going now.

Jack—And if you want to know anything about me ask the Nuxated Iron Co. They've got all the facts.

M. E.—All right, Jack. Good-bye! Don't forget to keep in training.

Amen

The young man played for a heart,
The young lady a diamond played.
The old man came down with a club,
And the sexton used a spade.

* * *

PAGE MR. HAWKSHAW

A Playlet in One Act

Place—Chapel Hill.
Time—November 29, 1922.
Scene—Dormitory room.

ACT I

Enter a stewed stude, reeling. "Whursmuhwhisky?"

[CURTAIN.]

* * *

DECEITFUL WOMEN

She was a pretty little blonde, and she looked so anxious there in the Biltmore lobby. So I stepped up.

"Are you looking for some one in particular, or will any one do?"

"I was looking for a gentleman, but you'll do," she said, leading the way toward the dining-room. Then we went up to some smoke roof garden.

"What are you doing in New York?" I asked.

"I go to Miss Prim's school," she replied.

"Fine!" I shouted, taking out my flask of straight gin and filling her empty water glass, at the same time tossing across my cigarettes. We got along fine until we took a taxi going home.

"Stop!" she said. "Stop, or I'll get out and walk. You're too rough!"

"But I thought you said you came from Miss Prim's?" I stuttered, dazed.

"I know I've not played fair," she confessed. "I've deceived you. I don't go to Miss Prim's or Vassar or Smith or any girl's school. I'm just a poor chorus girl, trying to be wild; but I'm outclassed."

—*Record.*

* * *

Now that hoopskirts have come back into fashion, we will go to the dances hereafter expecting to find It in the hoop as well as on the hip.

Some men were born with whiskey, and some men acquire whiskey, but we have yet to hear of the lucky rascal who has had whiskey thrust upon him.

* * *

An Ode to Water

Water—pure, crystal, limpid,
I have seen thee trembling upon the rose leaf
In the form of a glist'ning dew-drop;
I have seen thee trickling on the maiden's cheek
In the form of a crystal tear;
I have seen thee lashed into fury by winds
Upon the mighty ocean, and when great ocean greyhounds
Didst plow thy placid bosom.
But water—pure, crystal, limpid,
Thou art a damned thin drink.

* * *

WASHED WITH CARE

Mr. Newlove—This lettuce tastes beastly—did you wash it?

Mrs. Newlove—Of course I did, darling—and I used perfumed soap, too. —*London Mail.*

History Prof.: "And what did Caesar say when he conquered Carthage?"

Frosh: "Ain't war hell."

TAKE IRON-RUST
and
TAKE ON FLESH

WHAT KIND OF A MAN ARE YOU?
ARE YOU VIRILE, CHESTY, HARDBOILED, OR ARE YOU WEAK, ANEMIC, AND UNDERFED?

Can you balance a loaded ten-ton truck on the tip of your finger, while defending your sister, mother or sweetheart from a gang of cut-throats, with your mighty right arm?

If you cannot do this you are a WEAKLING!
You need IRON!
LET US IRON YOU OUT!

It will not cost you a cent. Do not send us a penny. Simply fill out the Coupon at the bottom of the page, enclosing it in an envelope with money order for $10.00 (Ten bucks—eighty bits) to cover the cost of packing, profits and production.

WE TRUST YOU!

Within five years after receipt of your remittance we will forward to you, at our own risk and with no obligation on your PART, a complete assortment of IRON-RUST PELLETS, with full directions as to how to dispose of, when, where, and so forth ad infinitum.

Your relief at finding yourself able to work after taking three or four hundred of these IRON-RUST PELLETS will more than repay you for the trifling cost of acquiring them.

DO NOT DELAY!

Why be run-down and henpecked when you can **grow hair on your chest** and be a real **he-man?**

MONEY BACK IF NOT SATISFIED.

Take a chance! You may pass out some day in one of your dejected **moments.**

FILL OUT AND SEND THIS COUPON TO US

To
The Iron-Rust Co.,
Drawer 999,
Uname, California.

Gentlemen:—Enclosed find Ten Dollars, for which send me some Iron-Rust. I want to grow some hair on my chest. If same is satisfactory I will pay you fifty dollars down and five dollars every time you catch me.

.....

.....

.....

TO BE SURE OF THIS TAKE IRON-RUST—

Contains no harmful ingredients, only shoes from the hoofs of contented horses used in the preparation of **this Marvelous Tonic.**

Hurry Up!—Clip the Coupon! We guarantee startling results!

Yours for MANHOOD,
IRON-RUST CO.

LETTERS

From a Self-made Weiner Salesman to His Son

(To Mister Percival Hamburger, who has just entered college.)

October twice.

DERE POICY:—I reckon you are all fixed up ther at Chappell Hill now and let me tell you, dont git mixed up with none of them fast set up there and dont join none of them fraturnitys as I is heard sum of the boys in them drinks likker. Now Poicy study hard and som day youl have a weeny stand of yourn. Your paw never had any eddication but look at him now youd never tell it! Aint I got the best lunch joint in Shady Junction?

If ennything goes wrong, go to see old man Chase. Thats his job to see that everything goes all OK with the freshmun. How do you like eating at Swine Hall is the grub as good as at your paws stand?

FARTHER.

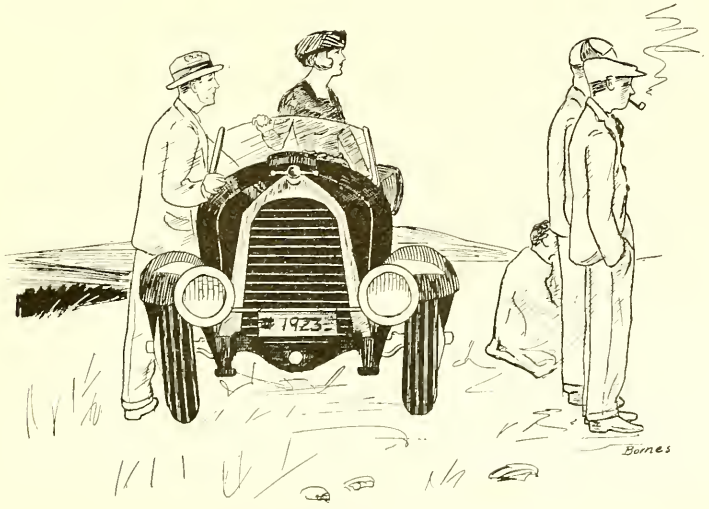
(To Mister Percival, who has informed his father that some upper classmen have taught him a new game, and is asking for more money.)

Octob. 18

NOW LISSEN HERE POICY:—Im enclozing ten bucks but dont you learn no new games no more as the board of helth is ruint my trade and I aint sold ten weenys in a week. You say you aint got monny enuff to pay your radiator rent whuts the use of getting one of them you know you cant play one.

You say you went up to one of them fraturnity houzes and asked em to join you and they enissiated you in the order of the shrieks. Im glad to here it as the orders is shur falling off in the stand.

PAW.



Come Early and Get a Good Seat.

The Fable of a Self-Educated Co-Ed

or

Sis Simpson, the Student's Nightmare

By Jaw Jade

Once there was a co-ed. at the University of North Carolina who was very unpopular with the fellows, with the exception of a few backwoods CEDAR BIRDS, who thought she was the real stuff. She threw a grin at them every time she passed, which knocked them for a CUCKOO, one by one. She did her darndest to please the boys, but they didn't care for her worth a cent. She always had to carry her own books, but was never seen by herself, because there was another old hefty hag also cast by the wayside. SHE REALIZED HER CONDITION but couldn't improve it. Her hair was stringy, but she was afraid to bob it, and didn't have the nerve to try to cure it. And she didn't know that the drug store sold rouge, and that she might get THE SILK you love to TOUCH in DURHAM. She kept up with women in only one respect. SHE CHATTERED ALL THE TIME. She succeeded, however, in getting by a few courses at the University, for sometimes she had a chance at some poor bachelor prof. She was a STAUNCH SUPPORTER of CO-EDUCATION, but the student body was against such foolishness, just on account of her. She wanted to speak in the literary society but the members wouldn't let her, because the lights had to be out BY ONE O'CLOCK. So it is seen that only a small percentage of the ignorant freshmen and the most PROMINENT men of the BOOLOO CLUB had anything to do with the ILL-SHAPEN MASS.

But she had an IDEA. She left the University and went to St. Merry Myth's College, at the State Capital. Here she LEARNED FAST. The girls taught her to clean her teeth and roll her eyes. She went to the hairdresser the second day and had her hair BOBBED and FLUFFED up a good deal. Then she put on some ARTIFICIAL COMPLEXION and a few airs. Then improvements were carried on still faster. She DONNED the pure silk roll-your-own kind, and SHORTENED her DRESS about eight inches. She SPRAYED herself freely with some forty-eight cents an ounce perfume, and started SINGING "All By Myself Every Night," and the boys from A. and M. FLOCKED around. Now ASK the Carolina men what they think of her any they'll tell you SHE AIN'T NOTHIN BUT THE STUFF.

Moral: WHOOPPEE, GIRRULS, ELON COLLEGE.

Six Answers to Six Tastes

LUXURY

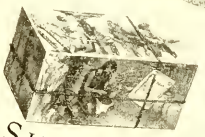
Salmagundi. Bear in mind the name when you select chocolates to please a luxurious taste. It has a wide variety including some new and most attractive chocolates. In an art metal tin box worthy of the contents.

Whitman's SALMAGUNDI CHOCOLATES

VARIETY

Everybody's taste has approved the *Sampler* and chosen it as America's foremost candy. It contains selections from ten favorite Whitman's packages which can also be purchased separately. It appeals to the taste for quaint, dainty things.

Whitman's SAMPLER



SURPRISE

A taste for mystery, romance, treasure trove—the element of surprise and the pleasure of new flavors—all are answered in the picturesque Pleasure Island Box of Whitman's. Have you explored its bullion bags?

Whitman's PLEASURE ISLAND CHOCOLATES

EXCELLENCE

Super Extra. A name that harks back to 1842 and the original Whitman's Chocolates that are still the standard. The assortment is one that has been selected with great care, changing slowly with the public taste during the eighty years its popularity has endured. It answers the average cultivated taste for sweets.

Whitman's SUPER EXTRA CHOCOLATES

ODDITY

This book-shaped box bound in green and gold has a list of contents inside the cover differing from any other package. It has proved an assortment perfectly selected for many tastes. The Library Package is an appropriate gift for many folks and many occasions.

Whitman's LIBRARY PACKAGE

RICHNESS

There's a distinct appeal in whole nut meats thickly coated with Whitman's famous chocolate. Those who like walnuts, pecans, filberts, almonds and all the favorite nut meats, at their best, declare this package to be their favorite.

Whitman's NUTS CHOCOLATE COVERED

Whitman's Quality Group

Whitman's famous candies are sold by

Patterson Bros.

No, Arabella, the noise you hear in the arboretum each night is not the Glee Club holding secret practice.

Voice from Room 12: "Oh, wear that old pink one of Mabel's tonight; he won't notice it any way, dear?"

* * *

"The Darktown Strutters' Ball"

A negro laundress and her would-be husband, both ardent football fans, were talking of the great Turkey Day battle only a few days prior to the game.

"And are you going to the game, Miss Lizzie?"

"I are, niggah; indeed I are."

"And I spose you goin' to strut yo' stuff, Miss Lizzie?"

"Look heah, niggah, I doan haf to strut my stuff. My stuff struts itself."

* * *

Is it colder in winter than in Alaska?

* * *

Or Maybe the Floradora Sextette

Legal Student—What are you going to do after you pass the bar?

Legal Co-ed.—I don't know. What would you suggest?

Legal Student—Why don't you join The Follies?

* * *

An ocean must look fairly big to the fellow who thinks he is the only pebble on the beach.

ONE WILD NIGHT

"Hello! I want to order a box for tomorrow!"

"What size?"

"There'll be six of us in the party."

"But they only come in single sizes—we'll have to have it made special!"

"Is this the Lyceum?"

"No, this is the undertaker!" —*Widow.*

* * *

He—Please, just one little kiss.

She—No; if I give you one you'll want more.

He—No, I wont.

She—Then you don't deserve one.

—*Brown Jug.*

* * *

Little Alice—Yes, smarty, we've even got an electric for that player piano of ours.

Little Willie—Pooh, that's nothing! I heard the installment man telling dad the other day that he was going to put a sheriff's attachment on ours.

—*Gargoyle.*

* * *

Why is history hard?

Well, we've had a stone age, a bronze age and an iron age, and now we're in a hard-boiled age. —*Siren.*

Judge—Who brought you here?

Drunk—Two policemen.

Judge—Drunk, I suppose?

Drunk—Yes, sir, both of them.

—*Virginia Reel.*

* * *

NECKS ARE NOT LEGS

"Follow the Arrow and
Follow the style."
It's all right for linen, but
Not silk or lisle. —*Froth.*

Higher Education Spells Efficiency

That means to take care of small details as well as the larger ones

¶ This department of the institution believes in the spirit of delivering a service that satisfies, and cheerfully invites comparison against former methods of laundering.

¶ All laundry prices are figured on a cost basis, with the guarantee of clean clothes and a dependable delivery service.

LAUNDRY DEPARTMENT
University of North Carolina

EVERY DAY IS WASH DAY SEND IT TO THE LAUNDRY

FOREIGN

'23—"I say, old deah"—
'25—"Where do you get that 'old deah' stuff?"
'23—"I got it from abroad."
'25—"Well don't mention any name."

* * *

Caller—Smith and Banks have employed me to collect the bill you owe them.

Impecunious One—You are to be congratulated, sir, on obtaining a permanent position.

—*'Ee'-aw.*

* * *

Gob—"Did you hear about that woman's head, which was floating down the river and was singing?"
Bune—"No. What was she singing?"
Gob—"I ain't got no body."

—*Burr.*

* * *

First Prof.—"Why are the seniors carrying canes this year?"
Second Prof.—"Because their heads are so heavy."

* * *

Little Lithbeth—"Oh, mama, latht night on the porch I thaw Mary thigh and—"
Shocked Mama—"Lisbeth! Saw her what?"
Little Lithbeth—"Oh, well; I HEARD her thigh."

—*Virginia Reel.*

Wealthy uncle—"You are extravagant, sir. These cigars are a lot better than I smoked at your age."
Collegiate nephew (coolly)—"They're a lat better than you smoke now."

—*The Purple Cow.*

* * *

"You can't lend me a few shillings?"
"No. How did you know that?"

—*Kasper* (Stockholm).

* * *

"Pop, what do you know about the Boston Common?"
"I don't deal in these municipal securities, my boy."

—*Judge.*

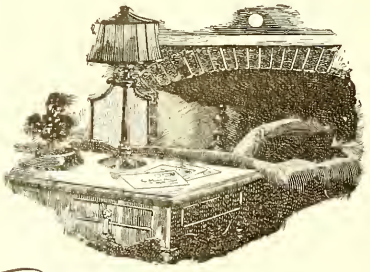
* * *

Oh, a man may run a business
Or sell death powder for fleas,
Or engineer a switchboard
And be baggy at the knees.

But he'd hardly be a soldier
Or an Eskimo on skis,
Or the hero of a collar ad
And be baggy at the knees.

And the flappers—bless their little hearts—
Upon a man will sneeze,
And often give a man "the gate"
Who's baggy at the knees.

—*Jack-O-Lantern.*



Old Hampshire Stationery

Old Hampshire Stationery is the finest paper made. Its texture is strong and firm, and like that of the richer silks, shows its quality at a glance.

Buy It Plain or Die Stamped

R. W. FOISTER

---YES

There's Always a REASON

¶Why did we sell the University the furniture for the Five Hundred New Dormitory Rooms this past summer? Why? Because we gave them a better price on "Specification goods" than our competitors!

¶If you will let us, we can and WILL save you money whenever you are ready to buy anything in our line.

¶We will appreciate your business, large or small, and give you the best possible service.

"Our Door Opens With a Welcome"

The Royall & Borden Co.

Chapel Hill Street

DURHAM

THE COLLEGE GIRL

I talked to her of future life,
Of what the world has been,
I raved upon her high ideals
And how they're ruined by gin;
But she was planning how to make
Her hips and eyebrows thin.

I aired my views on high finance,
They were above her head,
I ranted much on Conan Doyle
And on his friends the dead;
But she was planning how to dye
Her skirts and tresses red.

I discoursed on the Bolshevists,
On how they're led like sheep,
I ridiculed Galsworthy's style,
And said Shaw's wit was cheap;
But she was planning an excuse
For dropping off to sleep.

—*Jack-O-Lantern*

* * *

Woman (to tramp)—This is the fourth time in the last two weeks you have been begging at my door. Are you always out of work?

Tony—No, madam. But I have been particularly fortunate the last few weeks.

—*California Pelican*

* * *

ANOTHER ROAST

"To the ladies! God dress 'em."—*Punch Bowl.*

* * *

Flapper (to returned Rhodes Scholar)—Tell me, is this Oxford Movement anything like our own dance?

—*Georgia Cracker*

* * *

Celtic policeman—Faith, if yez wants to smoke here ye'll have to put out yer pipe or go somewheres else.

—*Lampoon*

* * *

Policeman—Young man, you must accompany me.

He—Awright, offisher, what'll ya shing?

—*Blue Jay*

* * *

He—I spent a lot of money at Kelley pool this winter.

She—Do you like it as well as Hot Springs?

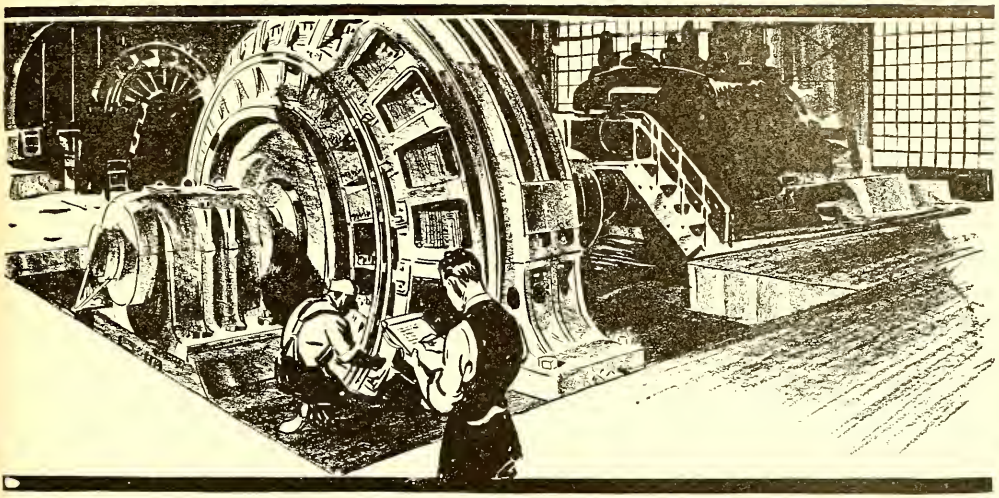
—*Purple Cow*

* * *

Ike—What is a dry-dock?

Mike—One who refuses to give preseriptions.

—*Black and Blue Jay*



Engineering for the Buyer

It is not enough that electrical apparatus should be carefully conceived, skillfully designed, and exactingly manufactured.

Engineering, to fulfill all its functions, must go beyond these necessary steps and do a still more enlightened service. It must *apply the apparatus to its uses*, so that not only in design and construction but in service as well, all the conditions that must be reckoned with are fully satisfied.

This function of Westinghouse application engineering covers many fields, and charges itself with many responsibilities. It is engineering that concerns itself with almost every aspect of business, central station, transportation, industrial, mining, electro-chemical, etc. It has the buyer's interest constantly at heart.

Westinghouse Application Engineering works with salesmen, with buyers, with consulting engineers, with contractors, and with service and repair men; it finds and investigates new fields; it checks the behavior of apparatus, old and new; it is a bridge over which information passes freely in both directions between Westinghouse and its thousands of clients and friends.

Be glad that you are to live and work in times when the spirit of service dominates commercial operations. The greatest change that has occurred in business in the last few decades has been in the minds of men. No longer need the buyer beware for it is now known that the seller's obligation reaches beyond the completion of the sale; and that it is both wise and right that every reasonable effort be made to give the buyer full value in both product and satisfaction. The practise of this policy requires engineering of the highest type in research, design, manufacturing and every other phase of Westinghouse operations, but nowhere to greater degree than in the field of application engineering, which is essentially engineering for the buyer.

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC

Westinghouse

ACHIEVEMENT & OPPORTUNITY

A million men have turned to One Eleven Cigarettes— a firm verdict for superior quality

"111"

cigarettes

15 for 10c

The American Tobacco Co.

THE CAROLINA BOLL WEEVIL

A Splendid Advertising Medium

¶ BOLL WEEVIL stands in the front rank of North Carolina publications as an advertising medium. Many large national advertisers are buyers of a certain product than would a newspapers, with larger circulations, are not included on their lists. Just why is this?

¶ BOLL WEEVIL readers are a very select clientele, with nearly unlimited purchasing power. In short, with its quality circulation, it might reach a much larger number of prospective buyers of a certain product than would a news paper with five times its circulation. Vanity Fair magazine is an example of such circulation.

¶ BOLL WEEVIL promotion and merchandising work for advertisers has outstripped that of nearly every North Carolina newspaper.

¶ BOLL WEEVIL is sold on all trains in North and South Carolina by the Union News Company. It can be bought in nearly every town in North Carolina having a population of 1,500 or over.

¶ BOLL WEEVIL reaches a large number of young men and women just attaining their majority. These young people are just forming their buying habits for life. The advertising reaches them at an impressionable age.

¶ BOLL WEEVIL is filled with wholesome wit and humor, which means that the reader is in a more receptive state of mind when he reads your advertisement than he would be when reading something else.

¶ For advertising information, etc., address

L. J. BRODY, Business Manager
Carolina Boll Weevil

Illustrated
Humorous

University of North Carolina CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

Send in Your Subscription to---

THE TAR HEEL

Carolina's Semi-Weekly Newspaper

Published Every Tuesday and Friday of the College Year

STUDENTS should read The Tar Heel for all campus news.

ALUMNI should read The Tar Heel to keep in touch with University affairs.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE should read The Tar Heel, for the University of North Carolina is their institution, and they should know all about it.

Subscription Rates:

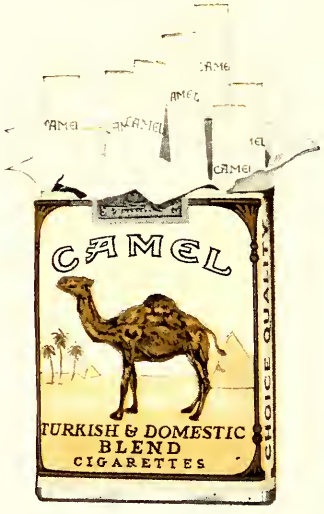
$2.00 per year delivered in Chapel Hill
$3.00 per year by mail

Send your subscription in to:

THE CIRCULATION MANAGER
THE TAR HEEL

University of North Carolina :: CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

Smoke out the facts!!



No better cigarette can be made than

Camel

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Winston-Salem, N. C.

BOLL WEEVIL

CHRISTMAS NUMBER

25¢

Southern Railway System

ANNOUNCES

GREATLY IMPROVED TRAIN SERVICE TO SOUTH & WEST NOW IN EFFECT

TRAIN No. 35, FROM NEW YORK AND WASHINGTON FOR ATLANTA, BIRMINGHAM AND NEW ORLEANS, HAS BEEN RE-ARRANGED TO PROTECT CONNECTIONS AT GREENSBORO WITH TRAIN No. 17 FROM GOLDSBORO, SELMA, RALEIGH AND DURHAM, AFFORDING FOLLOWING SCHEDULE

Lv. Goldsboro	Southern Railway	2.00 PM
Lv. Selma	" "	3.00 PM
Lv. Raleigh	" "	4.05 PM
Lv. Durham	" "	5.08 PM
AR. GREENSBORO	" "	7.30 PM
LV. GREENSBORO	" "	7.40 PM
Ar. Atlanta	" "	5.40 AM
Ar. Birmingham	" "	12.10 PM
Ar. Memphis	Frisco Lines	7.45 PM
Ar. Kansas City	" "	10.20 AM
Ar. Montgomery	A. & W. P. Railway	11.40 AM
Ar. Mobile	L. & N. "	5.12 PM
Ar. New Orleans	" "	9.45 PM
Lv. Atlanta	Southern Railway	6.10 AM
Ar. Chattanooga	" "	10.50 AM

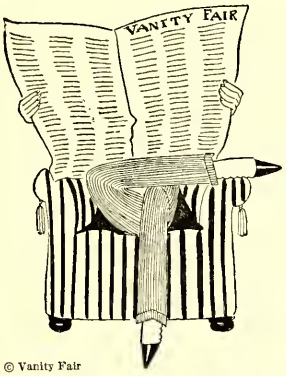
THROUGH PULLMAN SLEEPING CARS TO ATLANTA, COLUMBUS, BIRMINGHAM AND NEW ORLEANS. DINING CAR SERVING ALL MEALS.

—CONNECTIONS—

ATLANTA—With all lines for points in South Georgia and Florida.
ANNISTON—For all points in Southern Alabama.
BIRMINGHAM—For Meridian, Jackson, Shreveport and West.
MEMPHIS—With all lines for points in Arkansas, Oklahoma, Texas and the West.
KANSAS CITY—For Denver, Colorado Springs and the West.
NEW ORLEANS—For all points in Louisiana, Texas, Mexico and the West.

ONE CHANGE of Cars From GREENSBORO to PACIFIC COAST

J. S. Bloodworth, D.P.A., Raleigh, N. C.



© Vanity Fair

Have You Had Your Irony Today?

If not, you should take it in our imported packages, from the writers and cartoonists of the old world. It's an essential mental corrective.

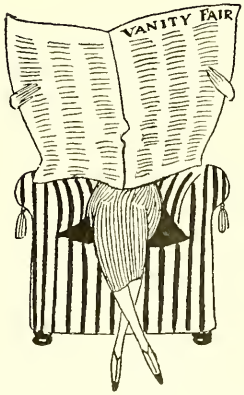
Do you do your art exercises? Let us put you through the theatre and give you your musical dozen. Study our sculptors for five minutes each morning, and Fish before going to bed.

Do you develop your mind on books—bridge—sport—motors—clothes? They're necessary social calisthenics . . . And all this gymnasium of the wits, this dietary of the taste will be found, from month to month, in

VANITY FAIR

Vanity Fair evokes the underlying humor in serious subjects, and points its wit with an element of critical thought. It sets a portrait of a beautiful woman against a piece of beautiful writing. It introduces Irving Berlin and the Dean of the Yale Graduate School on the same page, and shows their comparative influence on civilization.

Vanity Fair will sharpen you up so your own family will mistake you for a visiting foreign lecturer. It's an absolute assurance, if you'll read it, of your winning the medal as most popular man of your class. Why not—in the well-known phrase—subscribe today?



35 cents **$3 a year**

$4 two years

The First National Bank
OF DURHAM

¶ A large, up-to-date Banking institution privileged to be of State-wide service, always at the disposal of the University of North Carolina, its faculty, student-body, and alumni in the transaction of their banking matters.

CAPITAL, SURPLUS AND PROFITS, $1,100,000
RESOURCES OVER $6,000,000

JULIAN S. CARR, President
W. J. HOLLOWAY, Vice-President — CLAYBORN M. CARR, Vice-President
C. C. THOMAS, Vice-President — SOUTHGATE JONES, Cashier
W. J. BROGDEN, Attorney

THINGS AS THEY AIN'T

News Items Gathered from Here and There

New York City: Ziegfeld Follies girl spurns Princeton sophomore worth ten millions and marries honest boiler-maker.

Columbia University: Thomas Edison, in long address, states that a colleg eeducation is absolutely essential for successful achievement. Claims that modern industry without the college "grad" would be as helpless as a woman without a powder puff, and states the only credential needed for a foreman's job in one of his plants is an A.B. degree.

Podunk College, Kentucky: Faculty manager of football team cancels annual game with Harvard because the players don't like the long trip, since it takes too much time from their studies.

Boston, Mass.: Efficiency expert, in lecture before Restaurant Owners' Union, proves that the holes punched in meal tickets in one-armed lunches would furnish state of Texas with confetti sufficient to equip 13,000 weddings.

Lynchum, Ala.: Koo Koo Klan break down county jail and set free negro accused of murdering three school teachers with a rusty axe. Claim that negro wasn't given a fair trial.

Washington, D. C.: In an exclusive interview, William Jennings Bryan names the following as the six greatest living men in America: Jack Dempsey, Rudolph Vaselino, Captain Billy, Eugene Victor Debs, Jackie Coogan, and Henry Cabot Lodge.

New York: Ex-Bartender pays 50,000 dollars for portrait of Volstead.

Chapel Hill: Editor of college paper states in editorial that Virginia, V. M. I., Trinity, and Maryland had better football teams than Carolina, but the Tar Heel eleven outhucked them.

* * *

She—The waiter is hanging around as if he expected something.

He—Yes, he's a tippical waiter. —*Gaboon.*

* * *

"Jim, I see that your mule has U. S. branded on his right hind leg. I suppose he was an army mule and belonged to Uncle Sam?"

"No, suh—dat U. S. don't mean nothin' 'bout no Uncle Samuel. Dat's jess a warnin'. Dat U.S.'n jess stand fo' Un Safe—'at's all."

—*Judge.*

H. B. Ruffin W. F. Moody Chas. Ruffin

CAPITAL PRINTING COMPANY

Specialists In

Newspaper—Periodical—College

PRINTING

Printers for The Carolina Boll Weevil, The Technician, Old Gold and Black and Other Publications.

Hargett and Wilmington Streets RALEIGH, N. C.

FREE VERSE

'Twas the night after the dance
And all through the frat house
Not a creature was stirring—
BECAUSE THE PETTING PARTY
WAS ON

* * *

"Mabel and Agnes are about the same size, aren't they?"

"Yes, only Agnes, is a little rounder."

—*Showme.*

* * *

Laura, Queen of the Cannibals, had just finished the last juicy morsel of the poet.

"Your Royal Highness, what epitaph shall we place over his bones?"

The Queen pondered deeply for a moment; then a roguish smile played around the corners of her mouth.

"Why not simply say, 'Here lies the poet Laureate'?" —*Gargoyle.*

* * *

He—That snappy fellow you just danced with is in my class.

He—You flatter yourself. —*Lord Jeff.*

THE BANK OF CHAPEL HILL

Oldest and Strongest Bank
in Orange County

Capital $25,000.00 Surplus $50,000.00

Resources Over Half Million Dollars

M. C. S. NOBLE, Pres. R. L. STROWD, V.-Pres.
M. E. HOGAN, Cashier

C O A T S

THE OVER-GARMENTS DEVELOPED FOR COLLEGE MEN BY FINCHLEY ADHERE IN PRINCIPLE TO THE DRAPE AND PATTERN FAVORED BY ENGLISH UNIVERSITY MEN.

FORTY DOLLARS
AND MORE

CUSTOM FINISH WITHOUT THE ANNOYANCE OF A TRY-ON

READY-TO-PUT-ON

FINCHLEY
5 West 46th. Street
NEW YORK

STUDENTS and ATHLETES KNOW THAT

THE ORIGINAL

Refreshes and invigorates after study or sport, or at any time when a nourishing food-drink is indicated, and drink it at the fountain and in their rooms. Also in ready-to-eat lunch tablet form.

Sustaining
Healthful
Delicious

AVOID IMITATIONS

Interesting literature
on student uses sent prepaid

HORLICK'S :: Racine, Wis.

PORTRAIT OF J. DALTON

BY JOHN LONSDALE

The Quaker *who made* Chemistry a Science

CAVENDISH had shown that two volumes of hydrogen and one of oxygen always combine completely to form water and nothing else. Proust, a Frenchman, had proved that natural and artificial carbonates of copper are always constant in composition.

"There must be some law in this," reasoned Dalton (1766-1844), the Quaker mathematician and school teacher. That law he proceeded to discover by weighing and measuring. He found that each element has a combining weight of its own. To explain this, he evolved his atomic theory — the atoms of each element are all alike in size and weight; hence a combination can occur only in definite proportions.

Dalton's theory was published in 1808. In that same year, Napoleon made his brother, Joseph, king of Spain. This was considered a political event of tremendous importance. But Joseph left no lasting impression, while Dalton, by his discovery, elevated chemistry from a mass of unclassified observations and recipes into a science.

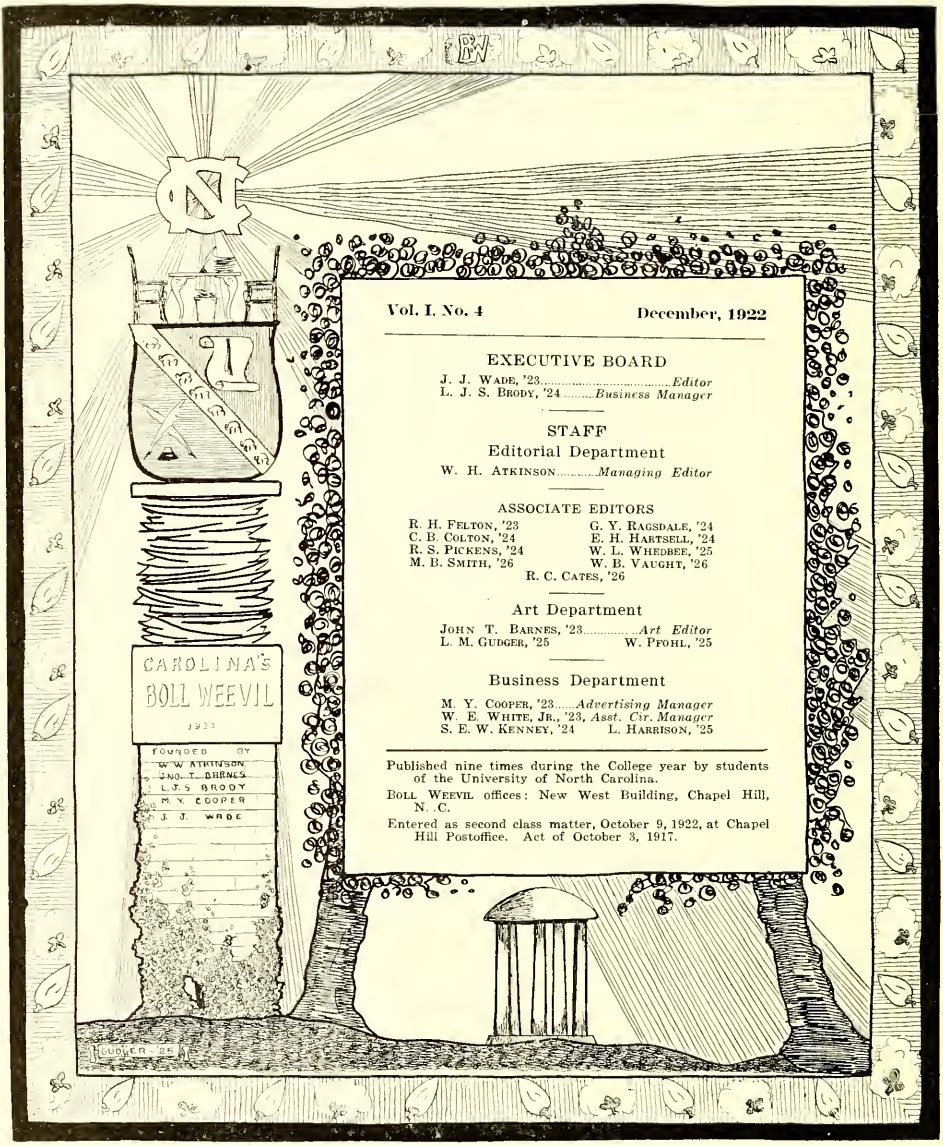
Modern scientists have gone beyond Dalton. They have found the atom to be composed of electrons, minute electrical particles. In the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company much has been done to make this theory practically applicable so that chemists can actually predict the physical, chemical and electrical properties of compounds yet undiscovered.

In a world of fleeting events the spirit of science and research endures.

General Electric
General Office Company Schenectady, N.Y.

95-626-HD

'Twas the Month After Christmas—



Vol. I, No. 4 **December, 1922**

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OH! BE JOYFUL

CHRISTMAS IS HERE !

With its cousin's ties, its 5's and 6's on that dreadful report we are trying to catch in the mails before it reaches the Guvernor, its jolly old call for the spondulix, its morning afters, its firecrackers hurled beneath weary feet from shopping all day, its snow and ice and sleet and hail, its thousand and one miseries. . . . .

Christmas, with its relief from the collegiate grind, its generous check from the family high knockers, its egg-nog and holly and mistletoe, its frolics and merry work-outs, its sessions with the good folks back home, its rides in the Buick once more, its dances and girls and songs, its million and one joys. . . . .

Oh this is the season of great cheer, in spite of its petty ironies that are ever present. This is the season when rejoicing is wholly in order, when we can laugh and sing and play and keep a conscience as clear as a crystal, a conscience as silent as a calm ocean. Let us forget the Roach who "hawks" us by his continuous babbling on English 99, let us forget the boring lecturer that drives us to dreams on History 111, let us forget the Big Ben that sends us damning to an 8:30 daily, let us forget O'Kelly's and Patterson's bills and the worries of feeds and quizzes, let us forget all but the pleasant of Chapel Hill, while we trip merrily through this gay and happy Christmas season.

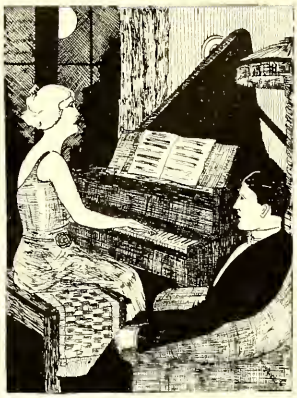
PLEA FOR EXONERATION

BOLL WEEVIL has been accused of being a very wicked and naughty Comic, extremely risque, and even encroaching on the monopoly of one Captain Billy, a contemporary editor who gets out the one and only Whiz Bang. Such accusations Boll Weevil considers both unjust and undeserving.

It is true and undeniable that Boll Weevil is not connected with the Y. M. C. A., nor is it immersed in the white and spotless robes of orthodoxy. Ofttimes Boll Weevil defies convention and sheds the prosaic for something a litttle sparkling and delightful. Be that as it may, it is clean and moral to the core.

Occasionally, when the Weevil has a brief lapse in its religion and code of ethics, a joke may creep in its columns bordering on the vulgar—but Boll Weevil makes no practice of letting many such jokes get by the eyes of its own private censor. At heart, the Weevil is far from bad—sometimes, it feels that it is even burdened with a Puritan conscience.

There is, however, no glumness in the make-up of Boll Weevil. It looks only on the bright and merry side of life. Why frown, it maintains, when smiles are just as cheap and a darn sight more comfortable. The war it wages is on depression and despondency, on the old boy Gloom and even on Melancholy, sweet as sometimes it may seem.

As once was said, Boll Weevil aspires to be clever and brilliant, sparkling and comical. If the word "leg" is used to denote a female ankle; or if the term "neck-artist" is used to label that girl who nonchalantly kisses every pair of trousers that happens along; or if "Hell" is printed to designate the depths below, these things should not be sufficient causes for shocking the purists, nor do they prove that Boll Weevil is a bad Comic. You will find that it is being DONE in this day of realism and frankness and concreteness. It is not that Boll Weevil is naughty. It is simply that the Weevil is merely in keeping with the times, and simultaneously trying to accomplish the purpose for which it was created.

He—How did you like JURGEN?

She—IT WAS A BIG DISAPPOINTMENT. They censored it, but I liked THE SHEIK much better.

* * *

QUIZZ

Judge—Young man, are you the attorney for the defendant?

Young Lawyer (trying his first case)—Yes, sir.

Judge—Examine the witness.

Young Lawyer—What's the matter with him?

* * *

FEINTING

Love you, honey? Co'se I do!
But I ain't got no reason to:
You jes' kinda hap'n'd 'long,
Den I knowed 'twus sump'n' wrong
Down inside dis nigger's breast;
Since den I ain't had no rest.
I cain' sleep no mo' at night—
Boss he thinks I ain't jes' right;
Maybe so, but 'taint' no hahm.
You look lak you 'bout to faint! . . .
Gal, come git inside my ahm—
You might fool me, but you ain't!

Stude (to the nearly-wed janitor)—Have you seen your girl's trousseau yet?

Janitor—Say, don't do that. I love that girl.

* * *

CURIOSITY

Little Willie had been hearing his father rave about his new car and its ability to take the steepest hills. At the Sunday supper table he suddenly dumbfounded his parents by demanding, "Pa, does the Lord Almighty own a Dash Six, too?"

"Great Scotts! No, son—why?"

"Well, at Sunday school we had hymn that went, 'If I love Him, when I die, He will take me home on high."

* * *

A Christmas-Belle

SHE BARE-LY MAKES A LIVING

A HOLD-OUT

'Twas the night after Christmas. He had met HER at a dance the night before. As is the usual and customary, he fell for her, heavily. In eager words he had implored her for a date on the following night, and he is now there.

Sitting beside her, after a few whiles of more or less introductory and rambling conversation, he began to speak in amorous tones, inspired by Venus. They were reclining on the soft and spacious divan in front of a glowing fire. The lights were burning low, and the flames from the fireplace east a deep red glow over the room. He was at his best tonight, and she. The occasion was timely.

Like knights of old, he became suddenly audacious, and moved nearer her. Becoming bolder still, he slipped his arm about her slender waist, and she, relaxing, drew closer to him, guided by his strong arms. Her bobbed hair fell about his shoulders as she leaned closer to him. Her eyes of liquir jet shone brilliantly in the soft light falling about them. She was the picture of beauty, charming in her daintiness.

"I am mad about you," he whispered, tenderly, placing a hot kiss upon her lips. "I cannot do without you. Why did I have to wait so long to meet you?"

"It was the will of the gods," she replied.

"Had I but known you longer," he said regretfully.

Becoming more amorous than ever, he drew her still closer to him, and caressed her passionately. He showered kisses upon her bright red lips, and she returned them affectionately.

Suddenly, the door leading to the piazza flew open with a loud noise, and the wind came whistling in.

* * *

NOT ACQUAINTED

"Mamma," said a child recently, "am I descended from monkeys?"

"I don't know, Jimmie; I didn't know your father's people very well."

IGNORANTZ

More Brains (at piano recital)—What is that charming thing he is playing?

Less Brains—A piano y' dub.'

* * *

A STICKER FOR TRUTH

A horse-trader, living in Georgia, had sold a superannuated horse to the colored minister.

"He's a good hoss," he said, "an' he's all right—but, of course, he don't look well. He jes' don't look well.

It was an irate minister who appeared the next morning at the door of the horse-trader.

"That horse you sold me is blind," he said.

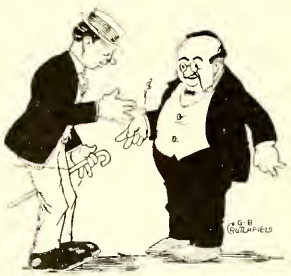
"Ah knows it," replied the trader, "but didn't I say he didn't look well?"

* * *

"READIN' 'EM"

'Tis three o'clock in the morning,
We've played the whole night through;
Daylight soon will be dawning,
Just one more "hand" or two.
The game is so entrancing,
Seems to have been made for us few,
I could just keep right on "readin' 'em
'Till I broke everyone of you.

* * *



Prof.—What is the superlative of drunk?
Stewed—Passed!

MAGIC

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?" asked Osie Wartnuckle, smashingly.

"Tee-hee," laughed the young girl with a deep blush.

"Where do you live? May I see you home?"

"Oh! yes," she said.

So off they went and had walked only a few squares when the girl suddenly stumbled over a bent hair-pin into his arms. This aroused his chivalry.

"Will you marry me? I have the biggest diamond in town. I will have it made into a ring for you."

"Oh, no!" she said. "I have my own," and with that off she went.

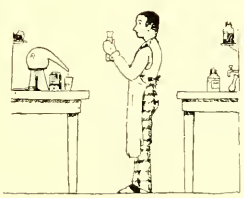
It was not until after he had been thinking of her for nearly a half hour, that his hand strayed up to the empty place upon his necktie.

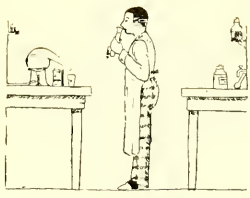
"By George, so she has!" he remarked sadly.

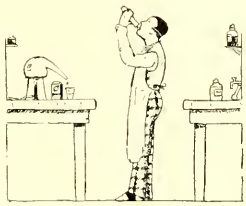
* * *

SUGGESTION FOR ULTRA MODERN CHRISTMAS CARD

Sherry Christmas, and may the New Year bring you and yours the best of hootch and home-brew.







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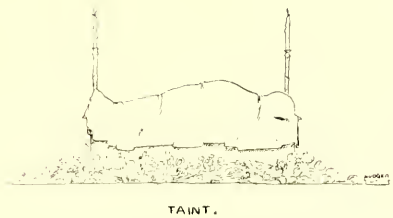


CHEMISTRY 62

Christmas-Tied

* * *

REMINISCENCES

It was during the late war, when we were having those meatless and wheatless days, and sometimes even heatless days, that Jam, an employee as brakeman on a freight, received a telegram from his wife. He being unable to read, asked the conductor to inform him as to the contents of the telegram. Upon reading the message, the conductor turned on the negro with a broad smile, and informed him that he was the father of a husky pair of twins.

"Good Lord, boss, heah we is in de midst of dis heah big war, and all along I been tryin' to git my wife to Hooverize, and she ups an' has twins. We been havin' dese heah meatless and wheatless days 'round to my house, and I sees right heah where we goin' to have some sleepless nights.

* * *

THE CONDUCTOR'S ODE

Uneasily lies the hat which contains not hat check.

COLLEGIATE

So, as you were saying,
You want to know
Who's my sweetheart—
Is it John, Jim, or Joe?

Well, come in, dear,
And I'll emphasize
How I tell my sweetheart
From six other guys:

He's a college man;
He's a college man!

When he's a freshman
It's easy to tell;
When he's a sophomore
You know by his yell;
When he's a junior
It's easy again;
And when he's a senior
You know by his cane!

He's a college man;
He's a college man!

Wins gymn.'s every letter
Without any harm;
Has an "X" on his sweater
And a "Y" on his arm.

He's a college man;
He's a college man!

He belongs to a "frat."—
(You can tell by his hat),
And if you deny it
He'll "measure" you flat.

He's a college man;
He's a college man!

* * *

With the advent of the wireless telephone, ministers will not have to shout as loudly to inform God what their flocks are doing.

Oh, the tragedy of it!

So young, so beautiful, so soft and appealing, so absolutely lovely in every way—except—!

Men went wild over her; they raved about her eyes, her hair, her pink and white complexion, her pearly teeth; they showered attentions upon her, and her happiness would have been complete, but for one thing.

After a man had kissed her once, he never came back for more. Love's young dream was nipped in the bud forthwith. The erstwhile suitor passed out of her life, more or less suddenly, but always permanently.

Sometimes the passing was more sudden than others. The last to go had been the very incarnation of her heart's ideal. She had been so sure of him; he was so devoted, so perfect—.

But finally it had happened—it never failed to happen!

"My Gawd!" he bellowed, breaking from her loving embrace, "lemme out of this! Gimme air!" And he was gone.

Left alone, the heartbroken lass can only weep bitterly and ask herself over and over the unanswerable question, "Why? why? why?"

Next day she goes for advice to her most intimate girl friend. Surely Barbara will be able to enlighten her and help her to find a way out of this tribulation.

But Barbara merely gives her an evasive answer. She cannot do otherwise, for, *mon dieu*, it is too horrible. If it had been a stray smear of a careless lip-stick, or an unwashed area on the back of her neck, or a monstrous blackhead protruding from the tip of an otherwise immaculate nose—if it had been some such item as one of these, Barbara would have informed her; the defect would have been remedied, and all would have been well.

But even in the most intimate confidence she cannot bring herself to the point of speaking frankly to the innocent victim of this loathsome disease.

For *halitosis* is a disease, far more prevalent than most people imagine. Its insidious menace is rendered all the more disastrous because its presence cannot be detected by the sufferer himself. It may even now be wrecking your chance for success and happiness. Think! It may be for this reason that your friends are dropping off day by day. Do not blame them. They, no doubt, pity you sincerely, but in self-defense they must keep a safe distance away.

Do you know what *halitosis* is? It is the scientific term for a breath that smells like an invalid egg. That is putting it rather plainly, but that does not sound half as bad as your breath probably smells at this very moment. For, according to the latest medical statistics, nine people out of ten in the United States are victims of this loathsome disease.

Would you have your breath fresh and pure as the perfume of orange blossoms? You can regain that indefinable, evanescent atmosphere which makes for popularity by drinking KISSERINE. (40 per cent alcohol.) No more will people shun you; they will flock into your presence by the dozens, and you will never lack admirers. One whiff of your fragrant exhalation, fraught with the fascinating odor of KISSERINE, will make you the most popular man or woman in your set. You cannot afford to be longer without this marvellous corrective.

All you need do is clip the coupon in the corner. Fill in your name and address, and mail to us with eight dollars in one-cent stamps, and we will send you by parcel post, under plain cover, one full quart of bottled-in-bond KISSERINE. Results guaranteed. Regulate the amount to be taken at a dose according to your own individual capacity, the more the better. Then watch the results. Be sure to blow your breath into everybody's face. Instead of the old look of disgust and loathing you will see a tender, blissful relaxation of the tired countenance of your friend. Instead of repulses you will get embraces. Old friends who have avoided you for a long time will return, pleading to be re-instated in your affections. The man who is a liberal user of KISSERINE will be a lion among men and a bear among the women.

THE KISSERINE COMPANY,
Milwaukee, Michigan.

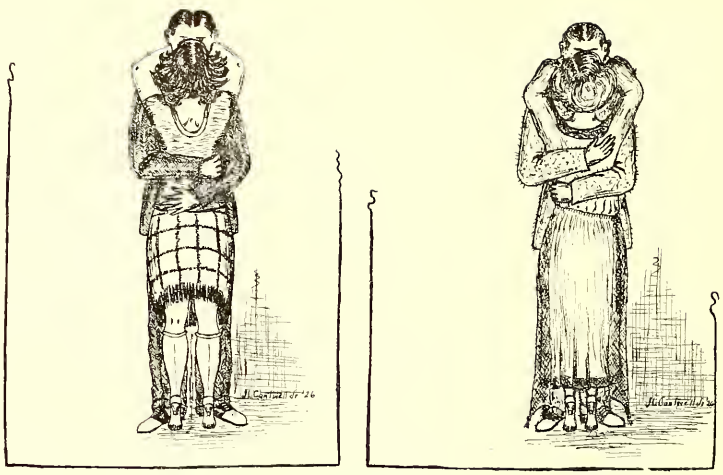
COUPON:

THE KISSERINE COMPANY,
Milwaukee, Michigan.

I am enclosing eight dollars. Send me a quart.

Name.....

Address.....



1921 CHRISTMAS 1922

They were sailing in the little boat together.

"Are we running before the wind now, dear," said she?

"No, darling; our boat is hugging the shore."

"Ah!" she exclaimed, "what a beautiful example you have."

Editor—Does it pay to advertise in my paper? Well, I should say it does. Look at Mr. Smith, the grocer, for instance. He advertised for a boy last week, and the very next day Mrs. Smith had twins—both boys.

* * *

FROM THE HELL HOLE

A University student, a member of one of the Junior orders, was wearing his order pin, which resembled closely a devil. He was on the train en route home for the holidays.

Across the isle a lady saw him.

"You are from the University, aren't you?" she inquired.

"Yes, ma'am."

"I thought so," she said triumphantly. "I see you have on one of Horace William's devil's club pins.

The following letter was received by a wholesale plumbing house in a nearby city:

Tuesday.

DERE SIRS:—I am de one plummer in dis town. Las' week i order a spicket from you to put on de back poarch of a mans houze—You send him to me plenty queek, pakked up good in a wood bocks, dend put him in de mans houze, but you no sen de handle for to tern on de watter wid. ow i wanta now why? Ain't i so good a trader wid you as de next man. Now dis man he raiza plenty hell wid me cauze he no can turn on de watter. He say he not gonta pay me if i don't git him plenty queek. If you doan send me de handle mity queek i looze my money, and i no trade wid yousome mo.

Rite away,

TONY PONSETTI.

P. S.—i sorry, i beg your pardon. i fine de goddam handle in a peece of rag in de dam sawdust shavins on de groun.

CAROLINE

Car'line's my girl:
Bobbed hair,
Bit o' curl,
Features rare.

Complexion dark,
Eyes too,
Full of spark,
Bright as dew.

Pretty red lips
Made to kiss—
The cat's hips?
They don't miss!

She's tall? Five feet,
Six inch;
Can't be beat,
That's a cinch.

One-thirty pounds—
Just plump.
On her rounds
Hearts jus' thump.

From head to feet,
I mean—
Dresses neat;
Best I've seen.

Beautiful leg?
Yes, yes!
How I beg;
Now you guess.

Caroline cuss?
She do—
Makes a fuss!
Awful too.

A darn good sport?
Not bad!
Greatest forte?
Don't be sad.

She is the stuff!
I'm right!
That ain't 'nuff?
Then I'll fight.

Love her? Do I?
Don't miss!
I don't lie—
I love my miss.

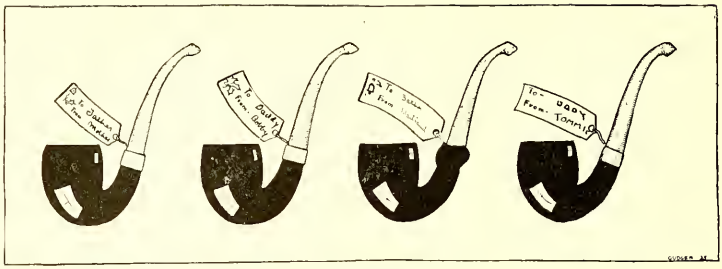
She's a sprinter;
That's right—
Spring or winter,
Day or night.

She's got the speed,
Form too—
Will take a lead
With quite a few.

Writes good letter?
Oh! yes—
Seen none better,
Writes a mess.

Does she love me?
Don't know!
But you see,
I hope so!

She is the bliss
In my mind,
'Cause she's my miss,
My Caroline.



The Inevitable Gift

STILL WE PRINT 'EM

Prof.—I notice in this last paper that quite a few of you gentlemen were confused as to the use of the words "allusion" and "illusion." Let me correct you on that point. "Now, if I say that all the leaves on the trees are turning red, that is an illusion to the fact that it is autumn. But, suppose that I see green mice running up and down the walls. What is that, Mr. James?

Mr. James (still feeling the effects of the past night)—Orange County corn, sir.

* * *

FOLLOWING DIRECTIONS

"That's a magnificent diamond you are sporting; I don't see how you can afford it."

"Well, it's a monument. You see, my grandfather died and left $1,000 by will with directions for me to buy a stone with it. This is the stone."

IMPRESSIONS

—"Quiet now, boys; let's let 'em get the signals. They have a right to hear as well as we do."

—"Peggy, did you see that tall, handsome man, that caught that forward pass them? Isn't he grand? And his complexion and his hair! He's simply wonderful. He has outplayed all the others. I've a date with him tonight."

—"Sh funny. Never knew zhey had eight men in zhe bacfield shbefore 'day. Never played like szhat when I was in college. Mush be shomething new."

—"Here's a five. Put up or shut up. You birds from over there make me tired. You haven't anything but a lot of wind, and your darn team has had all that knocked out of them."

—"Fourth down and one to go."

* * *

DID YOU KNOW THAT

Daffodils and shrubs do not grow in Covent Garden?

Drury Lane is not a country road?

The Strand is not a movie show?

Five Points is not a star?

Picadilly Circus is not run by Barnum and Bailey?

Bond Street is not where rye is made?

And Henry and Jessie James are not brothers?

Lovely night,
Crescent moon;
Situation
Opportune;
Ruby lips,
Slight mustache,
Combination
In a flash;
Maiden speaks
Whene'er she can,
Softly whispers—
"Naughty man."

Hesitates—
Whispers then:
"Be a naughty man again."

* * *

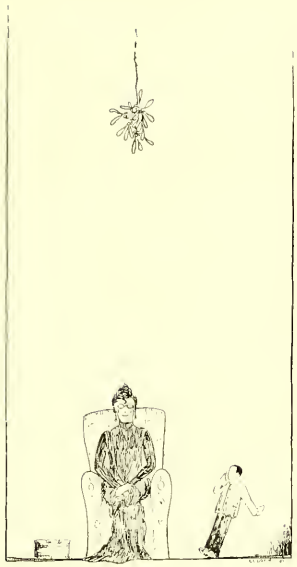
Here's to Henry Ward Beecher.
That Sunday school teacher,
Who drank what he called sassafras tea.
But I'll bet all the same
If it had it's right name,
'Ts the juice of fruit of forbidden tree.

* * *

Sign in front of a tobacco factory: Wanted, a girl to strip.

* * *

The Republican's Ideal Christmas



An Unwelcome Monopoly

* * *

CHECKING UP

Roy Simpson, negro laborer, was putting in his first day with a construction gang whose foreman was noted for getting a maximum amount of work out of his men. Simpson was helping in the task of moving the right-of-way and all day long he carried heavy timbers and ties until at the close of the day he was completely tired out. Before leaving he approached the boss and said, "Mister, you sure you got me down on the payroll?"

The foreman looked over his list. "Yes," he said finally, "here you are—Simpson—Roy Simpson. That's right, isn't it?"

"Yaas suh, boss, said the negro, "dass right. I thought maybe you had me down as Sampson."

The Night Before Christmas

A Modern Version

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Everybody was tipsy, yes, even the "spouse";
The funnels were placed in the bottles with care,
In hopes that Dad's bootlegger soon would be there.

The children who used to be snug in their beds,
Were teaching old Grandpa to stand on his head;
While Ma in her kerchief and I in my slip,
Had just settled down for a long winter's nip.

When out in the yard there arose such a clatter,
I opened one eye to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tripped over the foot-stool and injured my ——.

The street light on the breast of the new fallen snow
Gave the luster of midnight to objects below,
When, what to my one lone eye did appear,
Dad's own beloved criminal, in an eight-cylinder "Peer—."

He tooted his horn so long and so loud,
I knew in a moment it must be Jim ———.
More rapid than eagles in a voice just the same,
He whistled and shouted, and called him by name.

"Now, Cognac, now, Gordon, it's nearly all gone!
You'd better be quick, or you'll have to drink corn.
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall!
If you don't take too much, you won't pass at all!"

As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle mount to the sky,
So up to the house-top we knew we could fly,
If we could just nip once at Gordon's Gin-"dry."

And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the walk
The sound of two cops who were having a talk.
And I drew in my head and was turning around,
When in through the door, Jim came with a bound.

He was dressed in his clothes, from his head to his foot,
And his face was the color of ordinary soot;
A ten-gallon jug was hung on his back,
And he looked like old Bacchus, opening his pack.

His eyes, how they twinkled! His dimples, how merry!
His cheeks were not rosy, but his nose was a cherry!
And his big mouth was all drawn up in a bow,
Did he have a white beard? I'm sure I don't know.

The thought of the drink, which he held in his hand,
Made my teeth start to biting, and gritting like sand.
Then his broad black face and his big round belly
Shook as he laughed, like a bowl full of jelly.

He was chubby and plump, and a faithful old nigger,
And he laughed, to himself, as his bank-roll grew bigger.
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.

He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the bottles; then turned with a jerk
And rubbing his finger along of his nose,
Held out his hand in a well-known pose.

Then he ran to his car, and opened the throttle,
And he braced it wide, with an empty pint bottle.
But as he went by, we all heard him shout,
"Here's hoping that all of you do not pass out."

HELPFUL HINTS

1. Start hinting urgently. Every time you write home (be careful not to write too often now lest your purpose be revealed) be sure to mention the fact that life will be miserable without this or that.

2. Be sure to kiss Mother when you arrive.

3. Don't let that report beat you home. Make your plans ahead of time. If your brother isn't in a position to get it, bribe the postman.

4. Let your correspondence with certain feminines begin to lag about the first of November. Then, about two days before you leave, write a long, very positive epistle to all of them except the one you have your holiday dates with, and inquire why in the name of Sam Hill you haven't received an answer to your last one. Forget to mail this until the day you leave. Make a note to this effect on the back of the envelope.

5. Inform all your brothers that you aren't giving any presents this year. To make the thing mutual you might intimate that you yourself are not expecting to receive any outside the immediate family.

* * *

BUSINESS LIMBERS UP

As Ziegfield consumed his noon ration,
He blessed the creators of fashion,
Long skirts on the street,
He would cheerfully greet,
For the "Follies" would take lots more cash in.

* * *

"'Twas the Night Before Christmas"

What Chance Has This Mistletoe?

* * *

MY ROOM-MATE

My room-mate—he's a helluva fellow! He comes in drunk and raises pluperfect hell; he keeps me up until 2 o'clock with his fus, and when he dozes off to sleep he snores; he borrows my shirts and socks; he carries off my dress-suit on the week-ends, and the co-eds. give a dance during his absence; he raveth about his own dear flapper; he swipes my stationary and stamps; he registers for the same courses as I so he can use my text-books; he loveth to sing; he is an actor, and he insists on reading his parts aloud to me; he also writeth poetry and maketh me read the stuff; he uses my razor and never cleans it; he burns ill-smelling incense in our room; he takes iron rust for his health; he putteth salt and bread crumbs in my bed; he borrows money from me and never pays it back; he uses my olive oil; he smokes my Camels; he cusseth me out daily; he complaineth all the time— Oh, he's a helluva fellow, but— after all, he's the best old thing ever, and I will room with him the rest of my college life in Chapel Hill.

The Fable of the Angel Food

Stick and Win

By Jaw Jade

Once a young IDIOT, who for reasons known only to his Pa and Ma had been dubbed JUNIPER PHAIRFAX HALL, entered the university. In the High School of Plinky, N. C., he had been the BIG CHEESE. He was president of the local society for the promotion of the COCOANUT CANNING INDUSTRY, also president of his class during the SEVEN CONSECUTIVE YEARS he was in the Plinky High School. When born his sweet Daddy, who made a living by BLOWING SMOKE RINGS and selling them for automobile tires, had sworn by the sacred haud of PLUTARCH, the ancient Swedish Rabbi, that he would make an ATHLETE of the young upstart. Of course, all parents make some such VOW, but in this case little Juniper was to become KING OF THE FOREST.

In the game against Punko High he was given the PLATINUM PLATE because he intercepted a pass and raced TWO YARDS for a touchdown, with only seven men as interference. Then, too, when Plinky played Phunky a game of baseball, Juniper usually put over the winning RUN, because of the general sorriness of the Phunky team. Basketball and tennis were also EASY MARKS for J. P. All this accounts for his being in P. H. S. for SEVEN YEARS.

It was not because of his failure to make GOOD GRADES. He sometimes got as good as a four. His father used to ENCOURAGE him by telling him, "Son, damfu won't have to take a SLANT AT BOOKS sometimes aud see if you can't pack away a few bales of knowledge in the IVORY DOME. J. P. was no Hog, so he refused to take for his own the FACTS compiled by others. He was a brilliant boy, though—his teachers made him their VALET VICTORIAN.

And the women were madly mad over Juniper. All the LITTLE CALICOED lasses would readily become uncalicoed for his sake. They called him "Junie," probably because of the PHAIRFAX. When he clouted the ball they gleamed with pride, each thinking that "Junie" was her own LOVIE-DOVIE. When he so modestly strutted up the field, after making a hundred and ten or more yard run, they each STROVE uproarirously with one another to see who could spell Plinky the LOUDEST for him. Even the teachers admired his MANLY FRECKLES, and many is the time J. P. told of what pleasant curves he saw when he went to THEIR HOUSE to find out about a problem in Geometry. He often said he'd go MORE OFTEN, but he was obliged to keep in traiuing.

In debating, Juniper Phairfax Hall lead the HERD with his bull-like voice. His lungs were NICOTINE COATED, and, therefore, musical. His lady friends would shriek with anguish when he talked so loud that the sound passed OVER THEM.

But what I've been trying to tell you all the time is that J. P. Hall wasn't nothiug but the CONCENTRATED STUFF. The berries, so to speak; the tears of the Weeping Willow, as it were. Aud, anyway, he placed his HOBNAILS on the University Campus with a HAND-EMBROIDERED SUIT-CASE, eight bits and high ideals. He took snapshots of himself at the Ole Well, and sent one to each of his FOOLISH FEMALES, who now claimed him as THEIR university MAN. Fate lassoed him, though, after a few moons, and tied him down to an AVERAGE MAN. He soon got so that he had rather bull than debate. He claimed POKER was a better game than football, and gave up knocking baseballs for THROWING DICE. All the women left for him were Co-eds. and that's saying VERY LITTE. They were dreamy-eyed about him because no one else gave them a chauce.

J. P. succeeded iu spite of these OBSTACLES in makiug a letter in croquet. They handed him the LITT RIBBON bound paper, showing his right to his B.S., as additionnal initials. Then his Pa was proud, for he knew he'd make a GREAT MAN, and continued to support the younger Hall.

Moral: STAY IN THERE AND FIGHT!

For each name on your list there's just the right package of *Whitman's*

THE SAMPLER: Judging from its enormous popularity, the Sampler is the most famous as well as the most beautiful gift package of sweets in America. Chocolate and confections culled from ten other leading packages of Whitman's—famous since 1842.

SALMAGUNDI CHOCOLATES: In their art box of exquisitely lacquered metal, these sweets have won a high place among critical candy lovers. "A medley of good things."

PLEASURE ISLAND CHOCOLATES: Here is a gaily colored sea-chest with scenes from Stevenson's "Treasure Island" to charm the eye. Inside are precious bags of "bullion" and "pieces" in gold and silver.

A FUSSY PACKAGE FOR FASTIDIOUS FOLKS: A luxury in chocolates. The box is in dark rich green, proclaiming the distinction of its contents. Chocolates with nut, and nut combination centers.

LIBRARY PACKAGE: "Exactly right" to give to those who enjoy their candy as they read. The package resembles a leather-bound book in hand-buffed green and gold.

SUPER EXTRA CHOCOLATES: (or Confections) as far back as 1842 were the standard of Whitman excellence. You'll want to write "Super Extra" opposite several names on your list.

Hand painted round boxes and fancy bags, boxes and cases in great variety. See them at the Whitman Agency which serves you.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc., Philadelphia, U. S. A.
Also makers of Whitman's Instantaneous Chocolate, Cocoa and Marshmallow Whip

Whitman's famous candies are sold by

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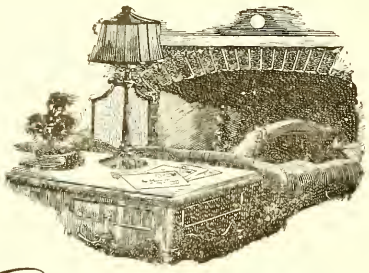

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Old Hampshire Stationery is the finest paper made. Its texture is strong and firm, and like that of the richer silks, shows its quality at a glance.

Buy It Plain or Die Stamped

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Manufacturers of Greek letter fraternity jewelry class and school emblems, pins and rings.

Special designs and estimates furnished on class pins rings, special society emblems, medals for athletic meets or honorary keys.

Main Office
ATTLEBORO, MASS.

---YES

There's Always a REASON

Why did we sell the University the furniture for the Five Hundred New Dormitory Rooms this past summer? Why? Because we gave them a better price on "Specification goods" than our competitors!

If you will let us, we can and WILL save you money whenever you are ready to buy anything in our line.

We will appreciate your business, large or small, and give you the best possible service.

"Our Door Opens With a Welcome"

The Royall & Borden Co.
Chapel Hill Street
DURHAM

PHI BEATACIDE

A maiden at college named Breeze,
Weighed down by B.A.s and M.Deeze,
Collapsed from the strain, the Doc said, "'Tis plain.
She's been killing herself by degrees."
—*Octopus.*

* * *

AN EYESHADE

A modest girl is Fency Hale,
Quite modest and so shy;
She sometimes wears her mother's veil,
To shield her naked eye. —*Awgwan.*

* * *

THE HEIGHT OF AFFLUENCE

She—Why don't you come oftener? You have been here only once this month.
He—You have to take your turn.
—*Octopus.*

* * *

NO TWO WAYS ABOUT IT

Familiar One—Which way are you going?
Fastidious One—The other way. —*Octopus.*

PHONE 370
HOLLAND BROTHERS FURNITURE
MANTELS TILE AND GRATES
CORNER CHAPEL HILL AND HOLLAND STREETS
DURHAM, N.C.

We Deliver the Goods

Wish I could look all dressed up in a comfortable collar like the Spotted Champion here.

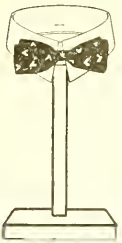
You do, my dear, since you've worn Lion Custom Collars.

DE SOTO

THE BAT

LION CUSTOM COLLARS

RIDGEFORD



SUTHERLAND

A million men have turned to One Eleven Cigarettes— a firm verdict for superior quality

"111"

cigarettes

15 for 10c

The American Tobacco Co.
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THE CAROLINA BOLL WEEVIL

A Splendid Advertising Medium

¶ BOLL WEEVIL stands in the front rank of North Carolina publications as an advertising medium. Many large national advertisers are buyers of a certain product than would a newspapers, with larger circulations, are not included on their lists. Just why is this?

¶ BOLL WEEVIL readers are a very select clientele, with nearly unlimited purchasing power. In short, with its quality circulation, it might reach a much larger number of prospective buyers of a certain product than would a news paper with five times its circulation. Vanity Fair magazine is an example of such circulation.

¶ BOLL WEEVIL promotion and merchandising work for advertisers has outstripped that of nearly every North Carolina newspaper.

¶ BOLL WEEVIL is sold on all trains in North and South Carolina by the Union News Company. It can be bought in nearly every town in North Carolina having a population of 1,500 or over.

¶ BOLL WEEVIL reaches a large number of young men and women just attaining their majority. These young people are just forming their buying habits for life. The advertising reaches them at an impressionable age.

¶ BOLL WEEVIL is filled with wholesome wit and humor, which means that the reader is in a more receptive state of mind when he reads your advertisement than he would be when reading something else.

¶ For advertising information, etc., address

L. J. BRODY, Business Manager
Carolina Boll Weevil

Illustrated
Humorous

University of North Carolina CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

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THE TAR HEEL

Carolina's Semi-Weekly Newspaper

Published Every Tuesday and Friday of the College Year

STUDENTS should read The Tar Heel for all campus news.

ALUMNI should read The Tar Heel to keep in touch with University affairs.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE should read The Tar Heel, for the University of North Carolina is their institution, and they should know all about it.

Subscription Rates:

$2.00 per year delivered in Chapel Hill
$3.00 per year by mail

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THE CIRCULATION MANAGER
THE TAR HEEL

University of North Carolina :: CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

Thinking men who have smoked out the facts demand Camels

Carolina
BOLL WEEVIL

Zero Number

25 Cents

Southern Railway System

ANNOUNCES

GREATLY IMPROVED TRAIN SERVICE TO SOUTH & WEST NOW IN EFFECT

TRAIN No. 35, FROM NEW YORK AND WASHINGTON FOR ATLANTA, BIRMINGHAM AND NEW ORLEANS, HAS BEEN RE-ARRANGED TO PROTECT CONNECTIONS AT GREENSBORO WITH TRAIN No. 17 FROM GOLDSBORO, SELMA, RALEIGH AND DURHAM, AFFORDING FOLLOWING SCHEDULE

Lv. Goldsboro	Southern Railway	2.00 PM
Lv. Selma	" "	3.00 PM
Lv. Raleigh	" "	4.05 PM
Lv. Durham	" "	5.08 PM
AR. GREENSBORO	" "	7.30 PM
LV. GREENSBORO	" "	7.40 PM
Ar. Atlanta	" "	5.40 AM
Ar. Birmingham	" "	12.10 PM
Ar. Memphis	Frisco Lines	7.45 PM
Ar. Kansas City	" "	10.20 AM
Ar. Montgomery	A. & W. P. Railway	11.40 AM
Ar. Mobile	L. & N. "	5.12 PM
Ar. New Orleans	" "	9.45 PM
Lv. Atlanta	Southern Railway	6.10 AM
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ATLANTA—With all lines for points in South Georgia and Florida.
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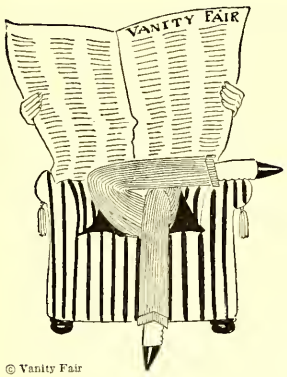
KANSAS CITY—For Denver, Colorado Springs and the West.
NEW ORLEANS—For all points in Louisiana, Texas, Mexico and the West.

ONE CHANGE of Cars From GREENSBORO to PACIFIC COAST

J. S. Bloodworth, D.P.A., Raleigh, N. C.



© Vanity Fair

Have You Had Your Irony Today?

If not, you should take it in our imported packages, from the writers and cartoonists of the old world. It's an essential mental corrective.

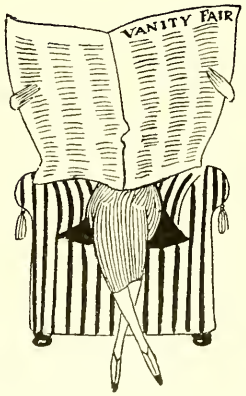
Do you do your art exercises? Let us put you through the theatre and give you your musical dozen. Study our sculptors for five minutes each morning, and Fish before going to bed.

Do you develop your mind on books—bridge—sport—motors—clothes? They're necessary social calisthenics . . . And all this gymnasium of the wits, this dietary of the taste will be found, from month to month, in

VANITY FAIR

Vanity Fair evokes the underlying humor in serious subjects, and points its wit with an element of critical thought. It sets a portrait of a beautiful woman against a piece of beautiful writing. It introduces Irving Berlin and the Dean of the Yale Graduate School on the same page, and shows their comparative influence on civilization.

Vanity Fair will sharpen you up so your own family will mistake you for a visiting foreign lecturer. It's an absolute assurance, if you'll read it, of your winning the medal as most popular man of your class. Why not—in the well-known phrase—subscribe today?

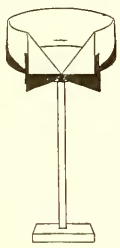


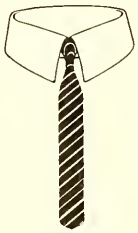
35 cents **$3 a year**

$4 two years

Not another step until you change that queer looking collar — if you had been at all observing you would have noticed the collars on this page in the first place and worn ***THE BAT**

***THE BAT**





SHANNON
SEMI-SOFT

TRADE MARK

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ST.GEORGES
LAUNDERED

***THE BAT**

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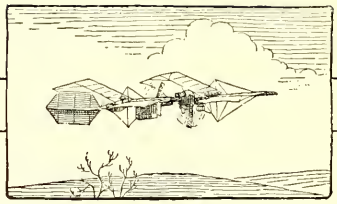
University of North Carolina :: CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

LANGLEY'S FIRST  MODEL IN FLIGHT

"*The* way of an Eagle in the air"

CENTURY after century men broke their necks trying to fly. They had not troubled to discover what Solomon called "the way of an eagle in the air."

In 1891 came Samuel Pierpont Langley, secretary of the Smithsonian Institution. He wanted facts. His first step was to whirl flat surfaces in the air, to measure the air pressures required to sustain these surfaces in motion and to study the swirls and currents of the air itself. Finally, in 1896, he built a small steam-driven model which flew three-quarters of a mile.

With a Congressional appropriation of $50,000 Langley built a large man-carrying machine. Because it was improperly launched, it dropped into the Potomac River. Years later, Glenn Curtiss flew it at Hammondsport, New York.

Congress regarded Langley's attempt not as a scientific experiment but as a sad fiasco and refused to encourage him further. He died a disappointed man.

Langley's scientific study which ultimately gave us the airplane seemed unimportant in 1896. Whole newspaper pages were given up to the sixteen-to-one ratio of silver to gold.

"Sixteen-to-one" is dead politically. Thousands of airplanes cleave the air—airplanes built with the knowledge that Langley acquired.

In this work the Laboratories of the General Electric Company played their part. They aided in developing the "supercharger," whereby an engine may be supplied with the air that it needs for combustion at altitudes of four miles and more. Getting the facts first, the Langley method, made the achievement possible.

What is expedient or important today may be forgotten tomorrow. The spirit of scientific research and its achievements endure.

General Electric Company

General Office Schenectady, N.Y.

95-636D

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Irendon
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Locomobile
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Lincoln
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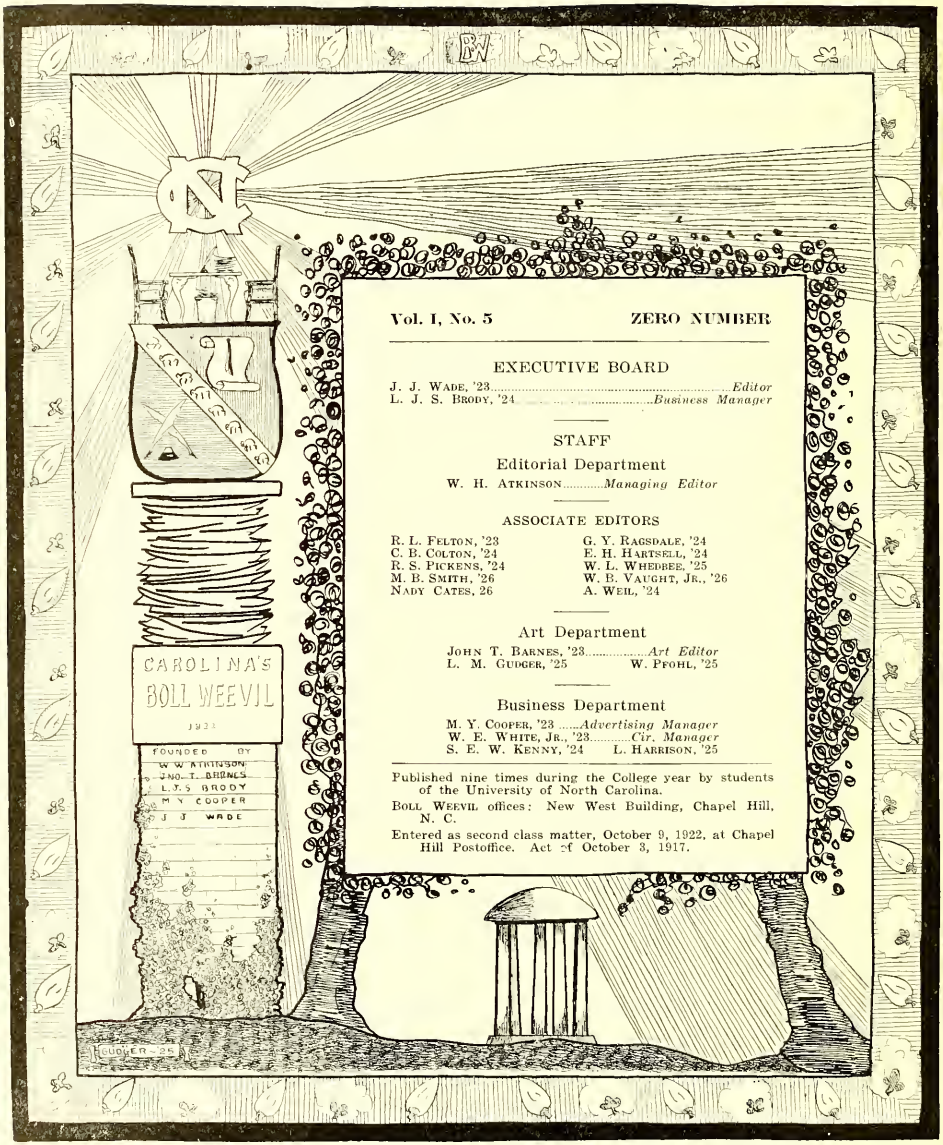

Vol. I, No. 5 **ZERO NUMBER**

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Published nine times during the College year by students of the University of North Carolina.

BOLL WEEVIL offices: New West Building, Chapel Hill, N. C.

Entered as second class matter, October 9, 1922, at Chapel Hill Postoffice. Act of October 3, 1917.

ALAS! THE ZERO

ZERO !

What an expressive word, and with so many varied and significant meanings. One fairly shivers when he hears the word uttered in his presence, for it denotes ice and snow and the typical Chapel Hill weather calling forth the old Hob Nails, and for the girls, alas! these sporty goloshes, a big mud puddle near Swain Hall, and a mire of uncanny depth and persistence up the alley.

But Zero, sad to relate, is not only a climatic term, although it is a cold and chilly expression wherever and however used. Zero is a synonym for X on the mid term, and is a "6" on the final raised to the nth degree. Zero is the result of evenings at the Pickwick and in Durham and at St. Mary's, and G. C. Zero is the result of too much gin and poker, too much loafing at Patterson's, too much Cosmopolitan and Red Book, too much love and courtship. Zero is the result of hours of idleness and bull sessions. The facing of a Zero inevitably leaves one with feelings distinctly Zero, matter not how much the pleasure may have been which directly produced said Zero. Nobody loves the Zero, while everybody adores its kith and kin, to wit, the Causes of Zero.

But February weather we have, and Tommy J.'s office we have, and Zero we have. And so long as we live in Chapel Hill, and wine, women, and song are not fully consumed in the great Crusades, Zero will stay with us. Even so, why dedicate a whole number of Boll Weevil to this troublesome creature that forces its company on us. Mainly, perhaps, because right now with this long winter session facing us and the joys of the fall gone and the joys of the spring too far off to think about, we simply feel sort of Zero all over, and we have a hunch that the whole campus, right about now, is something like 99 44/100 Zero.

So, shake it off!

HERE TO STAY, THANK YOU

THIS number marks the beginning of the second period of Boll Weevil's life, and is an assurance that the bug is here to stay, in spite of handicaps and difficulties of early youth. Its babyhood is history, and now it is a real kid, eager to crawl around and assert its strength, and glibly announcing to the world that it has made its home at Carolina for good and all, or at least so long as the good Carolina men will pay it any mine at all.

The editors are more than pleased with the reception that the campus has accorded Carolina's College Comic, and feel that the danger period of the magazine is truly passed, and its permanence is no longer a matter of doubt. Boll Weevil faced, as all new magazines, many perplexing and troublesome problems, and for that matter, still has its difficulties to contend with, but it has appeared, none the less, and it hopes that it has satisfied and been worthy of the name Carolina attached to it.

Only with the full co-operation of the campus can the best possible comic magazine be produced by Carolina. Here, surely, we have men as clever and witty and brilliant as the men at any of our contemporary institutions, and that being true, we should have just as good comic magazine as any of these colleges. Boll Weevil has selected a staff for the remainder of the year, but this is subject to change at any time, and all new contributions are welcomed and encouraged. When the regular spring elections come off, the higher offices of the Boll Weevil staff will be filled, so that next year and the years and years to come the Comic will hold its place in the student publication group here.

Contributors

A. R. WILLIS
C. B. STEELE
P. WEBB
A. WEIL
NADY CATES, JR.
SPENCER MURPHY
JOHN PAUL

The terrible predicament of Mr. Tribble, who, thinking that he had completed Lionel Strongholt's course in the "Manly Art," made impertinent remarks to Mike O'Duffy.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Isop's Tale

Once upon a time there was a eating-house called Swine Hall, and a great multitude of swine-like gourmandizers fed therein, so they did. Moreover, in the afore-mentioned eating-place there was much hash for eating purposes, and this hash was slew, slung, and slang thrice daily by right pert hash-slingers of varying sizes, dispositions, and colors—some varying directly and some indirectly with the work they did. One day it so happened that the management decided to himself that the hash-slingers were not discharging each his full quota of duty; therefore, they were ousted, so to speak, and female hash-slingers were substituted. Whereat, there was great rejoicing and merry-making amongst the gourmandizers, and the number so increased that the building was flooded, overflooded, and flooded over. The foundation of the Hall gave way and Swine Hall crumbled into dilapidation. No one survived to tell the sad tale. Hence, we may conclude, women are the source of all evil.

Lawyer—Your Honor, I am unfortunately opposed in the trial of this case by the blackest scoundrel and the biggest ass in all creation.

His Honor (very indignantly)—Mr. Ainsworth, you forget that I am here.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Adam's Philosophy

They say that Satan started sin
And tempted man to fall;
But if you'll only think you'll see
It isn't so at all.

For if Eve had not liked apples
And had been afraid of snakes,
They would still be there in Eden,
But, instead they pulled up stakes.

And they left that vale of plenty
In the wilderness to roam,
And in time they found another tree
And there sat up a home.

So since the time when Mother Eve
Worried Adam with her taunts,
Woman has, and always will have, son—
Exactly what she wants.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Anticipation

The audience was very unkind at the speaker's temperance lecture and kept interrupting. At last he hired an ex-prize fighter to keep order. That night he contrasted the content of home life with the squalor of drunkenness.

"What is it we want when we return home from our daily toil?" he asked. "What do we want to ease our burden, to gladden our hearts, to bring smiles to our faces and joyous songs to our lips?"

He paused for effect, and in silence the voice of the keeper of the peace could be heard:

"Mind," he said, "the first guy that says beer, out he goes with a bang."

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Life is an eternal mess: The rich man has his twin sixes and the poor man his six twins.

Apples

Wimmin. Hell! It's gotten to the place now when a man don't know himself from a hole in the ground, when it comes to sizing up women. What makes me mad is that the gossiping sisters take pride in the fact, continue their guiles, and make existence an unpleasantness from dawn 'till darkness, just as if we were up at dawn. Now, here I am. I ain't never been able to git along with 'em so much. I sort o' fears 'em. About the time that I thought I'd learned enough about 'em to steer clear of 'em, I ups and makes a plum' mess of it all. This here sister was cute, as all of 'em thinks they are. Further, she was a blonde, and had bobbed hair. Now that combination would attract most all of us, but I thought that I had enough sense to let that kind go. In addition to all this about the woman, it was the spring of the year, when all of the trees are budding, and all the young calves are budding a nice, sharp crop of horns that will serve them some day in the capacity of a pike pole.

Well, this here sister that I was talking about, took me out in the country one afternoon for a walk. We hadn't gone such a far piece before she spied an apple orchard. Well, nothing else would suit that ornery critter but that we had to slip over and steal some of the forbidden fruit that grew by the side of the road. Well, first thing I knowed, after I had helped her shin up the tree, she had consumed enough of the supposedly ripe apples, and, feeling the lightning-like anguish running through that portion of her anatomy that is host to that which gives the human frame its strength to bear its burden, she asked me to help her down. She got scared, wouldn't climb down as she had up, nor would she jump into my waiting arms, that would so willingly have received the burden of her precious weight for one moment's fond embrace. She spied a plank not fur away, and, upon insisting, altogether on her part, I sought said plank, placed it between the limbs (of the tree, of course) and she slid down.

Now, just like a durned woman, she ain't spoken to me since. I don't see what she wanted to get mad with me for. I tried to get her not to do it, but she kept on insisting, and you know how a woman is when she gets like that—keeps right on howling until she gets what she wants. I told her it wouldn't be best. But she wanted her way, and have her way she did. I didn't know the damned plank had nails in it.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Chemistry Student (getting a solution to absolute zero)—The temperature of this stuff reminds me of my girl's attitude towards me.

Second Ditto—Yes, and if you'd tell her that she'd switch right over to the absolute boiling point.

Chemistry Student — She'd be super-heated then, but cold just the same.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Time Will Tell

Professor Collier Cobb says that short, low-neck dresses are healthy. He ought to know. He's been here nearly sixty-five years.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

"Logic"

"Men, now-a-days, don't consider ladies at all," said the woman sitting at the next table. But he kept on smoking!

Turning aside to her husband, she said, "I think men have lost all their manners; I suppose that's due to the nicotine in the cigarette."

"The Green Temptation"

The Mystery of Murdered Marmaduke
or Who Killed the Kiyoodle?

By
CUTHBERT Q. MUTT
Author of Other Things

Chapter One

"[illegible]," were my thoughts, as I sat in Foams' sanctorium one not very bright morning.

"Exactly," put in Foams, with his strange habit of reading others' thoughts. "You *are* a dumbbell."

Having told on myself, I will go on to

Chapter Two

For the benefit of the gentle readers who have not been reading the series of Sherhawk Foams' stories I have so kindly been furnishing for the Boll Weevil at regular space rates, allow me to introduce myself as the assistant to that great defective, Mr. Sherhawk Foams, who has solved many strange things, and has rushed in where a sane policeman fears to tread. He has figured prominently in many cases, and his figures have been the admiration of many famous detectives, including Coles Phillips.

As Shakespeare might have said, let us go on with the thing.

Chapter Three

"I have been called out on a case," Foams was saying, "that has baffled everyone. Therefore they have asked me to solve it. My natural modesty forbade me trying before."

"Explain, explain," I entreated.

He took a deep inhale from his Reyno. "You have heard of the famous hound, Marmaduke, that has almost took so many blue ribbons?"

"John E. Walker's Marmaduke?"

"The same, the same."

"Of course. Tell me what has happened to him in

"Chapter Four"

I was all interest now. The famous hound had been the talk of the recent dog show, having lain in one position for ten days, apparently without breathing or scratching a flea.

"Well," Sherhawk began, dramatically, "he has been murdered, killed, K. O.d, pushed off!"

"Zounds!" I said, and fainted, as the full horror of the thing struck me. Foams revived me with a shot of synthetic gin, and I promptly fainted again. Seeing that no more gin was forthcoming, I came to at the beginning of

Chapter Five

We immediately rushed to the home of John E. Walker, who had made his money as a prohibition agent. We were tearfully received by that worthy and conducted to the palatial kennel of the late lamented Marmaduke.

"Has the body been moved?" asked Sherhawk, sententiously.

"Nein, nein. De boddy iss chust lak Oi foind ut," sobbed Walker, betraying his Irish parentage.

"You two g'long back in the house while I deduct something," Foams commanded.

"Such as what and with what?" I asked, but he was too wrapped in thought to hear me.

Chapter Six

We went back into the house, but Foams soon burst in upon us. "I have solved it," he cried. "Eureka, and a couple of excelsiors."

"Tell us, tell us," I begged.

"Oi, oi. Out mit de info," said Walker.

"Listen," shot out Foams, and the silence could have been cut with a second-hand razor blade.

Chapter Seven

Foams turned a condemning finger toward Walker. "What have you been making poor Marmaduke's bed with?" he thundered.

Walker cringed. "Mit magazines," he sniffled. "Mit de vuns me leetle boy vas through mit. *Whizz-Bangs* und de *Young Youth's Companion*."

Foams took a Napoleonic attitude. "You—you— John E. Walker, killed Marmaduke!"

I fell back in amazement. "But how?" I faltered.

"Easy," answered Foams, feeling in his pocket for a Reyno. "The poor dog slept on a copy of the Boll Weevil and laughed himself to death!"

(Hooray, the End)

THAT ZERO FEELING
Your First Drive Before a Gallery

Or Dr. Jowl

Once, while riding on a train, the great evangelist, Rev. Ham, happened to see a man whom he had met in a town several years past while conducting a revival there. Walking over to where he sat, Rev. Ham said, "Good morning, Mr. Applebee, how are you, sir? It has been some time since I saw you last. How is everything in Waycross?"

"Why, er, good morning, sir. How, er, er, are you?"

"You don't seem to remember me," said the evangelist.

"No, I've forgotten your name, but I remember your face very well. But your name has slipped my mind."

"Well," returned the Reverend, "just think of the best part of a hog, and you will recall my name."

"Oh, yes. I remember now. You are Mr. Chitterling."

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Our ideal Zero Number would be a theme tablet with a Boll Weevil cover on it, but then none of you birds would buy it.

Former Service Man (having served nine months in France, while filling his first date with a new girl)—What's your zero hour?

She (blushing)—Well, that depends upon how fast you work.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Another Good Man Gone Wrong

For years I've gazed in women's eyes,
And caroled o'er their graces;
I've dried their tears and heard their sighs,
And licked their painted faces.

And 'round their shoulders have my arms
Reposed, where oft before them,
Full many men with greater charms
Have muttered curses o'er them.

So I have grown disgusted quite
And sternly sworn to quit 'em.
My arms, that once their forms enclosed,
No longer bend to fit 'em.

Alas! a lass has crossed my path,
Who made me cross my heart, sir!
So when my ship comes in, we'll live
"Until death do us part," sir!

"That's what they all say," said the judge who was trying a case of bigamy.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Oh, Myrtle!

She was the girl with the necklace,
In a smile she was barely clad—
From her finger-tips
To her rosy-red lips
She was "the berries," by Gad!

He was tall and graceful, too,
With a bit of the nonchalant;
He grabbed her; he squeezed her,
And held her tight.
You could almost hear him pant.

But before I go any further,
Let me give you the honest facts—
He was a window-dresser
And she was—
A figure of wax!

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Undecided

It was the night of the full moon. Such a night as Elinor Glyn had in mind when she wrote "Three Weeks." Such a night as the Sheik grabbed Diana in his arms and suffocated her with his tobacco-smelling, garlic-stenched breath. Such a night as tonight.

The shy young man did not know how to start the evening out. He knew that he would be recompensed for his troubles, but just how was he to go about seeking his recompensation for doing this manly deed. It is true that often—even nightly—he had done similar deeds, but on this particular night how should he start his operations? In fact, it was his *Zero hour*. Should he start the attack by giving her a long soul-satisfying kiss, or by merely slipping his arm around her waist?

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Beer that is made at the brewery is of much kick and full of bubbles.

The Flapper's Farewell

Chic and dapper, a typical flapper,
My day has come and passed;
And though I grieve, I have to leave,
My time is passing fast.

E'er I forsake a glad mistake,
And bid fore'er adieu;
Let's take a drink, and do you think
Old World, that I've harmed you?

What harm have I done? I lived in fun,
I spent my days in joy;
The rest forget, no need regret;
The world's a play-house; life's a toy.

If in our youth we heed not truth,
What's the fault, I pray?
Youth, I sing, must have its fling,
And life last but a day.

This I tell, and now farewell,
For I must say good-bye;
For mistakes I've made I've fully paid.
I'll pay more before I die.

I will live and take and give,
And have my joys and woes.
I can't go, you know it's so.
I'll merely change my clothes.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Rural Economics is a joy forever, but Accounting is an abomination unto the Lord.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

"My old man's getting too hard on me. Take while I was home Christmas, for example. Well, he shut down on me tight. Wouldn't let me drive the car any; said it was too cold and wet. Couldn't dance because he was a deacon in the church. But what got me was what he said about smoking cigarettes. He told me that if I didn't quit smoking them that I had to quit school. Gimme a cigarette."

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

There's something in that, too, said the burglar as he stuck his hand in the cuspidor.

—273 CENTIGRADE

"You're a better man than I am, Gordon's Gin."

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Carolina's Mother Goose

Corn whiskey hot,
Corn whiskey cold,
Corn whiskey in the keg.
Nine years old.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Some like it hot,
Some like it cold,
Some like it in the keg.
Nine years old.

(AUTHOR'S NOTE.—But it doesn't make any difference to me.)

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Bermuda

He held her tight in his arms, and they were in the midst of one of those soul satisfying, passionate kisses, such as can be indulged in only after a long separation between lovers. Suddenly his arms dropped to his side, and he moved a step back from her. A look of pain filled his eyes, and he could not speak. Her questioning, dissappointed look plainly showed that she was unable to comprehend his sudden change. He did not know how to explain it to her. Words failed him entirely. For once in his life he was stumped. How was he to tell her that he could not embrace her when she had been eating onions.

No, Hortense, a gridiron does not resemble a curling iron?

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

No, Gwendolyn, Hugh Walpole is not the cod liver oil magnate.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

B. S. Commerce

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to Accounting Lab. and me.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

He's an Athlete

A young girl, after spending a few weeks at boarding school, had arrived at home to spend the Christmas holidays. After having enumerated various and sundry experiences and impressions, she at last exclaimed, "Oh, father, I am infatuated with calisthenics!

"My daughter," in despair, "I had always hoped that you would marry an American, but if you love this foreigner, go ahead and marry him."

All Home Conveniences in a Pullman.

One Every Minute

It has taken me twenty years to know myself, and after a painful self-inventory, I am assured that I belong in that great class of people that enabled P. T. Barnum to make a substantial living. Until lately, I was the careless check-grabber at a dutch treat. I gave all my change to ten-thousand-dollar-a-year beggars. I used to go to the barber shop for a twenty-five cent hair cut and come out minus a dollar and a half, smelling like a bunch of violets. I cut out cigarettes to save money and began smoking cigars. I thought I could pass my courses by booting professors. I tried to learn the saxophone by correspondence school lessons.

I thought that Izaak Walton was the Merchant of Venice; that cafe noir was a restaurant painted black; that guerrilla warfare was waged by anthropoid apes; that hokum was Chinese tobacco, and heroin a female character in a novel; that prize fighters wrote their own syndicate articles; that stud poker was an easy way to pay expenses; that red was the natural color of lobsters; that all denizens of the Sahara behaved like sheiks; that pine needles were used for darning socks; that a pole vault was a place to keep valuables in; that pawnbrokers were honest; that European allies were small streets in Europe; and that Kalamazoo was a college yell.

I believed in all advertisements, lent money to hard-up friends, endorsed checks for good fellows, and ate yeast cakes to become fat. I thought my girl loved me, and I bought her candy, jewelry, theater tickets, and wrote her once a day. In fact, I was an average man just like twenty-five million others, only more so, until I received an endearing 8-page letter from my own fair one addressed, "Dearest Sweetheart, Jack."—My name is Clarence.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Mamma, does God know everything?

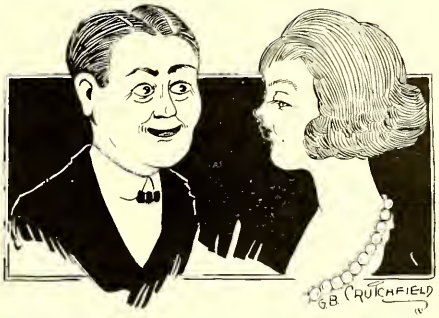
Why, sonny, what makes you ask that?

I heard Pa say that God knew where the money was coming from to pay the rent.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Bull: Is that right about the Boll Weevil getting out a Zero number?

Bullet: No, there's nothing in it.



She: "I can't decide whether to take up art or songs."

He: "Art, by all means."

She: "Why? Have you seen some of my paintings?"

He: "No, but I've heard some of your songs."

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Solomon Grundy
Registered on Monday.
Caught classes on Tuesday.
Got high on Wednesday.
Missed classes on Thursday.
Infirmary on Friday,
Student Council on Saturday.
Suspended on Sunday,
This is the end of Solomon Grundy.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Stude—If the thermometer is standing at zero degrees, what time will your girl freeze you out?

Stewed—As soon as I quit putting out jack to keep my remembrance warm.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

"Babies' rompers suddenly drop," says an advertisement. *Oh, mamma!*

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Eleventh Commandment—Thou shalt now allow thyself to get caught.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
You are "shining it"—you are.
Up above the world "so high,"
But you'll pass out, bye and bye.

On the Road From Chapel Hill

(Apologies to Kipling)

I

Over on a Durham highway, lookin' southward to "the Hill,"
There's a Durham girl a-settin', and I know she loves me still;
For she asks me in her letters, and it makes my heart jus' boun'—
"Come you here from Carolina, come you here to Durham town;
Come you back from Chapel Hill.
If I ask I know you will.
Can't you leave those women ugly in their rooms at Chapel Hill?"
On the road from Chapel Hill
Which the flying busses fill—
An' they drive so fast, like lightnin', that my heart almost stands still.

II

Her pretty hat was silver, and her well-filled hose were gray,
And her name was Anna Larkins—the middle one was May;
And I saw her first a-smokin' of a wicked cigarette,
And a-wasting lovin' kisses on a tea-hound she'd just met.
Damn that tea-hound, full o' cake,
Whom she called her darling Jake.
Plucky lot she cared for tea-hounds when her number I did take—
On the road from Chapel Hill.

III

When the men had left the factory, an' the lights began to go,
She'd take her little banjo, an' she'd sing, "I Love You So."
With our arms about each other, an' her lips against my lips—
We useter watch the busses an' the street-car on its trips;
Stuffy car a-makin' trips;
How it rumbles, how it tips;
Where the moonlight shone so warmly I could scarcely leave those lips—
On the road from Chapel Hill.

IV

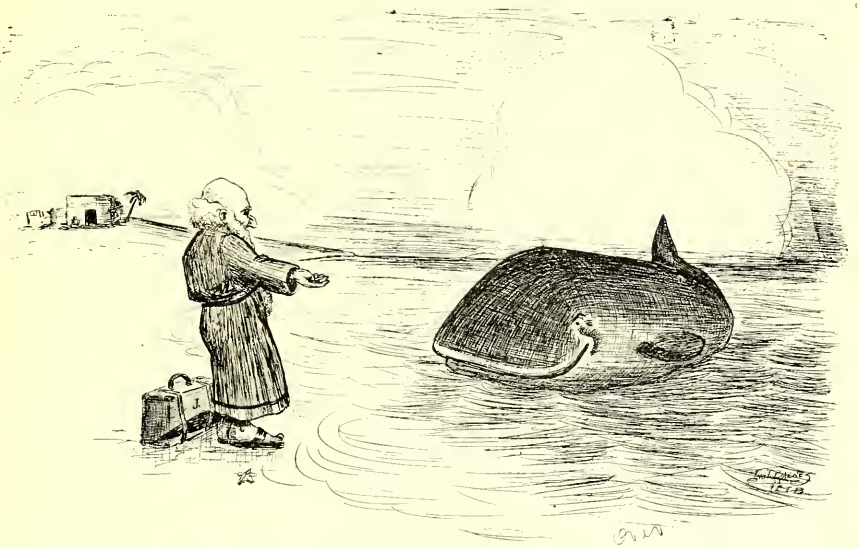
But I'll put all that behind me, I certainly must, I will;
An' for me there'll be no busses to Durham from Chapel Hill;
I'm learnin' here in college what the aged 'fessors tell—
"If you've heard a woman callin', why you're bound straight way for hell."
No! You listen what I tell
'Bout that Durham city belle.
All your studies you will fail on, an' you'll go right straight to hell—
On this road from Chapel Hill.

V

I am tired o' wastin' money in this highly cultured place,
Where this bloomin' education brings a pallor to my face;
Tho' I walk with fifty co-eds outer Eubanks to the "Pick,"
An' they talk a lot o' lovin', an' they think they know their trick.
They are ugly like a stick
With many a cut an' many a nick;
I're a lovin', darlin' lassie, not a co-ed, not a hick—
On the road from Chapel Hill.

VI

Take me somewheres into Durham, "where the best is like the worst,"
Where there ain't no student council, and a man can quench his thirst;
For my Anna May's a-callin', an' it's there I'm goin' to go,
Over on a Durham highway, where there's love for me, I know.
On the road from Chapel Hill,
Which the flying busses fill—
With our hand-bags on the runners when we went from Chapel Hilt.
Oh, the road from Chapel Hill;
I will follow it, I will;
An' I'll go to Anna May, for I know she loves me still.



JONAH (to Whale): "Now, y' understan', if my wife doan belief dis, I'll be rigd back."

Reginald Roister's Letter

To His Bosom Friend, Eric Hazelbarn

DEAR ERIC:—Having a beastly time. The new quarter of school is starting, and I am afraid I am not going to do as well as last quarter. Don't feel as studious. I did unusually well last quarter, if I do say it myself.

Of course, I didn't pass anything; but my prof. told me I stood a dern good chance of passing history if I'd get in a coaching class for the rest of the year and next summer, and take history in the fall. I'd have got off zoölogy all right if I had not gratted my labs in the zoos at Washington.

Really, I think my history prof. did me dirty. Must have made a mistake or something. He didn't ask but one question on exam.: "Tell all you know about the "Papal Bull." I did; I told him how big the animal was, how long its horns were, and when it died. I know my answer was right, too, because he marked in big blue letters, "SOME BULL." But he gave me a zero.

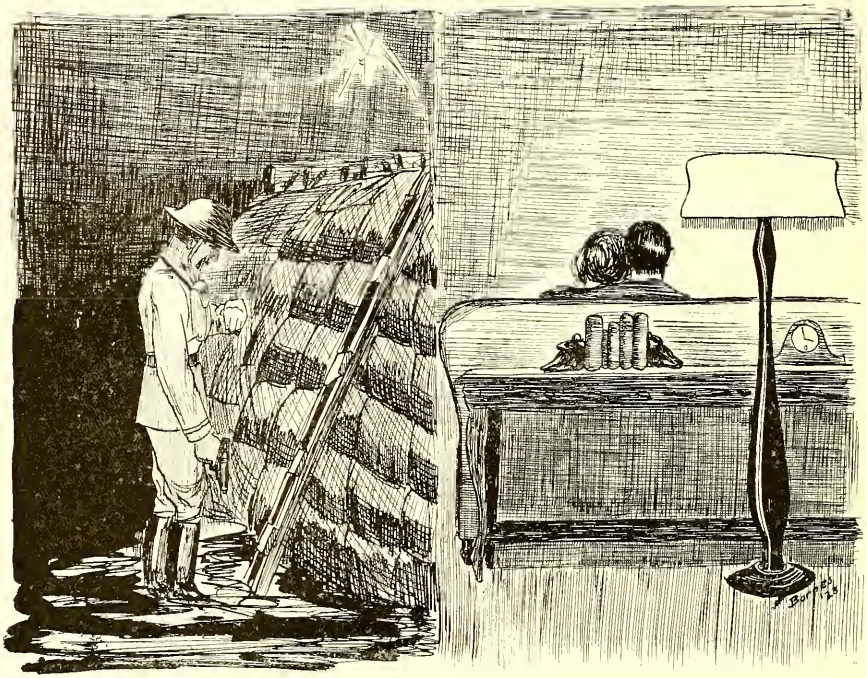
These profs. at Carolina are funny, anyhow. Archibald Henderson asked me the other day what the "calculus" is. I told him how bad my sister had had it, and that it usually grew on the liver. He smiled and said he'd give me a one on that. And would you believe it, he gave me a "hopeless?"

I'm taking five courses this time. The registrar the other day advised me to drop two of them. He said they were too much for a human being to stand up under. I told him he insulted my ability. He said he was sorry for making the mistake; he had thought at first sight I was a human. I took his advice, though. I dropped Chemistry and Economics, and I think I'll pass my courses at the Pickwick, bull sessions, and co-ed. courting. I took the Pickwick shows last quarter and made a good average. I am retaking it of my own volition.

Well, if I don't come out on top this time, I think I'll knock off and go to Pinehurst for the winter. However, I'll come back for summer school for a few weeks of restful vacationing.

Well, I must close, as the end is getting closer. Typewrite me soon. With regards,

REGINALD ROISTER.



THE ZERO HOUR

December 1, 1918 December 1, 1922

They say there are microbes in a kiss
And those who "neck" will all be gone some day.
But, gosh! I'd rather live a little while in bliss
Than go through life in such a sanitary way.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

How Our Actress Friends Interpret Dr. Coue

Geraldine: Day by day and in every way I grow fair-rar and fair-rar.

Theda: Day by day and in every way I grow barer and barer.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

I came, I saw—and I leave the rest to your imagination.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Now Take Your Choice

Girls are no longer innocent. They are either wise or ignorant.

A Working Fallacy

Major Premise—A luxury is a thing which cannot be well afforded.

Minor Premise—No one can well afford to be dirty.

Conclusion: To be dirty is a luxury. Yet they say cleanliness is the poor man's luxury.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Mrs. E. Coue on Old Age

With every means,
By every way,
Night by night
And day by day,
I try to keep my hair
From growing gray.

The Sad Tale of Jimmy Black

A Short Story

Little Jimmy Black, a resourceful lad, was extremely knowing for a child of such an innocent period in life, had sharp, ferret-like eyes, and an acute faculty for converting opportunity into dollars and cents. One day while his mother was at a matinee, he saw his father tip-toe stealthily into the kitchen. Jimmy, realizing that the kitchen was a feminine stronghold, and that Daddy's pussyfoot tread signified that he did not wish to be detected, followed even more stealthily and peered through the key-hole.

The cook, who had been personally selected by father from twenty applicants, had a pair of restive blue eyes that wrought havoc in masculine hearts, a mop of hair that had the color of spun molasses, a figure that— Well, the cook was a beautiful girl and charming as well. She was kneeling before the oven when father entered noiselessly, bent over the crouched form, and kissed a spot of flour from her white neck. She glanced up, thoroughly startled, flashed a Pola Negri smile, and then playfully rubbed the top of Daddy's thatchless dome. Jimmy chuckled to himself and stole away.

That night, while father was engrossed in the comic section of the evening paper, Jimmy perched himself on Daddy's lap and naively inquired, "Daddy, we've got an awful pretty cook, haven't we?" Father put aside the paper, and gazed at his offspring with the searching glare of a money lender.

"I suppose we have," father agreed.

With the introduction over, Jimmy plunged further into his cross-examination. "Daddy, does Mamma know you kissed the cook today?" The scene following was most embarrassing to father. Jimmy was tactful, diplomatic, and insistent, and emerged from the room with a dollar bill tucked in his pocket. He then interviewed the cook and returned with a cake, a dozen doughnuts, and a guarantee of further delicacies.

The following day when the handsome ice man called and mother hurried to the kitchen to raise the ice box lid for him, Jimmy took his stand at the key-hole again. When Jimmy obtained an opportunity of talking to his mother alone, he brought up the subject of ice men. He hinted that he was talkative by nature, but for a very small sum he could be extremely close-monthed. Jimmy's finances now amounted to a dollar and seventy-five cents.

Even Brother Charley, a sophomore in college, clever and discreet, became a victim of Jimmy's genius. After brother had returned from a fraternity meeting late at night, Jimmy searched his pockets and obtained a dazzling picture of a footlight favorite, together with a batch of perfumed letters. Brother received them back for the price of two dollars.

However, just as many renowned diplomats in history have ruined sparkling careers by carelessness, so did Jimmy slip up fatally. He met his nemesis in the person of his little sister, who, if possible, was even more shrewd and calculating than her brother, partly due to the lessons taught her by the movies. When Jimmy, bursting with pride and pleasure, boasted of his wealth to her, she casually quizzed him on his methods. Here Jimmy made his costly faux pas, for wishing to impress her with his foresight, he explained all in detail to her.

Sister listened attentively, chewed her gum thoughtfully, and asked innocently, "How much did you make in all, Jimmy?"

"Three dollars and seventy-five cents."

Sister's eyes sparkled. "Jimmy," she said triumphantly, "Does Mamma know who broke her vase? Does Papa know who made a sling-shot out of his suspenders, and who signed his own report card? Does the cook know who stole the carving knife? Does brother know who used his olive oil to grease a bicycle? Doc—" But Jimmy knew when he was licked.

Sister bought a pair of silk stockings; just like the kind Gloria Swanson wears.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

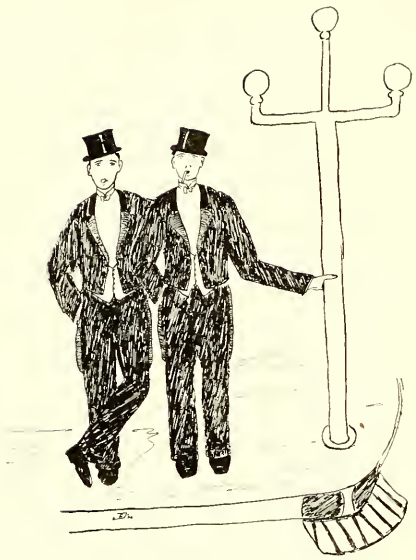
Looking for a Seat

Sunset and the evening star
And one "two bits" for me,
And may there be no peanuts at the "Pick"
When I go in to see.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Ze—People who read the BOLL WEEVIL must certainly think that Carolina is a hell of a place.

Ro—Well, isn't it?



The Haig and Haig Boys

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Magic

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?" asked Osie Wartknuckle, smashingly.

"Tee-hee," laughed the young girl, with a deep blush.

"Where do you live? May I see you home?" replied Osie.

"Oh, yes," she said.

So off they went, and had walked only a few steps when the girl suddenly stumbled over a bent hair-pin, into his arms. This aroused his chivalry.

"Will you marry me? I have the biggest diamond in town. I will have it made into a ring for you." Osie Wartknuckle chortled to her.

"Oh, no," she said. "I have my own," and with these words she left him.

It was not until after he had been thinking about her for nearly half an hour, that his hand strayed up to the empty place upon his neck-tie.

"By George! So she has," Osie sadly remarked.

A Freshman's Diary

Wed. (1st day after Xmas holiday): Barricaded my door last night with chairs, washstand, etc., and stayed awake. Was disappointed. Wish I'd have slept.

Thurs.: Asked my room-mate for the 3d time to take a bath. He cussed and reminded me I was a freshman. I cussed. We exchanged cussing, and I went on Math. Class. Prof. addressed me Mister. I looked pleased and was courteous. Found a dime in vest pocket that I didn't know I had. Didn't spend it.

Fri.: Didn't sleep well last night. Room-mate snored. Also, had wakeful spasms during night, expecting the clock to alarm any time, as I set it early so I could get up and study. Had forgot to wind the clock, so it didn't alarm. Janitor came in to make up beds before we got up. Didn't come back all day. Had a bull session tonight in my room. Participants used up my can of tobacco. Have to get it back on them Sat. and Sund. Didn't find a dime in my vest pocket. Didn't spend it.

Sat.: Bad odor in my room. Room-mate hasn't bathed yet. Burnt sulphur this morning. Room-mate cussed. I didn't reply.

Sun.: Got in a crowd and had good time dancing all day. Read a chapter in the Bible tonight. Made a resolution to go to church every Sabbath during 1923.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Rolling bones gather a loss.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

The cat that nightly haunts my gate—
How heartily I hate her.
Some night she'll come and mew till late—
And then I'll mew-ti-later.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

"Well, Jones, they tell me your fishing trip was a failure."

"Not by a jug full, old boy."

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

He jests at prohibition who never felt a thirst.

Habit

It was such a night as Leander swam the Hellespont to meet his Helen. It was a night made for lovers, a night when youth could not be held accountable. Overhead the sable was pierced with a myriad of scintillating points of gold, a beautiful and serene moon reigned in the heavens. In its mellow radiance a long, lithe roadster sped along the smooth asphalt of a broad highway.

In the car were a boy and a girl, each happy and vibrant with life and love for each other. Behind them lay the dance and the dinner party. It had been a wonderful evening. The girl sighed and snuggled closer to the boy's side. He slipped an arm around her waist and she leaned her bobbed head against his shoulder with a smile of contentment.

On they raced through the glorious night. Suddenly the soft purr of the motor ceased, it coughed, coughed again, and was silent. The car drifted to a full stop at the side of the road.

"Something the matter, sweetheart?" queried the girl, with a mischievous light of understanding in her eyes.

"Out of gas," he answered.

For a moment neither moved nor spoke. Then he put his other arm around her warm young body and kissed her full on the lips. He kissed her again and again. She gave herself to his embrace and returned his caress passionately. Suddenly, with a little cry, she thrust him from her. "Let's don't be foolish," she said. He looked at her in astonishment. Slowly his face broke into an amused smile. He released her, started the motor and sent the car gliding down the moon-bathed road.

They had both forgotten for a moment that they were married.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Yells

Boom! Bang! Who are we?
Shoot 'em up; blow 'em up,
T. N. T.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Rah! Rah!
Toot! toot!
Keeley Institute!

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

A tall man to a low woman—What county would you call on if a tall man wanted to kiss you?

She—Lenoir.

AT FOUNTAINS

Famous for its quality
and flavor

The Original

REFRESHES THE STUDENT
INVIGORATES THE ATHLETE

Keep a jar-full in your
room. Carry a flask-full
in lunch tablet form.

AVOID IMITATIONS

DINNER JACKET

A DISTINGUISHED COLLEGE STYLE
SUITABLE FOR PRACTICAL USAGE.
A CONSERVATIVE COMBINATION
OF EASE AND ELEGANCE

SIXTY DOLLARS
AND MORE
JACKET AND TROUSER

CUSTOM FINISH WITHOUT
THE ANNOYANCE OF A TRY-ON

READY-TO-PUT-ON

FINCHLEY
5 West 46th. Street
NEW YORK

Old Hampshire Stationery

A chain is as strong as its weakest link.

Are you allowing your personal stationery to be the weakest link in your friends' judgment of you?

Keep your reputation for good taste always high by using only the best stationery. Try

Old Hampshire Stationary

Fine Stationery Dept.
HAMPSHIRE PAPER COMPANY
So. Hadley Falls, Mass.

AN INVITATION

COLLEGE MEN WHO HAVE OCCASION TO STOP IN NEW YORK EN ROUTE TO THEIR HOMES, OR VARIOUS SPOTS WHERE THEY INTEND TO SPEND THEIR HOLIDAYS, ARE INVITED TO VISIT THE FINCHLEY ESTABLISHMENT.

Sports Clothes, Lounge Suits, Over-Garments, Hats, Caps, Shirts, Cravats, Hosiery and other incidental things for dress wear, all of the customary Finchley standard.

CLOTHES OF CUSTOM FINISH
WITHOUT THE ANNOYANCE
OF A TRY-ON
READY-TO-PUT-ON

FINCHLEY
5 West 46th. Street
NEW YORK

- - - *YES*

There's Always a REASON

Why did we sell the University the furniture for the Five Hundred New Dormitory Rooms this past summer? Why? Because we gave them a better price on "Specification goods" than our competitors!

If you will let us, we can and WILL save you money whenever you are ready to buy anything in our line.

We will appreciate your business, large or small, and give you the best possible service.

"Our Door Opens With a Welcome"

The Royall & Borden Co.
Chapel Hill Street
DURHAM

The author of "Main Street" has gotten out another novel called "Babbitt." Is this the story of a side street in Gopher Prairie?

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Fatty Arbuckle is not Sir Francis Bacon's idea of the well-rounded man.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

All is not gold that glitters, said the debutante as she powdered her nose.

H. B. Ruffin W. F. Moody Chas. Ruffin

CAPITAL PRINTING COMPANY
Specialists In
Newspaper—Periodical—College
PRINTING

Printers for The Carolina Boll Weevil, The Technician, Old Gold and Black and Other Publications.

Hargett and Wilmington Streets RALEIGH, N. C.

Engineering Sells, Too!

A whole lot of the make-believe has been eliminated from selling operations in the past ten years. The old idea that salesmen were born to the sample-ease, that they carried some sort of a special diploma from the University of Pooh, has had to break camp, along with the other exploded theory which insisted that a salesman must be a "good fellow", a man of strange habits, tremendous stories, and unquestioned qualities both as a mixer, and as an assimilator.

Now we believe—nay, we *know*—that the best salesman is the man who knows most about his goods, and can talk most *interestingly* about them.

This being the proven case, it isn't so queer that engineering should find a real and effective application in the selling field, especially if the merchandise marketed is an engineering product that is bought and operated by engineers.

Every engineer who now engages in the sale and distribution of Westinghouse products feels that he is doing work worthy of his training—for he is carrying Service and Sincerity to Industry, and to mankind! He is out where the fighting is often the fiercest, and he is putting up a battle for the things that he believes are right. And a man can't expect, nor ask, a bigger chance than that!

Sixty percent, approximately, of the engineering graduates who come to Westinghouse find their way eventually into some phase of selling. And we are proud to have them there—and they are glad to be there!

Westinghouse

ACHIEVEMENT & OPPORTUNITY

W
WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC

A million men have turned to One Eleven Cigarettes— a firm verdict for superior quality

"111"

cigarettes

15 for 10c

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A Splendid Advertising Medium

¶ BOLL WEEVIL stands in the front rank of North Carolina publications as an advertising medium.

¶ BOLL WEEVIL readers are a very select clientele, with nearly unlimited purchasing power. In short, with its quality circulation, it might reach a much larger number of prospective buyers of a certain product than would a news paper with five times its circulation. Vanity Fair magazine is an example of such circulation.

¶ BOLL WEEVIL promotion and merchandising work for advertisers has outstripped that of nearly every North Carolina newspaper.

¶ BOLL WEEVIL is sold on all trains in North and South Carolina by the Union News Company. It can be bought in nearly every town in North Carolina having a population of 1,500 or over.

¶ BOLL WEEVIL reaches a large number of young men and women just attaining their majority. These young people are just forming their buying habits for life. The advertising reaches them at an impressionable age.

¶ BOLL WEEVIL is filled with wholesome wit and humor, which means that the reader is in a more receptive state of mind when he reads your advertisement than he would be when reading something else.

¶ For advertising information, etc., address

L. J. BRODY, Business Manager
Carolina Boll Weevil

Illustrated
Humorous

University of North Carolina CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

Where Go to College?

There Are Three Major Considerations

That Determine the Greatness, or the Potential Greatness of an Educational Institution:

1. The Plant, including grounds, library, class-rooms, laboratories and apparatus.
2. The Faculty.
3. The Student Body and its democratic standards.

In addition to the twenty-seven buildings already on the campus, the State of North Carolina is this year putting $1,490,000 into new buildings and equipment. The library of 108,000 volumes is spending $24,000 annually for books and periodicals. Eight thousand volumes were received in 1921-22, and one thousand and five magazines and learned journals were received on subscription.

The Faculty numbers 115 of the country's best scholars.

Speaking of the student body of the University, Mr. Sherwood Eddy, of Yale University, who has spent the major portion of his life studying in four continents, said, that with one exception, it was the most seriously thoughtful and democratic group of students he had ever known.

For Further Information Address

The Secretary

The University of North Carolina

CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

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cigarettes
are the highest quality

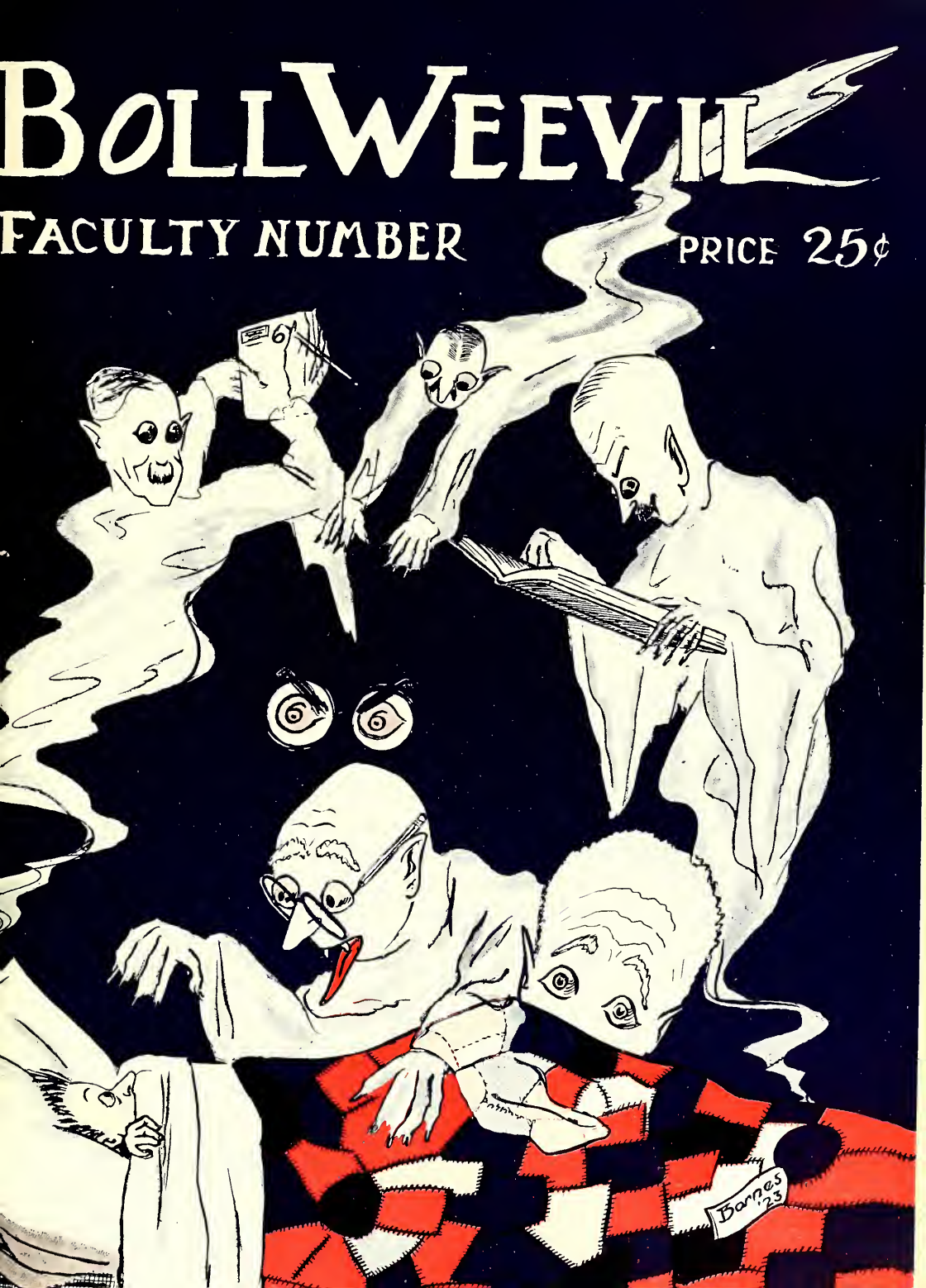
regardless of price

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Winston-Salem, N. C.

BOLLWEEVIL

FACULTY NUMBER

PRICE 25¢



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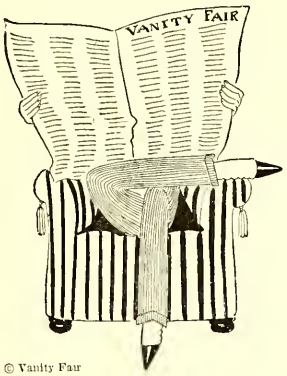

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Have You Had Your Irony Today?

If not, you should take it in our imported packages, from the writers and cartoonists of the old world. It's an essential mental corrective.

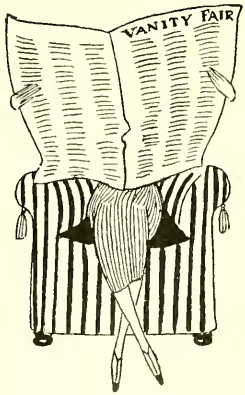
Do you do your art exercises? Let us put you through the theatre and give you your musical dozen. Study our sculptors for five minutes each morning, and Fish before going to bed.

Do you develop your mind on books—bridge—sport—motors—clothes? They're necessary social calisthenics . . . And all this gymnasium of the wits, this dietary of the taste will be found, from month to month, in

VANITY FAIR

Vanity Fair evokes the underlying humor in serious subjects, and points its wit with an element of critical thought. It sets a portrait of a beautiful woman against a piece of beautiful writing. It introduces Irving Berlin and the Dean of the Yale Graduate School on the same page, and shows their comparative influence on civilization.

Vanity Fair will sharpen you up so your own family will mistake you for a visiting foreign lecturer. It's an absolute assurance, if you'll read it, of your winning the medal as most popular man of your class. Why not—in the well-known phrase—subscribe today?



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CIRCULATION DEPARTMENT

Carolina Boll Weevil
University of North Carolina
CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

As Women *Learn* About the *Laundry*

The parade of the washerwomen in Chapel Hill is thinning out. The line is getting shorter.

Our new method of washing and ironing completely the entire family weekly washing has come to stay. Housewives that were least interested in matters of economy have learned this.

The proof is evident—81 families are sending their entire weekly wash, taking advantage of this economical, sanitary, safe sevrice.

It is good judgment to send the washing to this modern, sanitary laundry.

Do you realize that this is "Health Insurance"? No losses, clothes are beautifully washed and ironed. Rain or shine, you will find our service always dependable.

Think this over—then

Telephone 28

LAUNDRY DEPARTMENT U. N. C.

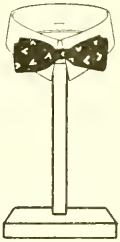
Wish I could look all dressed up in a comfortable collar like the Spotted Champion here.

You do, my dear, since you've worn Lion Custom Collars.

DE SOTO

THE BAT

LION CUSTOM COLLARS

RIDGEFORD


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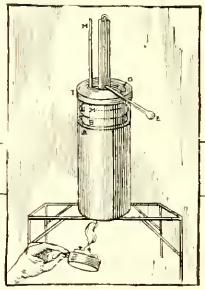

STEAM CYLINDER

They Weighed Air— *and* Charles II Laughed

SAMUEL PEPYS says in his diary that Charles II, for all his interest in the Royal Society, laughed uproariously at its members "for spending their time only in weighing of air and doing nothing else since they sat."

This helps to explain why Charles has come down to us as the "merry monarch."

The Royal Society was engaged in important research. It was trying to substitute facts for the meaningless phrase "nature abhors a vacuum," which had long served to explain why water rushes into a syringe—the commonest form of pump—when the piston is pulled out.

Denis Papin had as much to do as anyone with these laughable activities of the Royal Society. Papin turned up in London one day with a cylinder in which a piston could slide. He boiled water in the cylinder. The steam generated pushed the piston out. When the flame was removed, the steam condensed. A vacuum was formed and the weight of the outer air forced the unresisting piston in.

Out of these researches eventually came the steam engine.

London talked of the scandalous life that King Charles led, and paid scant attention to such physicists as Papin, whose work did so much to change the whole character of industry.

The study of air and air pumps has been continued in spite of Charles's laughter. In the General Electric Company's Research Laboratories, for instance, pumps have been developed which will exhaust all but the last ten-billionth of an atmosphere in a vessel.

This achievement marks the beginning of a new kind of chemistry—a chemistry that concerns itself with the effect of forces on matter in the absence of air, a chemistry that has already enriched the world with invaluable improvements in illumination, radio communication, and roentgenology.

General Electric

General Office Company *Schenectady, N.Y.*

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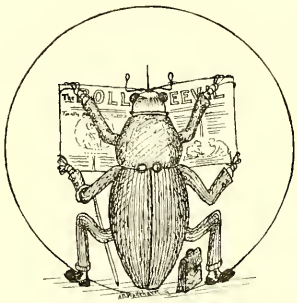


Professor

BOLL WEEVIL

B.A. (Bachelor of Agriculture), Mexico, 18—?

A.M. (Amalgamated Mirthmaker), U. N. C., 1922

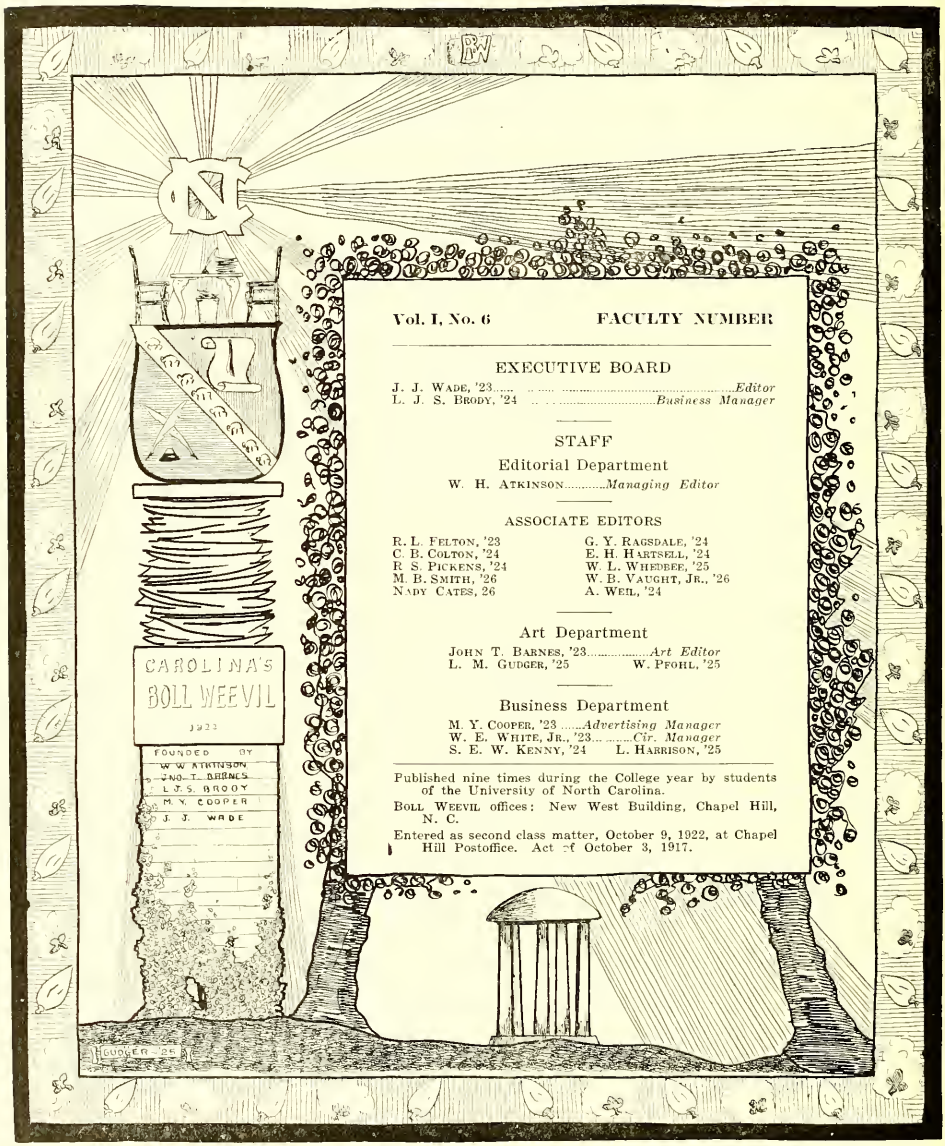
Ph.D. (Dispenser of Phun), *ibid.*, 1922

LL.D. (Director of Levity and Laughter), *ibid.*, 1922

Ph.R. (Registrar of Phoolishness), *ibid.*, 1922

D.C.L. (Librarian of Comic Diversion), *ibid.*, 1922

First Dean of Students' Applied Wit and Humor, University of North Carolina, 1922—



Vol. I, No. 6 **FACULTY NUMBER**

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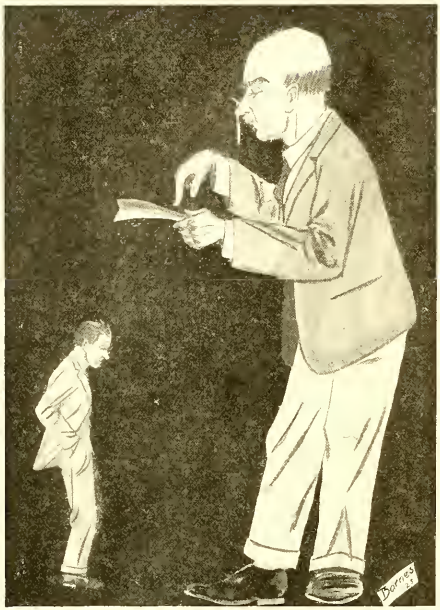
Published nine times during the College year by students of the University of North Carolina.

BOLL WEEVIL offices: New West Building, Chapel Hill, N. C.

Entered as second class matter, October 9, 1922, at Chapel Hill Postoffice. Act of October 3, 1917.

THE PROFESSOR'S FOURTEEN POINTS

1. That when he gives you a "grat" you should have the pleasure of a double assignment on the day following.
2. That all his jokes and puns are new and mostly original.
3. That there is but one course being offered this term, and he is teaching it.
4. That the way for a student to become educated is to ask him questions.
5. That he should begin teaching at an associate professor's salary.
6. That he rates a pension after two years.
7. That if he speaks to a stude he lowers his dignity and loses his poise.
8. That riding is the best way to get a stude to put out for him.
9. That the more men he flunks, the better it reflects upon his teaching ability.
10. That when he tells you he'll answer your question tomorrow, you fail to get his real meaning.
11. That a change in text-books each term is conducive to economy.
12. That Dudley's law of diminishing returns does not hold for study.
13. That the "Pick" offers not recreation, but a place to loaf.
14. That he is too big a man here to grade his own quizzes.



That "X" Report Feeling

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

PROFESSOR ————,

Chapel Hill, N. C.

DEAR PROFESSOR:—If you don't give $500 to our messenger, who will call Wednesday for it, we will kidnap your wife.

(Signed) ORDER OF BOOTLEGGERS AND KIDNAPPERS.

ORDER OF BOOTLEGGERS AND KIDNAPPERS,

Chapel Hill, N. C.

GENTLEMEN:—I do not have $500, but your proposition interests me greatly.

(Signed) PROFESSOR ————.

A WINTER'S TALE

Bleak winter is with us again and high overhead we see moving black specks migrating southward. The home has a more genuine charm than ever before and the radiator sheds forth its warming rays. The icy night knows no sound but the moan of the wind. Out from the chill blackness comes a stream of light—a low, muffled sound, and then the purr-purr of a motor car. The car, driving up to the curb, halts, a girl alights, alone, almost alone. From sealskin coat she cautiously draws a bottle, removes the cork, and, taking a "swig," replaces cork and then bottle.

"That bootlegger lives on a lonely road, but who wouldn't ride a mile for a quart of that unadulterated corn," she says, and turning over, she dreams again.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

PARODY ON THE SONG "MR. GALLAGHER AND MR. SHEAN"

Oh, Mr. Gallagher! Oh, Mr. Gallagher!
Once I thought I saw a great big football game—
It was on Virginia's ground,
And it was Carolina's fourth down,
And I thought that it was sure Virginia's game.

Oh, Mr. Shean! Oh, Mr. Shean!
You have no knowledge of a football team—
Why, nearly at the end
That big team had to win.
Who; Virginia, Mr. Gallagher?
No; Carolina, Mr. Shean.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said:"

Gawd, but she's the stuff.
I'll never touch another drop of corn as long as I live.
Next quarter I'm going to study.
That professor is a roach.
How in hell did he make a frat.
I made a damned ass of myself last night.

If there is such a man, let him step forward and receive the elastic crowbar.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Fresh.—What can I write a theme on?
Soph.—On paper.

Cure for a Cold

I have been very sick. It was a bad cold. I came near going for to quit. I went far down the lane; it was a grave question whether it were best to retrace or trace ahead. I caught the cold ever so easy. The fire went out. The light was turned very low. The kitchen clock tolled the death of day, as I told her I loved her. The clock struck as the idea struck me that I was getting cold. I told the young lady so. We sat on the sofa. She told me to sit closer to her. I did. Who cared for the cold? We talked of lots of things. We talked low because her old man was asleep in the next room. I caught the cold but not the girl. Then I went to a doctor. He said I was sick. Told me to go home, go to bed, eat nothing for six days, and be well. Gave him ten berries and saw my landlord. He said no deductions could be made on board, so I couldn't follow the doctor's advice. Then I went to another doctor. He told me to take cod liver oil and honey. Told him I had no cod liver. Then he said I must eat cold tallow. I told him it never agreed with me. Then he told me to eat fat meat. I thought him to be a quack and went elsewhere. Found another doctor. He told me to use dumbbells. Supposing he meant deaf and dumb girls, I declined. Another doctor gave me five thousand pink pills, marked "A." Gave me five thousand more, marked "B." Gave me five thousand more, marked "C." Told me to take one pill in a pail of water every four minutes. Told me to take half of another pill in six pails of water every two minutes. Took two pills and went to a nearby river. Hired three boys to dip up and pour down. Emptied the river in thirty minutes. Changed my base to a young lake and went at it again. Cold didn't improve—that is the cold didn't improve me. Went home extremely angry. Gave five thousand pills to the cook and three thousand to the maid. They both still live.

Another doctor told me to take calomel. Another told me to take hot whiskey. How do you like that, now? Two good doctors! Was glad to meet a doctor in such spirits. Hunted up the mayor's private bootlegger. Sent three barrels of corn to my room. First tried a quart of hot corn. It loosened my eyes. Then I tried a pint of the stuff cold. It fixed my eyes again. Then I moved with much vigilance upon a pint of hot whiskey. It loosened my legs. Then I threw my left flank around a pint of cold whiskey. Felt much better! Then I tried some hot whiskey. Fine doctors! Rather like them both. Tried some more cold whiskey, then some hot. It went to my head, somewhatly. Put away another pint of cold whiskey. Very excellent doctors—know just how to cure a cold. Shall employ them by the year. Tried two pints of hot whiskey. Began to feel better—felt like a new man. Wonderful doctors; I love them quietly. Kept putting the corn out of sight; felt like five or six new men. There never lived any better doctors. Tried a pint of cold whiskey mixed with a pint of cold ditto. Ditto always means whiskey. Felt much better. Was beginning to feel all right. Felt like a company of new men. Tried to get in line; formed in shape of a hollow square on the floor. Drank some more of the corn; don't remember whether it was hot or cold or cold or hot. Felt fine! Passed a vote of thanks to the doctors. Drank to their health. Felt like a regiment of new men. Tried to surround my enemy. Moved upon his works, and he gave me a bottle. Took another position. Threw my entire corps to the front. Attacked the commissary department, and took a quart prisoner. Fine doctors! Like their way of curing colds. Wonderful doctors! A good way; was seven days proving it to be a good way, but it was on account of the cold. They said I'd feel like a new man, and I believe them. When you have a cold, try the new style.

Prof. Throgmorton: "A very promising young man I saw you with last night, Miss Thrope."

Miss Anne Thrope: "Oh, yes, but he never keeps them."

Seen and Overheard

(On a dark night, in the Commerce Building—a back room, light muffled. Five members of the Commerce School Faculty, who have escaped their wives or "what-nots" for a social game.)

Prof. Seager—"Well, boys, I stopped by for Squatty Taussig, but he could not make the grade."

Prof. Stockden—"Oh, that's all right; he always hawks my luck anyway. Where's old Debit and Credit?"

(Prof. J. Russel Smith tiptoes to the door and listens. His eyes were as big as saucers, as he cracked it open, and in slipped the missing link.)

Prof. Seager—"If you can't begin coming here on time I am going to nominate Nystrom for your place. Let's get on the way, boys."

Prof. Johnson—"Give me your money, gentlemen. The bank is ready to begin business under the National Banking Laws, as—"

Prof. Seager (interrupts)—"Aw, pipe down; what do you know about machinery."

Prof. J. Russel Smith (playing with his chips)—"I always put mine in three stacks—reds, whites, and blues—it brings the luck."

(Game progresses. Prof. Seager and Prof. Stockden loose steadily.)

Prof. Seager—"I have never known my system to fail me like this before. I have drawn to two pairs four times and never even a smell. It seems to me by Malthus Law as applied to the unearned increment—"

Prof. Johnson—"Hire a hall; what do you think this is, anyway—a yelling contest? Don't you get enough chances to make that noise at home?"

Prof. Stockden—"One time while I was in conference with the president of the General Motors Corporation, he told me to never draw to a bob-tail straight, but I am going to keep on doing it, even if it costs me seventy-five cents a game."

Prof. J. Russel Smith (who has just lost on such a draw)—"What does you mean, about this tail-bob stuff? Mien Gott, what a fool to become so entangled with this bunch of wops and other delicatessen!"

Prof. Kester—"Don't let a little piece of bad luck get on your nerves, gentlemen. Think of the time that I lost $2.00 on three hands, and I didn't have a single account to debit the credit to cash on. And since I believe that this New York guy is wrong in all but two pages of his accounting book (Wit—He means the first two introductory pages) I prefer to use the general journal—"

Prof. Spencer (Bangs his hand on the table, runs his other one through his hair, which makes him look like a young Trunsky, thinking of the old days in Russia)—"It appears to me that if you so-called economists would pay more attention to Hoyle's Rules and use a little of the old common, that you might win some time."

Prof. Kester—"Who's the biggest winner, me or you? And you had better mind how you accuse me of having any sense. My laboratory meets—"

Prof. Stockden—"This is awful; give me a Cinco, chief, old top. Let's play red dog awhile for a change."

(They begin. The pot accumulates $3.00. Prof. Spencer is manipulating the deal.)

Prof. Seager—"I hit it for one round simolion."

Prof. Spencer—"Here's the lady of hearts."

Prof. Seager—"Damn" (shoves in a dollar).

Prof. Stockden—"I'll risk a dime."

Prof. Spencer—"Good boy, you win. Take a dime."

Prof. Johnson—"I'll play it for fifteen cents."

Prof. Spencer—"Hot dog; you win. Take it like a man, Old Grip Nickel."

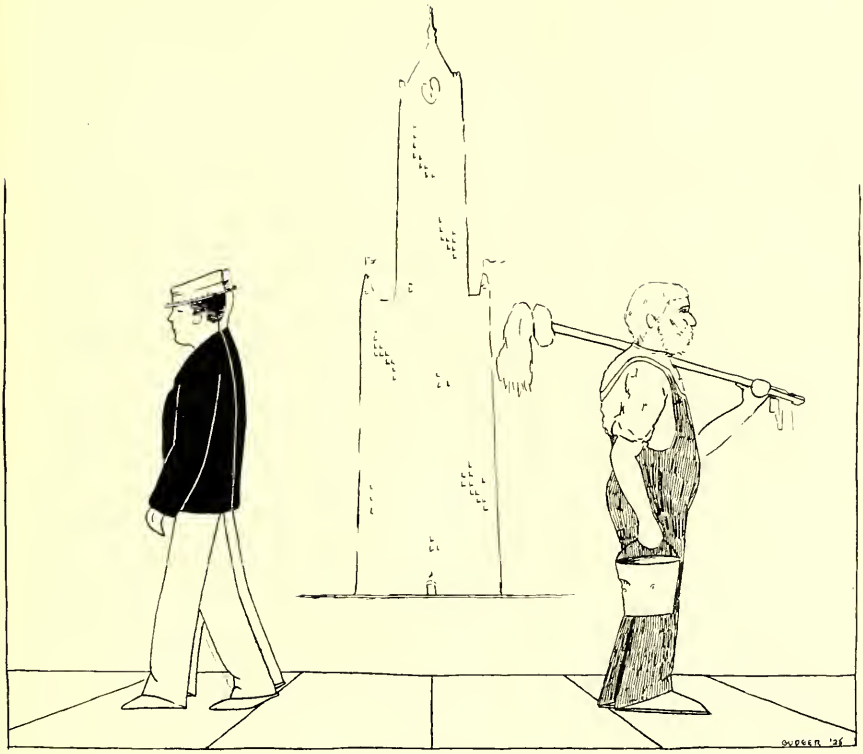
Prof. J. Russel Smith—"I want the one card; any one but a little spadelet, and I tap him for the two dollars."

Prof. Spencer—"There you are, old Near Beer; the tray of spades."

Prof. J. Russel Smith—"Mien Gott! Vhy didn't we play pinochle".

Prof. Kester—"Well, I stand to win the pot or lose everything. I will say debit and credit three times and I will do whatever side it comes out last on. Debit means I do not play; credit

(Continued on page 19.)



First: "Y' guess fellows like him ever make any money?"
Second: "Gee, he ought to be able to mop-up!"

Sam's Soliloquy

Let's see— How much chance have I to pass my three courses?—History I, Math. I, Spanish II. I passed Dr. Ambleton down next to the library this afternoon. I had several historical lookin' books under my arm. He spoke and smiled. I don't think he'd be so friendly if he was going to flunk me. He told a rather stale joke on the class today, but I laughed. Yes, I think I'll pass History.

I scarcely know a damn thing 'bout Math., tho'. That blamed dignified instructor, Ahillwort, don't know his stuff 'nough to get it across. I make out he's the best on the Hill, and show my interest, an' make up darn good lies for not handing in papers 'n' missing quizzes. I think I got a pretty good boot on him. He knows I'm taking Commerce, and don't need to know that blamed Math. I'll squeeze by.

But, Spanish—that's my hawk! It's hard to boot Dr. Stakes. He's so conscientious. I can't understand all he says, either; he talks like a tractor. He tells us not to be silly, but I can't help laughing. I'll quit it, tho', and talk to him after class two or three times, an' see how matters stand. I just got to get by that Spanish, and I don't know how to do it, 'less I get a better boot.

Oh, hell! B'lieve I'll take another nap— What's the use o' studying, anyway?

Dean of the Necking Department

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

TWO YEARS LEFT

An old negro mammy was at the ticket window with a small crowd of small children tugging at her apron strings. "Mistuh," she addressed the ticket agent standing behind the bars, "will you charge me railroad fare for these here young 'uns?"

"Not if they are under eight," replied the agent.

"No, suh, there ain't but six of them in all."

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

BLANK VERSE

John asked Clara
To take
A walk with him
And pick flowers.
But Clara's brother
Came along
And so
They picked flowers.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

NOTICE !

All Freshmen who wish to be coached for the catalogue examination, see Prof Humerus at 116 Phillips Hall, Monday, March 5, at 8 p. m.

Sound Off !

The following letter, written by one of the season's debutantes and received by one of Carolina's dear boys, is the culmination of a romance that began when, riding by the girl, she walking, he smiled at her, she at him, his picking her up, a short ride, very good time, and resulting correspondence.

Rival:—I see you are not so easy to insult as I thought for. You keep writing me in spite of the insults I have heaped upon you.

You have never met my sister, and I hope you never will. My sister has not been in Asheville since last June, and then she was here only three weeks. If you are referring to Louise, whom I think I represented as my sister, we gave our wrong names, for rather obvious reasons. As for Louise's talking about you, she has hated you from the start. Besides, she is too much of a lady to even think about you.

I really think I have never met such a bunch of boys as you-all, especially you and that kiuky-headed ———. The way you exalt yourselves is exasperating. Do you think for one moment that it was you, or your looks that infatuated me? No, it was your car that intoxicated me. I only laugh that another has been added to the long list of victims from my vamping looks and irresistible charms. I only laugh at your downfall for a beautiful girl.

To be perfectly frank with you, I do not think you have been exactly sane since the accident at the University of ———————— that you attended last year. I do hope that you will find some little girl out in the "sticks" of Chapel Hill who is ugly enough, ignorant enough, and fool enough to fall in love with crazy old ————————. For an Asheville school boy has created a strong passion for

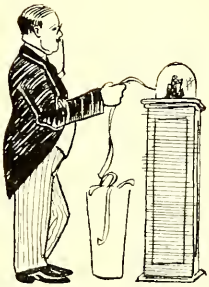
Baby Dot.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

CONSOLATION

Phi Beta Kappas,
Don't you cry:
You'll be professors,
Bye and bye!

1. Was the greatest track-man in his class.



2. Student councilman, "shipped" 18 for playing penny ante.

3. The above made president of ΦBK.

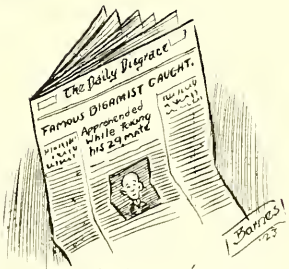
4. This "globe-trotter" stayed homesick during his entire college career.

5. Voted the most humorous man in his class.

6. In his student days, a light fog caused him to wear overshoes.

7. This "mudhen" wouldn't smoke cigarettes for fear he'd coin his hands.

8. This one was too timid to watch a tennis match.



9. This Lothario was a "woman-hater" until he graduated.

LIFE'S LITTLE ODDITIES

To Olive Oil

BY LONGFELTON

I

Oh, Olive Oil, I sing to you
Praises unsung, but long past due.
They kick you, they knock and abuse.
And yet they continue to use;
The professors make a big fuss.
While the students stand by and cuss.
But it's you the crowd employs—
Both the profs., the men and boys.
I'll be frank about your case,
And champion it, tho' not with grace.
The sturdy cow-lick, now subdued,
Stood long in manner very rude;
But was conquered when you came;
And bows before your mighty fame.
Hair which long withstood the brush
Fell before your headlong rush.
The wished-for part, so oft elusive,
Was possessed by the exclusive;
But can now be had by all
At a cost that's very small.

II

The locks that waved in manner gay
Just lie around in a modest way,
Each hair, that slowly tortured us,
And made us squirm and loudly cuss,
Now is forced to action meek;
It did not take you quite a week.
I hail you, conqueror sublime!
Your overthrow would be a crime!
You RAIN divinely o'er each head,
Be it chocolate brown or fiery red;
These colors you usually turn to good
As your user thought you would.
The whitish yellow darkens soon,
While brickish colors become maroon;
And maroon, we all admit,
Is bad, but still a better fit
Than some reds we've seen around
In a lesser olive-oiled town.
The muddy brown is changed, too,
Into a vastly pleasing hue;
The dirty black you make to shine
And glisten in a manner fine.

III

I hail you, artist, as well
As master of the hairs that fell;
Or magician—you're so quick
In making fighting hairs to stick.
Let them hypocritically knock you,
Your power is owned by few;
You've converted many a hick
With a simple, charming trick
Into a tea-hound, proud and gay,
Whom women love in every way.
The kicks you get ne'er have an end,
But you're slick enough, my friend,
To withstand these curses mean,
And outshine old Vaseline.
So, tho' I know I will be laughed at
For lauding you, whom others chaffed at,
I greatly praise you, Olive Oil,
While you labor, while you toil,
To overcome the wicked hair
And make your greasy user fair.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

WHY?

A young lawyer, trying his first case in the magistrate's court, was pleading for a dismissal of the case, due to the fact that the court summons did not specifically state the charge on which the defendant was being accused with. "But, if it pleases his Honor, the summons only says, 'On account.'"

His Honor—"I know that it only says 'on account,' young man, but I think that those words are sufficient."

Young Lawyer—"But, your Honor, on account of what?"

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Strophe

I love the snow, the storm, the sleet,
The waves, the winds that chill my feet,
Let them all advance, ha;
About my neck are ermine muffs,
My waistcoat fixed with hairy cuffs,
My doublet lined with knappy stuffs,
But damn the hole in my pants, ha.

Professor Flunkem: A Tragedy

My regard for Professor Flunkem is very warm indeed—so warm, in faet, that it eould almost be called hot. This professor teaches a course called Bugology 99. Last quarter I registered for the course, dropping it about the middle of the term on account of too much outside aetivity. And, as I remarked before, my personal regard for Professor Flunkem has since been of a very warm nature.

Last night I had a dream about Professor Flunkem. It was an awful dream. The professor and I were on a ship in mid-ocean. The ship was sinking. There was room for one more on the life-boat. We both dashed for it. Professor Flunkem made a "six" on that course, and we pulled off from the doomed ship, leaving the poor man to his horrible fate. He shrieked, yelled, and bellowed like a soul in torment, but we were powerless to give him aid.

The worst of the dream is still to be told. We stood off to watch the ship disappear beneath the waves. It was listing heavily to starboard. The professor, left alone on the vessel, grew more and more frantie as he saw the water greedily reaching out to devour him. Through the captain's glasses I watched his frenzied antics. The fear of death was making a madman out of him. The speetacle almost moved me to tears.

But the remainder of the story is more horrible than what has gone before. An unusually heavy wave overwhelmed the doomed vessel. Down it plunged into the dark depths of the angry, churning sea. The professor did not go down with it. A more horrible fate was reserved for him. He caught on a piece of wreckage and remained on the surface, dashed about at the merey of the waves. We rowed baek to the scene of the tragedy to watch the finish. For fear the drowning man might try to crawl on board our boat, I stood at the stern with an oar upraised, with orders to brain him if he showed the remotest intention of committing such an unpardonable indiscretion.

The real horror of the story is yet to be related. For six hours, in weather so eold that the crests of the waves froze and toppled over in big hunks of ice, we watched the struggles of the doomed man and listened to his pietous pleas. A terrible looking shark eame up, and began to make a meal off poor Professor Flunkem. He was a very fastidious old shark, for all of his evil looks, and only took a tiny nibble here and there in various parts of the professor's anatomy. At that, he was making pretty good progress, and within another hour we would surely have seen the last of our wretched shipmate, but—

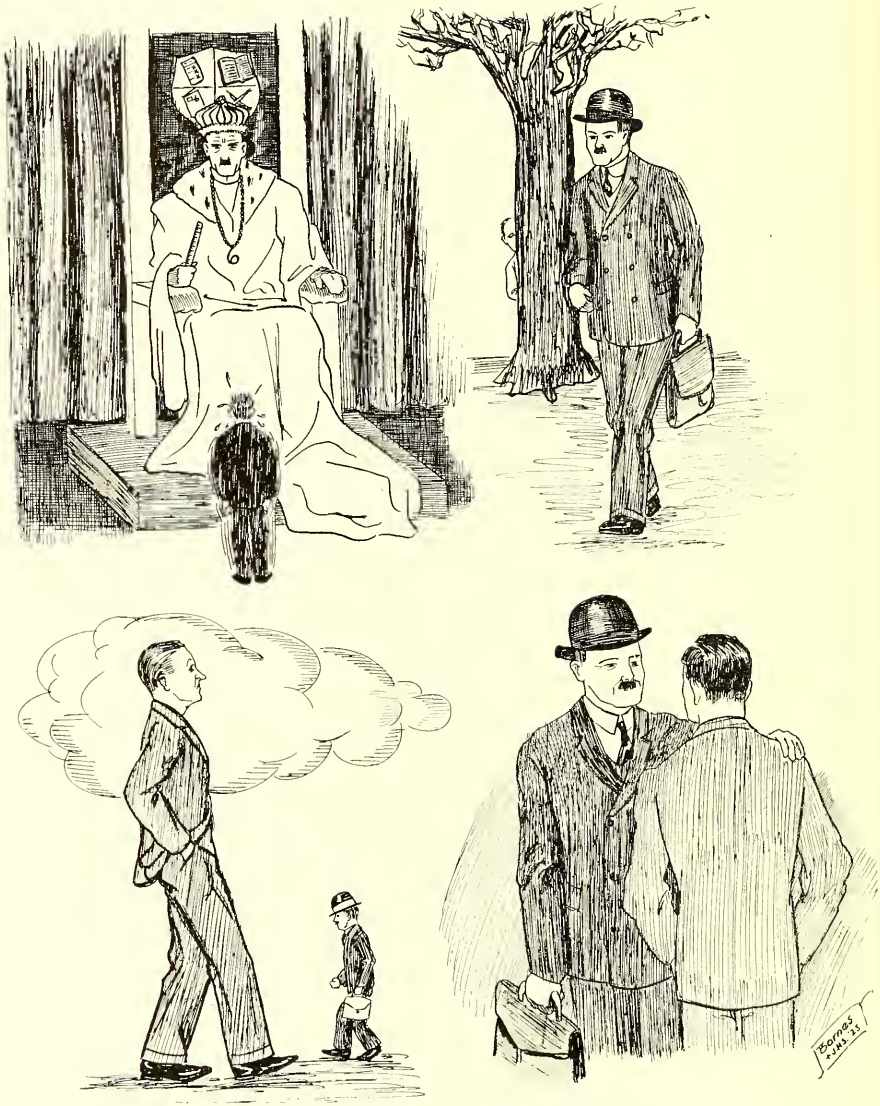
The most horrible horror of the whole nightmare must now be told. Where shall I find words of such ghastly terror as to express the uncanny awfulness of what followed. I WOKE UP!

Pre-fur-ed Stock

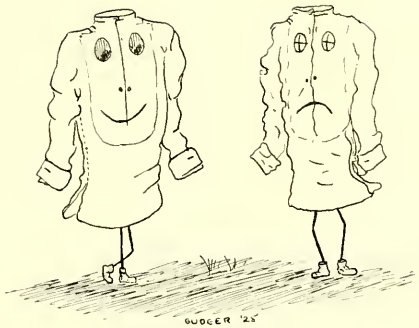
⁂ ⁂ ⁂

"Well, Patrick," asked the doctor, "how do you do today?"

Oh, dear doctor, I enjoy very bad health, entirely. This rheumatist is very distressing indade. Whin I go to sleep I lay awake all night, and my toe is swelled as big as a goose's hen-egg, so when I stand up I fall down directly.



THE RISE AND FALL OF THE FACULTY



Said the First Shirt to the Second Shirt: "Have you had your iron today?"

L'Enjoy

Apologies to WOODYARD KINDLING

When the doctor's droning ceases
And the bell rings out the hour,
When the nodding students are wakened
And escape the professor's power.
We shall rest, and faith, we shall need it—
Loaf around for an hour or two,
Till the time for the movies approaches,
And we can bid study adieu.

And those who have "boots" shall be lucky:
They shall sit in an easy chair;
And those who have "puds" shall garner
A grade that is passing fair.
They shall find real fun at the movies—
Peanuts, and music at call;
They can waste three hours at a sitting
And never grow tired at all.

And only our sweethearts shall praise us.
And only our daddies shall blame;
For no one need work for professors.
And no one will study for fame;
But each for the joy of the loafing,
And each for his favorite "star,"
Shall pay his two-bits at the movies,
And let his books stay where they are.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Eternal Wish

Oh, winds a-blowing all day long,
Oh, winds that sing so loud a song;
Please do one dainty whirl
About the feet of yonder girl.

Seen and Overheard

(Continued from page 12.)

means I do play. (Pause while he counts on his fingers.) Well, I am sorry to take the whole pile, but I will have to do it, for it came out on credit. I hit the pot, 'Spence,' old dear."

Prof. Spencer—"Put the long green and other accessories out in front of you and then you will get a card."

Prof. Kester—"Well, I haven't got that much, but here's an I. O. U., secured by my adding machine, in my laboratory room."

Prof. Spencer—"All set; here goes. You get the ace of diamonds. Shove it in old C. P. A."

(Prof. Kester jumps up, grabs his lid and flees in the same manner that he entered.)

(Prof. Spencer calmly looks the situation over and decides to hit the pot. He draws the nine of clubs—a winning card—and gathers in the harvest.)

Prof. Seager—"Oh, luck, why art thou always a sting. (Voice quivers.) And don't you ever entice me into this sort of business again. It has just about as much principle behind it as my commerce school."

(Then they sneak out the back way.)

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

"It's a grate life," the coal remarked when the kindling was lighted.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

"On the bridge at midnight," hummed the night-flying mosquito as he lit on the false teeth.

—*Banter.*

1st Instructor: "Mother-in-law just drank five quarts and passed out."
2nd Instructor: "Don't take it so hard."
1st Instructor: "But it was my liquor."

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

DISILLUSION

Her hair
Was bobbed,
And soft
And curly;
I loved her.

One day
It rained,
And we
Got caught
In the wet.

Ye gods!
What did
I ever see
In her! —S. M.

THE REASON WHY

Apologies to Kipling's "Danny Deever"

"What is the big bell ringing for?"
Said the freshman in the morn.
"To get you up, to get you up,"
Replied the soph. in scorn.
"Why does that stude run by so fast?"
The verdant freshman said.
"To catch a class, to catch a glass,"
Said the sophomore from his bed.
"For the Profs. are starting the day's grind,
You can hear the rolls called out,
And a thousand sleepy boobs
Are wondering what it's all about,
And when they're asked a question
You can hear their silence shout,
'O, we aren't prepared this morning.'"

"What is that creature, divinely fair,
That comes across the campus?"
"That is a lovely co-ed.,
Who has come to vamp us."
"Why do all the boys look down,
As they pass her royal highness?"
"I will not say, I will not say,
But it's not because of shyness."
"Oh, the students love the co-ed.,
I love one, too, you see;
I had a date with her last night
Beneath a poplar tree.
We had a glorious time,
Until the hour of three,
And I feel like h—ll this morning."

"What makes that Johnny look so blue?"
The curious freshman said.
"He flunked a quiz, he flunked a quiz,
On French he neer read."
"That other fellow looks so gay,
Tell me why it's so."
"I'll tell you why, I'll tell you why,
If you really wish to know.
He drank some Orange County corn
And grew enthusiastic;
He shaved and shore a freshman's head
In a manner quite fantastic.
The Student Council called him up
And acted rather drastic.
He's leaving school this morning."

—*Spencer Murphy.*

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Pontius to Laertes

"When you're before the chaperone,
Be sure, my son, don't pull "a bone."
When before the particular you are,
Don't say "don't," 'tis a faux pas.
When called before her majesty,
Scion of a noble line, prove ye;
When kissing her hand, tho' I know thou art young,
Don't, don't, above all, permit a slip of the tongue!"

The Figures Tell the Story

OVER 100 PER CENT INCREASE IN 5 YEARS

	1917	1922	Increase Per Cent
Income, Life Dept.	$ 820,285.02	$ 1,901,868.85	132
Payments to Policyholders	178,806.00	576,750.21	222
Payments to Policyholders since organization	933,314.60	3,052,111.77	227
Assets	2,696,215.13	6,346,106.27	135
Legal Reserve	1,778,717.00	4,609,539.57	160
Surplus, including Dividend Fund and Capital	740,953.22	1,517,035.53	105
Total Insurance in Force	22,195,563.00	49,148,419.00	122

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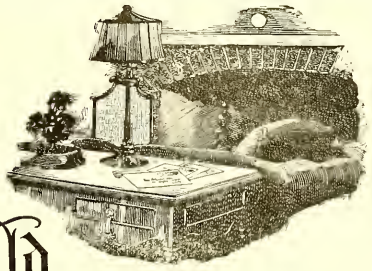

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2. The Faculty.
3. The Student Body and its democratic standards.

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The Faculty numbers 115 of the country's best scholars.

Speaking of the student body of the University, Mr. Sherwood Eddy, of Yale University, who has spent the major portion of his life studying in four continents, said, that with one exception, it was the most seriously thoughtful and democratic group of students he had ever known.

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The Secretary

The University of North Carolina

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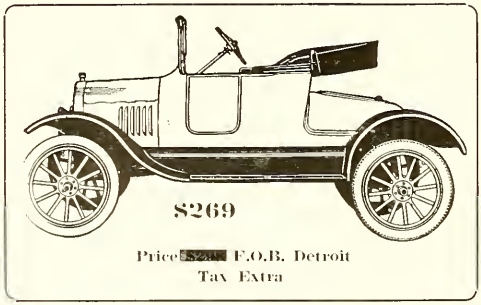
GOODYEAR AND KELLY TIRES



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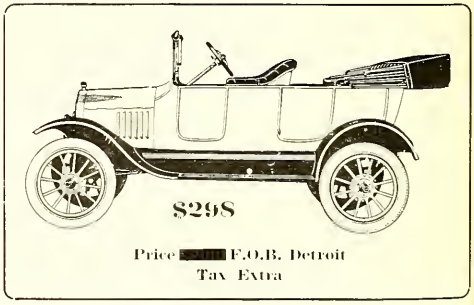

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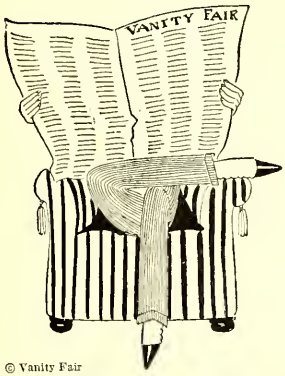

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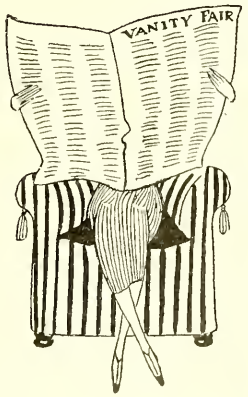

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Has the Jefferson Standard written more insurance in North Carolina than any other Company for each of the past several years?

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"BLUE RIBBON BRAND"

Beats Them All

FANCY ICES

ICE CREAM in all Flavors and Shapes

First Lawyer—And did his speech carry conviction?

Second Lawyer—It did. His client got five years. —*Tiger.*

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

There was a young fellow from Ga,
Who was taken to court as a fa.
The judge gave him ten
In the Leavenworth pen,
"Where," he said, "they will lodge you and ba."
—*Lemon Punch.*

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Since sitting in a certain large lecture course, we almost know how the Philistine felt when he was killed by the jawbone of an ass.
—*Jack-o'-Lantern.*

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

The national anthem of Sweden is not "Oh, Say Can You Ski?" despite reports to the contrary. —*Widow.*

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

First Traveling Salesman—I hear you're a salt seller. So am I.

Second Traveling Salesman—Shake!
—*Punch Bowl.*

Rover
EXCLUSIVE MEN'S WEAR

Unusual Toggery for College Men

Domestic and Imported Sports Clothes

MAIL ORDERS SOLICITED

)YES - - - - - Asheville, N. C.

WHAT IS WRONG WITH THIS SENTENCE?

"Parlez-vous Francais?"
"Ja, ich spreche es." —*Widow.*

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Alice—What are you going to do with your alimony?

Virginia—I think I will put it into liberty bonds. —*Life.*

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Paw—I see here where it says that men will wear clothes to match their hair.

Son—Gosh, dad, what will bald-headed men do? —*Whirlwind.*

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Rejected Suitor—Maebelle, you're stubborn, contrary and bull-headed!

Maebelle—Who d'ye think you are—Congress? —*Judge.*

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Leased at Last

Real Estator—That is my last home.
Victim—Is it taken?
Real Estator—No. It's last but not leased. —*Sour Okl.*

Fifteen Years and No Kick Yet

You Had Better Be Safe Than Sorry and

Let KELLY Have It

We have the Most Up-to-Date Dry Cleaning Establishment in the State

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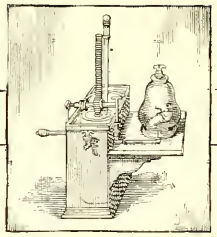

AIR — PUMP

The *"PRACTICAL"* Alchemist *and* *"THEORETICAL"* Robert Boyle

THE alchemists wrote vaguely of "fluids" and "principles." Copper was potentially silver. Rid it of its red color and the "principle" of silver would assert itself, so that silver would remain. With a certain amount of philosopher's stone (itself a mysterious "principle") a base metal could be converted into a quantity of gold a million times as great.

This all sounded so "practical" that Kings listened credulously, but the only tangible result was that they were enriched with much bogus gold.

Scientific theorists like Robert Boyle (1627-1691) proved more "practical" by testing matter, discovering its composition and then drawing scientific conclusions that could thereafter be usefully and honestly applied. Alchemists conjectured and died; he experimented and lived.

Using the air pump Boyle undertook a "theoretical" but scientific experimental study of the atmosphere and discovered that it had a "spring" in it, or in other words that it could expand. He also established the connection between the boiling point of water and atmospheric pressure, a very "theoretical" discovery in his day but one which every steam engineer now applies.

He was the first to use the term "analysis" in the modern chemical sense, the first to define an element as a body which cannot be subdivided and from which compounds can be reconstituted.

Boyle's work has not ended. Today in the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company it is being continued. Much light has there been shed on the chemical reactions that occur in a vessel in which a nearly perfect vacuum has been produced. One practical result of this work is the vacuum tube which plays an essential part in radio work and roentgenology.

General Electric

General Office Company *Schenectady, N.Y.*

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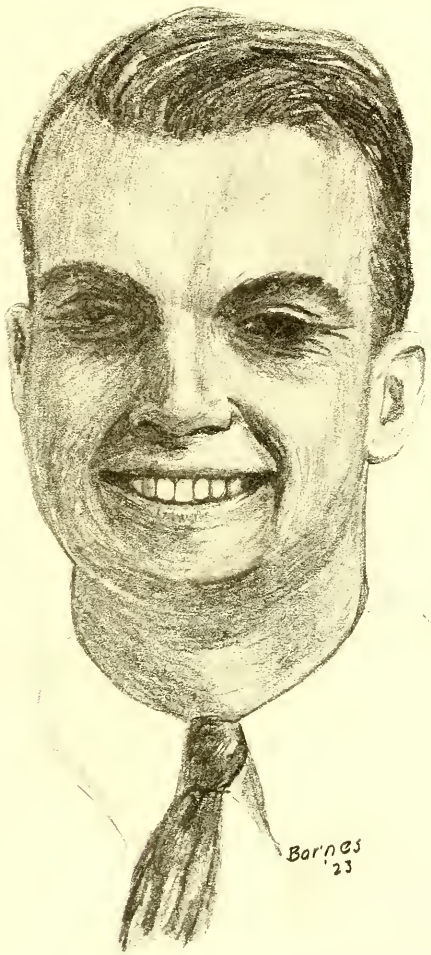
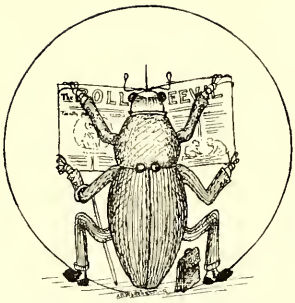


To You, Jesse Sweetser, We Doff Our Kelly

Trench Habits

BOLL WEEVIL



THE OFFICIAL STUDENT HUMOROUS MAGAZINE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA

2,000 in the student body.
53 play golf.
But 1,117 wear the outfit.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Lines to a Lipstick

Oh, rosy stick of crimson,
How practical you are;
You keep my lips from chapping,
When riding in the car.
You make my lips commanding
Onlookers from the street,
While tipping caps and Stetsons
Smile, as me they greet.

How would I do without you,
You dainty stick of red?
I need you every hour,
When all is done and said.
But still you're inconvenient
When sitting at a meal;
My mouth is rendered clumsy,
And it has a sticky feel.

So, farewell, sticky lipstick;
I'll have no more of you.
With you I'm done forevermore—
Even tho' my lips turn blue.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Wonder why they don't arrest the storms for brewing?

DIDN'T MISS!

Kiss a miss;
And while she's kissed
Another's kissed,
Till there are misses and misses kissed;
For love's abysses
Are bridged with kisses.
And life's amiss
Without a kiss!

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Two ladies were recently riding on a train, one of them around fifty and the other around thirty.

"Speaking of operations," said the elder of the two, "have you ever undergone a major operation?"

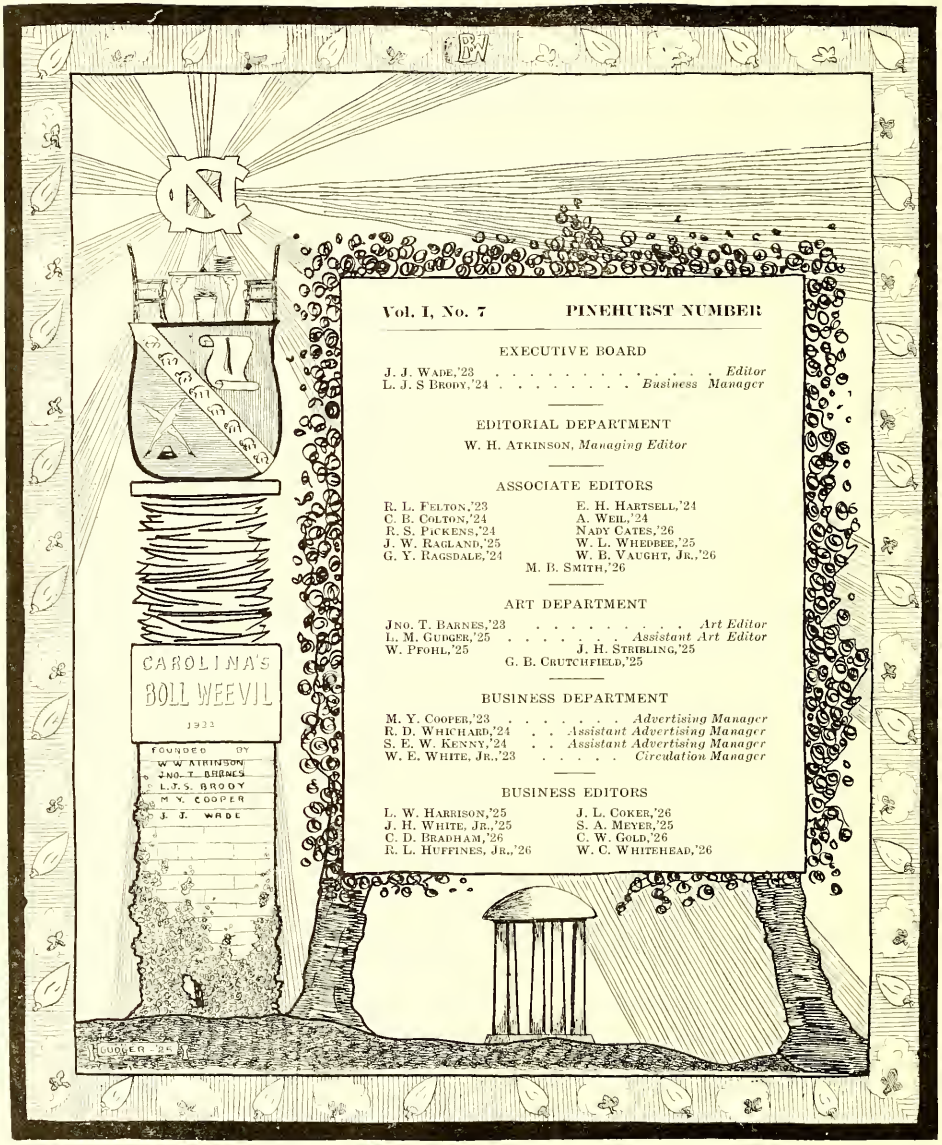
"No, I haven't."

"Oh, my dear! You can't imagine the excrutiating pain one suffers as a consequence of the other. It is one of the most painful things in the world."

An Irish drayman across the aisle asked: "Have you ever had a mule to kick you in the stomach?"

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

"That was the hardest blow of all," said Little Boy Blue, as he blew his nose.



Vol. I, No. 7 **PINEHURST NUMBER**

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Published nine times during the College year by students of the University of North Carolina.
BOLL WEEVIL offices: New West Building, Chapel Hill, N. C.
Entered as second class matter, October 9, 1922, at Chapel Hill Postoffice. Act of October 3, 1917.

PINEHURST

To Pinehurst, one of the most famous and one of the most beautiful playgrounds of the South. To the visitors who come to this fine North Carolina resort from all sections of the country. To the sports that are the heart of Pinehurst's reputation, that are the reason for Pinehurst—to Golf, that game which has come to be the favorite pastime of America's business man. And to the Pinehurst courses, the beautiful, rolling land, the grass, the sporty bunkers and traps, the splendid greens.

This Boll Weevil to Pinehurst!

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

AN OPPORTUNITY

There is talk of a Publications Union being formed at Carolina, but as this number of the Boll Weevil goes to press no definite plans have been announced, and just what the Publications Union will be has not become known. Boll Weevil, therefore, is not in a position to say just what will be its attitude and what it will do in case such an organization is formed.

If Boll Weevil does not enter into any organization of this kind, the elections for the editor-in-chief of Carolina's College Comic will come off this spring during the annual campus elections. The present editors and business managers are very anxious to see the students on the campus co-operate and become interested in the magazine and make it the real student publication it is endeavoring to be. It is in order, therefore, for some talk to be passing around as to who is going to be elected editor of the comic for next year, and the political gangs should not pass up this office, with its many fine possibilities, when deciding upon their spring ticket.

We have done our best with the Boll Weevil this year. And now Boll Weevil is on its feet, has become recognized as a very clever comic magazine, and the men who will take hold next year will have a chance to see that it grows and increases its good reputation. Here, we believe, is a fine opportunity for somebody with talent, time, and ambition. So, politicians, get your candidates lined up.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

A NOTABLE RECOGNITION

Boll Weevil feels complimented over its recognition by the College Humor magazine, a quarterly publication presenting a symposium of the best jokes collected from the various college comics of the country. The current issue of this magazine contains fifteen or more pieces clipped from Boll Weevil, and reproduces one of our cartoons.

To be so recognized in the first year of publication is indeed gratifying. Jokes from Boll Weevil have appeared in the exchange sections of some of the best comic magazines in the country, including some of the national humorous magazines, while some have also been used in humorous movie news reels.

It is a tribute not only to Boll Weevil, but to Carolina. If Carolina men will contribute freely to Boll Weevil it will truly, in time, become the honest-to-goodness clever magazine that it is striving to be.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

SEVEN NEW MEN ADDED TO STAFF AS BUSINESS EDITORS

The business competition, which began January 28th, was successfully closed March 1st. There were seven new members added to the staff as Business Editors. They are: C. D. Bradham, J. L. Coker, C. W. Gold, Jr., R. L. Huffines, Jr., S. A. Meyer, J. H. White, Jr., and W. C. Whitehead.

J. W. Ragland has been appointed to the editorial staff.

The following men were appointed to the art staff: J. Stribling and G. B. Crutchfield.

R. D. Whichard has been appointed Assistant Advertising Manager.

L. M. Gudger has been made Assistant Art Editor.

S. E. W. Kenney has been appointed Assistant Advertising Manager.

Net Profit

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

THE ORIGINAL BOLL WEEVIL

A Northern guest at Pinehurst was taking a walk, and he happened upon an old negro, who was beating down dried cotton stalks with a large stick. "Uncle, what did the boll weevil do for you this past year?" he inquired.

The old darky looked up and saw that the speaker was "one o' dem Nawthern folks," and he answered him in this manner:

"Lawd, Boss, de was de wust here dat de has ever been. Why one night I was awoke fom my res' by such a noise dat I ain't never heared de lack of befo'. I takes my lantern and goes out in dat patch over dere, and what do you 'spose I foun?"

"I have no idea, Uncle. What was it?" the Northerner replied.

"Gawd, Cap, de old pappy boll weevil had a big stick beating all de little boll weevils 'cause de wouldn't take two rows at de time."

It Does

Don't it peeve you—
To start out in
A foursome and
Play the best you've
Ever played on
The first fifteen
Holes, and then
Strut up on
The sixteenth
Tee to wham
The ball, and
Then you *do*
Wham it for a
Record drive, and
Feel sure that you're
The best that
Ever struck the
Course, but
When you go to
Approach with your
Brand new patented
Mashie, your pro.
Sold you, it slips
In your fingers and
You miss the ball entirely, or
You hit the turf and break
The damn club; I say,
DON'T IT PEEVE YOU?

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

PLOWING?

Helen—You look as if you'd had a harrowing experience?

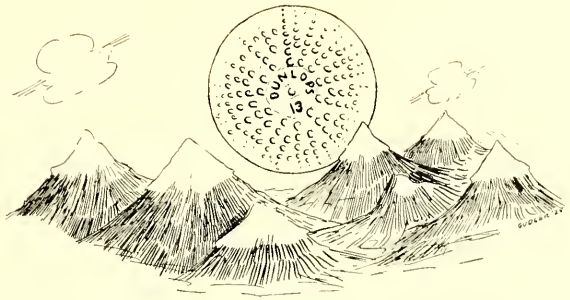
Gertrude—Yes, Jack's been over trying to cultivate my affection.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

There was a young man from Havana,
Who could rip the keys off a piano;
One night he got shot
By a gay Cuban sot;
Now he jazzes no more in Havana.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Nobody's satisfied with their Yackety-Yack pictures—that just goes to show how conceited some people are.



Sunrise in the Alps, as Seen by Chick Evans

An Auto Biography

I was born in Detroit, Michigan—
No matter when, for, as they say,
One is born every minute.
My sisters and brothers are all girls—
At least they name us all Lizzie.
We are all twins; I mean, we look alike.
I was early baptized, or sprinkled,
With a lot of stinking, black cosmetics.
I soon became an orphan, for father Henry
Got rid of me for a little of nothing
To a fat old farmer. I gassed around
With him everywhere, seldom kicking,
Tho' there's a lot of metal in my disposition.
I soon developed wheezes, distemper,
And knocked around so much
That he gave me to a college boy
In part payment on a book he bought.
The influence of college life has
Broadened my ambitions. I attend all games,
Stay out late at night (always chaperoned),
Occasionally get the alcoholic blues,
And go through places that would shock
My great-grand-mother. Loving couples
Take the back seat when I'm around.
John Henry, your Elizabeth is a good girl,
But she has a rattling good time.

Tin-aciously yours,

LIZZIE.

A professor recently made the remark that he had some pretty hard nuts to crack on his class. All he needed was a ruler.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

PHRASES WHICH HAVE STOOD THE TEST OF TIME

I held one hundred aces.
Have you antied?
He's got a sneak in diamonds.
Bet you a ticket to the Pick.
Odd mann wins.
I'll call you.
Raise you ten.
I bid four; no trumps.
He's crapped.
I'm holding trip aces.
They rolled box-cars.
We cheek.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

'25—What is the only thing a Freshman can hug at Carolina?
'26—Dun-no. What is it?
'25—A radiator.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Rah! rah!
Bing! bing!
Whoo-pee!
Sing Sing.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

I have resigned from the Dubbitt Golf Club.

It has one of the best links in the country, and I have no other one to play on; yet I have resigned.

Jones, Brown, Smith, and I were starting a foursome when I noticed a young and rather good-looking woman standing near the tee with a driver in her hand.

"Go on through us," I told her politely. "Single players have the right of way, you know."

"But—I've been married a month," she giggled. Jones, Brown, and Smith thought it was fine.

As I prepared to drive off, I noticed Sandy MacHoots, our pro., standing nearby. I resolved to humor him, and took a practice swing.

"What's the matter with my stance, Sandy?" I asked him. "Do I stand too close to the ball?"

"Only after you've swung," he said. Jones, Brown, and Smith guffawed.

I have resigned from the Dubbitt Golf Club.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

IF—

Kissing a miss
Is
Kissing amiss—
Are there
Any more blisses
In kissing a Mrs!

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

STUDENTS' LAUNDRY LIST

1 pair socks.
1 shirt with collar attached.
1 suit B. V. D.'s.

A REGULAR FIEND

Ted—I suppose you're fond of golf?

Ned—Yes (fingering his watch chain). You see, I carry the links around with me.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

A Broadway Drama

ACT I

Striking *Anna Christie*
Is a vampire, alias *The Bat:*
And just here *Bulldog Drummond*
Invades *The Circle's* chat.
They're *The Intimate Strangers,*
But they *Get Together* soon;
Then it's a *Six Cylinder Love*
On *The Varying Shore,* by moon.
To *her* as *The Dream Maker*
The Mountain Man appealed:
To *him* she is *The White Peacock,*
Of the *Lilies of the Field.*

ACT II

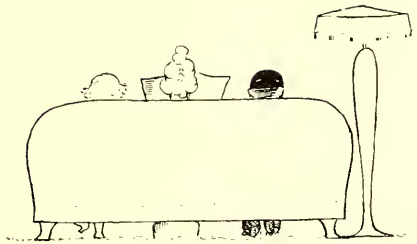
At *The Idle Inn—Just Married—*
The First Year plans are laid.
Captain Applejack's their butler,
And sweet *Dulcy* is their maid.
Her Kiki, The Blue Kitten,
And *Bombo,* one of *his* collies,
Become engaged, while they're away
At the *Greenwich Village Follies.*
There is no *Danger, Thank You—*
Just a feline-canine scrap.

ACT III

But *The Married Woman* angry gets,
And sets a cunning trap;
Though from *Dulcy* stolen kisses
May not *Lawful Larceny* be,
And *He Who Gets Slapped* be her hubby,
There's *A Bill of Divorcement* plea.
By *Blossom Time,* she discovers
That anger is a treacherous tool:
For *Captain Applejack* was the burglar,
And she was *The Perfect Fool!*

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

"The mills of the profs. grind slowly, but they grind exceedingly fine." Doggone you, Shakespeare, anyway!



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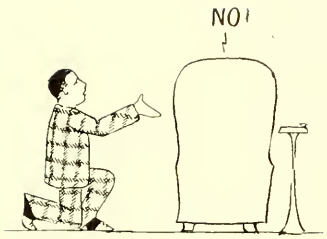

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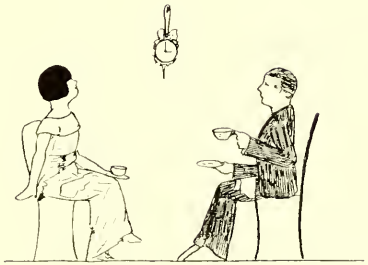


~ TEED UP ~

~ THE EIGHTEENTH HOLE ~

~ THE FAIRWAY ~

GOLF TERMS

Considerable Inconsiderateness

A Carolina Jolk-Play

(A tragic tragedy, representing the cruelty of present-day society.)

CHARACTERS

LACRIMA—An old cow.

GAWLF BALLE—The sufferer.

(Also a caddy and his mighty lord.)

THE SCENE

A part of the golf links of the Bumpkin Country Club. Ground is smooth and grassy, but only one tall tuft of grass is seen. Gawlf Balle is seen sailing thru the air.

GAWLF BALLE—

Ah! now I'll 'scape the bloody villain.
Long have I been knocked about;
I'll hide behind this tuft of grass
And leave the golfer much in doubt.

(The ball lands and rolls stealthily under the friendly weed.)

GAWLF BALLE—

I am crafty. I am sly,
He'll not find me, I declare;
'Tis a cosy nook I spy,
There I'll roll myself, I swear.
I've been bruised and I've been knocked
By that club which over me
Ne'er shall hover, since I've found
This winsome, pleasant lee.

(Lacrima enters, having strayed from a nearby pasture, which she has undressed. She spies the nourishing weed under which G. B. lies hidden.)

LACRIMA—

Now will I appease my hunger,
You, oh grass, I've hunted long;
You shall sing unto my liver
A very much digested song.

(G. B. overhears the cow's soliloquy and peeps between the blades.)

GAWLF BALLE—

Noble cow, from pasture lands
I know not where, but here—
Touch thou not my gentle guardian
Lest I shed a rubber tear.
I have just escaped a golf-hound,
Who is now upon my trail;
If you eat I will be found-ed
By this exercising male.

LACRIMA—

Ah! you rounded, rubber devil,
You would spite my crying lip,
You would have me now go hungry,
And refuse to take a nip;
I love you not! Why tell me
That this food I must lay off?
I heed not commands from your mouth,
And suggestions I will scoff.

GAWLF BALLE—

But, Lacrima, this I tell you:
Cruelty I've had of late;
By a caddy I am searched for,
He, a caddy filled with hate.
If you eat I'll then be found,
And a cruel blow I'll get;
You can find more tempting weeds
Further down the road, I'll bet.

(G. B. begins to water the plant with tears.)

GAWLF BALLE—

Oh! my dear, my dear Lacrima,
Pity me, I beg, I pray;
Leave this morsel yet to stand,
Go back home and eat the hay!

(Lacrima begins to pity Gawlf Balle and tears flow over her honest nose.)

LACRIMA—

I am hungry, tiny Gawlf Balle,
But I'll eat not for your sake;
This green mouthful greatly tempts me,
But of it I'll not partake.

GAWLF BALLE—

Oh! I thank you, noble creature,
Maybe I can you repay
When the golf balls 'gainst the golfers
Have revolt on some fine day.

(Hunger hunches Lacrima under the ribs.)

LACRIMA—

I've not as yet o'ercome my hunger,
I soon may eat this tuft of grass;
I hate to do it, little stranger,
But 'tis too good to pass.

GAWLF BALLE—

Hush, hush, here comes my master,
Sweat on brow and club in hand;
Take appetite on down the highway,
This of you I now demand.

(But hunger has overcome sympathy, so Lacrima munches the grass btween sobs.)

(Enter angry golfer.)

GAWLF BALLE—

Now, Lacrima, you have caused me
Pain which I can hardly bear;
You have ta'en away my shelter
Which I think is hardly fair.

GOLF PLAYER—

Here's that damn ball!

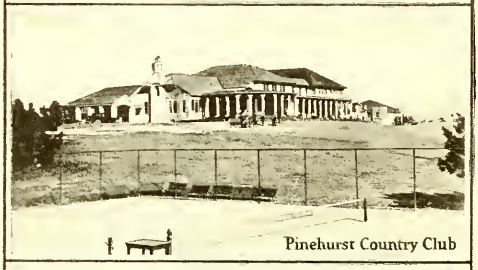
CADDY—

Oh, yes, I thought it was there.

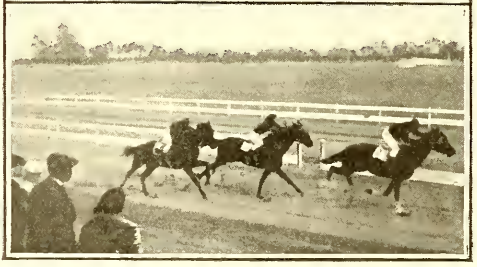
(Lacrima screams and Gawlf Balle faints as the curtain falls.)

(THE END.)

Carolina Hotel



Pinehurst Country Club



Pin

NORTH

The World

¶People come from every corner of America, even from the other side of the globe, to enjoy mild sunshine, good-fellowship and true sport Pinehurst—in North Carolina.

¶They all gather here—young and old, char and dubs, amateurs and professionals, and fairly good players in every field of sport. Th who can't come only wish they could, because Pinehurst one gets real joy out of, and puts health into, life.

¶And this widely famed place that people d their work for and are glad to travel thousa of miles to visit, is, as it were,

Right at Your Own Doorstep

¶Why not go? Take out the car and put in so gas. Drive over for a week-end, or a full we of healthful sport and happy times.

¶The men and women at college, too, can spen wonderful spring vacation here.

¶Events of world-wide interest are in full sw right now—and will be until May. Champions contests in every field of sport are bringing cha pions together.

¶Four 18-hole golf courses, tennis, trap shooti rifle range, horseback riding, racing, drivi motoring.

Make advance reservations no

GENERAL OFFICE - - - -

urst

ROLINA

f True Sport

sic, Dancing, Games and Picnics

Hotels—Carolina, Holly Inn and Berkshire—
perfect comfort and homelike hospitality.

Hotel Rates Are Reasonable

ormal evenings of ease and good-fellowship
iably follow the days of true sport.

APRIL EVENTS

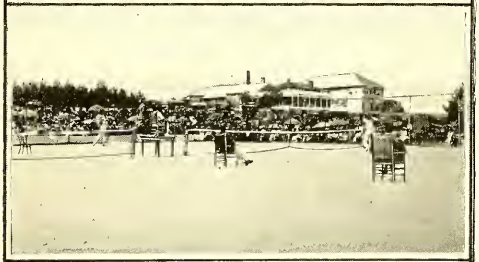
Tournaments—April 2d to 7th, April 10th to 14th.
s Tournaments—April 9th to 14th.
icap Target Tournament—April 3d, 10th, 24th-26th.
—April 11th and 25th.
Tournament—April 16th to 21st.
Show—April 3d and 4th.
Show—April 9th and 10th.

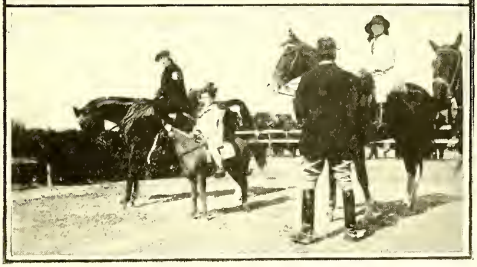
full information, addressing

- - - - PINEHURST, N. C.

Holly Inn

Berkshire Hotel





Exit Winter

The rainy snow of winter
Is melting in the sun,
And all the rills in Chapel Hill
Have started out to run.
The soggy, muddy, sloppy clay
Is slushy as can be,
And why they don't lay pavements down,
Is more than I can see.

I've got my hip-boots out again,
To keep my tootsies dry;
Still when I take a good long step,
The mud begins to fly.
Won't I be glad when springtime comes—
I'll be devoid of pain;
I've had my fill of colds and chills;
Good-bye to snow and rain.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Jim—I heard you talking in your sleep about something "sweet and Irish."

Bill—Oh, yes; I dreamed I was selling potatoes.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

PARADISE

"What kind of golf do you like best, Uncle Eben?"

"African, boss, African."

Pinehurst—the golfer's highest ambish.

Ballad of a Dub

I stepped with pride out on the tee
To show my pro.'s, self-styled champeens,
For whom I dig down in my jeans,
To pay them for instructing me,
In swinging right and taking stances,
That help me to hit the ball
Far o'er the fairway, beating all
Who would with me once try their chances.
I step with pride out on the tee,
And carefully fix my ball just right,
So I can wham it out of sight;
And then with ease hole out in three.
They gather 'round me, one and all,
As I select with care my club.
They've laughed at me—called ME a dub!
I'll show 'em how to swat the ball.
My nice new knickers, of green plaid,
Gasps of awe and comment get;
They make me look just like Ouimet,
Or Bobby Jones, who's not half bad.
I take a practice swing or two,
And tell my caddy to move on.
Another hundred yards he's gone:
A record drive is what I'll do.
The crowd around me waits so still,
As I walk up towards the ball,
And there before the sight of all
Prepare to swat the bloomin' pill.
A Sarazen-Chick Evans twist
I execute, as I draw back
To give the ball a clear-cut smack;
And knock it plumb to— Hell, I missed!

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

QUICK WORK

Big Negro—Look here, Sambo, what would you do if you wuz to git a letter from dat Ku Klux Klan?

Little Negro—Boy, I'd read dat note on de train.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

No, Uncle Eben, you don't drink tee.

Contemplations

I

How I long for a golf-ball,
And thirst for a drink.
To send me a-swaying
All over the links.

II

The wild geese are flying,
But here I must stay
To comfort the kiddies,
While wifey's away.

III

But at Easter I'll wander,
And golf at my will,
And putt down at Pinehurst,
And drive to my fill.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

OR NIBLICK

Caddy—Have you got your brassie?
Ethel—Oh, you evil-minded thing!

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

To the Faculty

Some of you, we all but adore;
Some of you seem quite a bore;
Some of you we would like to implore,
Not to give work forevermore.

Some of you dress so neatly;
Some of you talk so sweetly;
Some of you act so discreetly;
That you fool us all completely.

We admire your tutelage,
And your books our time engage,
But do not think, even tho' you're aged,
That all of us have reached the stage
When we'll live in a bookish hermitage.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

I APOLOGIZE, BILL

The ghost of Hamlet, King of Golfers, appears to Horatio and Marcellus, the former an aspirant to the orphan title, "Thou art a golfer; speak to it, Horatio."

She: "Don't you think Joseph will make his mark?"
He: "Very probable, with the present rate of exchange."

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

The Painter's Despair

He would have prisoned by a touch
The sparkle of your eye;
He would have poised his flaming brush
Those ruby lips to try;

He would have caught the dainty curve
Upon your freckled nose,
Which, wooed by dimpled cheek and chin,
Would not consent to pose.

And he was baffled yet again
By shadows in your hair;
Beneath its folds two dainty pearls—
He gave up in despair.

Though beauty, like the dying sun,
On canvas ne'er can be,
The image of your loveliness
Can never die in me!

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Eve knew better than to try tempting Adam with anything she had cooked.

A Game of Golf with "Life's" More Famous Cartoonists

By L. M. GUDGER

W. A. T.—With apologies to.

REAL SALESMANSHIP

Hesitant Flapper—Aren't these hose a bit flashy?

Keen Salesman—Yes, miss; indeed they are, and the papers forecast strong winds for the next few days.

Hesitant Flapper—I'll take them.

COURTROOM LOGIC

A young foreigner, when placed on trial for the murder of his mother and father, pleaded for mercy on the ground that he was an orphan.

⁂

"Here's where I make a hard drive," said the carpenter, as he hit the nail on the head.

Lost, Strayed, or Stolen

Hear the doleful dirge of the fair Flossie Lou,
Who vanished away, without leaving a clue—
Not even a note on her dresser-top pinned;
Not a hint of her possibly tragical end.
We sought for her high; we sought for her low;
And we filled earth and sky with the noise of our woe—
Oh, the fair Flossie Lou! The fair Flossie Lou!

Oh, who has seduced my fair Flossie Lou,
With her limpid eyes and her golden hair, too,
With her rose-petal cheeks and her fairy-like smile,
And her form that didn't depend on the style
Of the dress that she wore for its beauty and grace,
But was naturally lovely—and so was her face—
Oh, my fair Flossie Lou! My fair Flossie Lou!

The villain who carried away Flossie Lou
Left in her stead a changeling, who
Has many points in common with her,
But none of her beauty, I firmly aver;
And although she bears the name aforesaid,
I wish—Oh, my God!—I wish she were dead—
This false Flossie Lou! My wife, Flossie Lou!

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

The height of timidity has recently been acquired by the modest Math. professor, who blushes when speaking of the adjacent leg—and positively refuses to do improper fractions.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

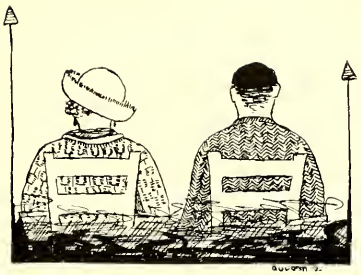
DRY?

Whatever else may happen,
Now that the country's dry,
The sailor still will have his port,
And the farmers keep their rye;
The cotton still has got its gin,
The seacoast has its bar,
And each of us will have a bier
No matter where we are.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Little Boy: "Mother, why are all those cars parked along the road so late at night?"

Mother (hurriedly): "They probably have not enough gas to see their way in.



No, Adeline, a Russian barber shop is not where you get a quick shave.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Caddy Tips

1. Correct your player's stance so that he will believe you to be wide-awake.

2. If he makes the second hole in eight, tell him most folks do it in ten.

3. Talk while he is taking his stroke; you want to encourage him as much as possible.

4. By all means make your player think he's the very best on the course.

5. Keep your eye on the ball, to avoid argument.

6. Offer advice at all times; it is always suggestive.

7. Never remind your player of a point he forgot to count; it happens in the best of families.

8. When your player is driving off stand close by, as it may be necessary to re-tee for him.

9. Always praise a poor shot—remembering it might have been worse.

10. Do not touch your player's ball, if you are alone with it, unless it's in a bad place.

11. Be patient and remember you're caddying for an amateur.

12. Never show too much knowledge of the game; it isn't good tact.

13. Always carry a rule-book in case of an argument.

14. If you are questioned concerning a rule, and do not know, always make a guess.

15. Let on that you're as good a caddy as the best.

How I Lost Dualpha

Cow-pasture pool has never been my dish. I was born at an early exclamation point of life, of poor, but wealthy parents, and grew up on my father's estate, surrounded by golf links, but for reasons known by no one save myself, I never took up golf. Another beauty spot near my father's estate was Dualpha Niblick, whom I loved. Yes, I loved her. Dualpha was the rose I hummed around. She was three summers and four winters older than I was at the time, but I caught up with her! I said she was older than I. So she was. She was born of poor, but wealthy parents, but the poor predominated to a severe muchness. She was Spanish—from Dublin. She was the only girl within 20 miles of my father's estate. I loved her as the flowers love the morning air, as the speckled trout loves the briny deep, as the dog loves his midnight bark. And she was married! Yes, married. My folks said it was wrong for me to love her, but love knew better. One day her husband was killed—murdered. A golf ball caught him clean between the eyes. I began to take an interest in golf from that time on.

Soon after his death I made up mind to marry Dualpha. It wasn't much of a catch for either of us, but it was the best either of us could do at the time. My folks did not favor the alliance. Dualpha was wild about my sparkling blue eyes, light red hair, and love for dominoes, all much to admire, so she was willing.

So I used to run around, through the woodland and over the fields, for miles and miles, just to see her, who was so dear to me. Always she would play golf. Always I found her with a club in her hand. Many hours I would caddy for her. I was fond of raving to her about her hair. It was as pure as the life of John Brown, straight as the mountain ash. There were no more Dualphas within 20 miles, for honest men with beautiful daughters had not discovered my father's woodland place of residence. So, naturally, I grew wilder and wilder over my Dualpha.

Dualpha's father liked the idea of wedlock concerning us. His only daughter had experienced twenty and eight seasons of severe existence. She had much appetite and her father was a poor man. Hence his desire. My father was more wealthy, and was a very proud man, and he should have been, having such a son. So one day he told old man Niblick that the match should be broken off.

My father was a tall man—six feet three. Niblick was a little fat cuss—four feet four. They used to look up and down at each other, and that was the long and short of it. The proposed wedding was delayed somewhatly. Niblick made offers; he, too, was a proud man, but he made offers. I was tall, like my masculine derivative. Dualpha being a dutiful girl, patterned after her father. So the two of us persuaded our fathers to play for the outcome. My father lost—he always was poor at golf. So my father gave Niblick two dozen golf balls and in return Niblick game my father's son his daughter.

And how overjoyed I was! I hurried to Dualpha and broke the news. She had never experienced such happiness previous—but once—it was an almost new thing to her.

One week before the marriage was to take place, Mashey Rightgood, a university student, came out for the summer months with his good looks and his much more golf ability. Yes, he was a handsome chap. His good looks was only surpassed by his ability to play golf. He met Dualpha. Dualpha fell. She always admired a golfer, and as a golfer I was an excellent dishwasher. From that time on I had the feeling that Dualpha and I were drifting far apart, while Mashey Rightgood and Dualpha were drifting closer and closer together. There was not even a golf club's length between them.

One night my father came home overjoyed. He handed me a package. It was a book entitled Lydia Pinkham's "How to Play Golf." On the fly-leaf was written: "With best wishes from Mashey." I took it up, laid it away, as I would Dualpha, and it has never been looked at till now.

Stock: "Why don't you shut the door? Were you raised in a barn."

Ings: "Yes, and every time I hear a jackass bray I get homestick."

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

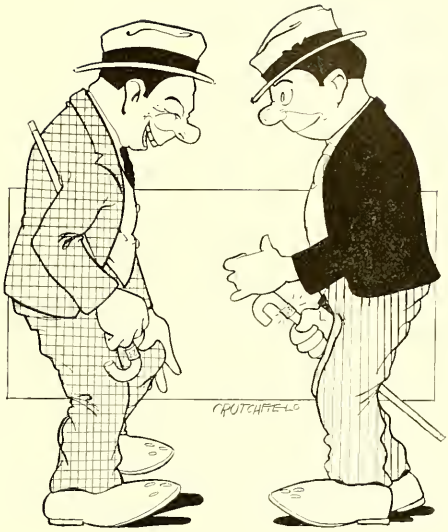
DID YOU EVER—

Try to make a hole in one,
Swear at the caddy,
Cuss because the guy behind
You was whispering out loud,
Surprise yourself by making
A 160 in seven.
Try to make a bogey and
Make a four above par,
Use vile language when you
Broke a stick,
Forget your number of strokes,
Lose your ball in a bunker,
Try to slice a ball and hook it,
Yell "Fore" after you
Hit the ball,
Play nine holes in 92?
So did I.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

"Have a Polo," said the Chesterfield to Lord Salisbury.

He: "So you've dropped golf?"
She: "Yes."
He: "Why?"
She: "I never could remember at which end to grip the caddy."



Jim: "Why does that bird look so sad?"
Jam: "Oh, he believes that ignorance is bliss and he's trying to pose as a wise guy."

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Stude: "Professor, what does quid pro quo mean?"

Prof.: "Something for something. It is a term used in taxation."

Stude: "I see—sort of tit-for-tat."

Prof.: "Yes; but the trouble with your interpretation arises when you begin to consider the meaning of 'tat.'"

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

NEW VERSION

Mary had a little lamb,
And when she saw it sicken,
She sent it to the packing-house—
And now it's labeled chicken.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

"Why won't you ever kiss any of the fellows?"
"For goodness' sake!" exclaimed the girl.

Judge.

Stock: "What do you make the course in?"
Ings: "Generally in a bad humor."

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

A LA BOOTH

Now I lay me down to rest;
To study hard I've done my best;
If I should die before I wake
I'd have no damn "exams" to take.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Wife (to noise in the dark): "Is that you, John?"

Husband: "Of course. Who else do you expect at this time of night?"

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

AUTO SUGGESTION

Day by day, in every way,
I'm getting sicker and sicker;
All I do is rave and crave
Wild women, wine, and licker.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

After seeing "When Knighthood Was in Flower," we wonder what knighthood is going to do when it gets out of flour.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

No, Isabella, the brown juice of Mocha's berry is not cocoa.

Recently on a Math. class a Prof. was trying to explain variation to the students. "As an example, you might say that the cotton crop varies as the Boll Weevil."

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

If you don't pet a girl the first time you go to see her, she's disappointed If you do, you are just like the rest. How's a man going to be different?

Answer: Do it a little better than anybody else.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

No, Calsomine, plaster paris is not made in the capital of France.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Our idea of Hard Luck is when a man works for his board and then loses his appetite.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

No, Archipelago, mints are not the only Life Savers.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

"I'm a shining example," said the Mirror to the Powder Puff.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

White: "How can you drive a nail without hitting it with a hammer."

Head: "Take a sponge and soak it."

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Caddie: "Did you lose your brassie?"
Golferette: "Mind your own business."

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

"Oh!" cried the Tooth, as Prophylactic brushed by.

Building a famous box of candy

How each one of these sweets won the right to its place in The Sampler

If you were to have in front of you at this moment the ten most famous Whitman packages and were to select from each candies to make up an assortment that would be a "sampler" of them all, you would follow exactly the method we use in making up Whitman's Sampler.

Every sweet in this unique package is a long-tested favorite from other packages of Whitman's—famous since 1842. Every sweet in the sampler has "won the votes" of the most critical purchasers of candy in America.

Everything about the sampler is unusual—the quality of the sweets, the way they were selected and the quaint box that women like so much to keep.

Stores that sell the Sampler sell the other Whitman packages, and receive them all *direct* from the makers.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc., Philadelphia, U. S. A.

Whitman's famous candies are sold by

PATTERSON BROTHERS

The Infirmary for Yours If You Neglect that Cold

Keep the Old Blue Jar of Vicks ready, like a field howitzer. When a spasm of the mucous membrane of the olfactory passages fetches from you the first warning sneeze, indicating thereby that a young army of staphylococci has gone over the top and is attacking your frontal trenches, pull down the Blue Jar and gas them with Vicks vapors.

Otherwise you may have to spend days in the Infirmary and miss something.

Made in the Old North State

VICKS VAPORUB

Over 17 Million Jars Used Yearly

The story of the man with hair on his teeth used to be a huge joke, but if temperance keeps on it will soon be a reality. —*Widow.*

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

MAYBE HE WAS FORCED

Embryo—What was Hobson's Choice, Professor?

Prof.— —ah-er, why Mrs. Hobson, of course. —*Octopus.*

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

He—Hey, there's no swimming allowed here.

She—Why didn't you tell me before I got undressed?

He—Well, there's no law against that. —*Medley.*

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Prof.—Well, my boy, I am sorry that you are unable to find time to do your work. Perhaps we can fix it up. What keeps you from studying?

Stude—Really, sir, I can't assign any definite reason for it unless—. Do you believe in luck, sir? *Punch Bowl.*

Lizzie—I'll be yours for life if you think you can keep up with your present position.

Dizzie—Well, I'm holding my own now, ain't I? —*Brown Jug.*

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

FOUL STUFF

Urban—The atmosphere out here seems to instil everything with the spirit of holiness.

Suburban—Yes, even the chickens say, "Now I lay me," twice a day. *Gaboon.*

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

"Hey, Duke, can you tell me the name of Coleridge's last poem?"

"Kubla Khan."

"Thanks. Where's his room?" —*Lampoon.*

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

A LEMON, PERHAPS

"Jepson broke off his engagement to that peach."

"I suppose she gave him the ring?"

"No, you see she is a cling-stone peach." —*Judge.*

MORRIS PRINTING COMPANY
Commercial Printers

216 Parrish Street :: DURHAM, N. C.

A man who had just opened a store in a strange town was interrogating one of his early customers on the purchasing power of the citizens. "Now, there's Deacon Brown," he said. "He has the reputation of being wealthy. Would he be likely to spend much money in here?" "Wa-al," drawled the native reflectively, "I wouldn't exactly say that he'd go to hell for a nickel, but he'd fish around for one till he fell in." —*Telegram.*

The Figures Tell the Story

OVER 100 PER CENT INCREASE IN 5 YEARS

	1917	1922	Increase Per Cent
Income, Life Dept.	$ 820,285.02	$ 1,901,868.85	132
Payments to Policyholders	178,806.00	576,750.21	222
Payments to Policyholders since organization	933,314.60	3,052,111.77	227
Assets	2,696,215.13	6,346,106.27	135
Legal Reserve	1,778,717.00	4,609,539.57	160
Surplus, including Dividend Fund and Capital	740,953.22	1,517,035.53	105
Total Insurance in Force	22,195,563.00	49,148,419.00	122

Southern Life & Trust Co.
GREENSBORO, N. C.

H. A. GASKINS
Victor-Victrolas
and Victor Records

STRING INSTRUMENTS and SHEET MUSIC

Musical Headquarters
Oldest Victor Establishment in Durham

117 E. MAIN ST :: DURHAM, N. C.

Wait for
MEYER GREENTREE
of Richmond, Va.

FOR THAT

Spring Suit or Tuxedo Suit

Showing in Chapel Hill

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday
March 19, 20 and 21

SQUASH COOPER and JOHN ZOLLICOFFER
College Representatives

Yes, Easter's Here April 1st

We Would Like to Have You
Wear Some of Our
DRESS CLOTHES

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

—Tuxedos and Dress Suits—
$40.00 and up

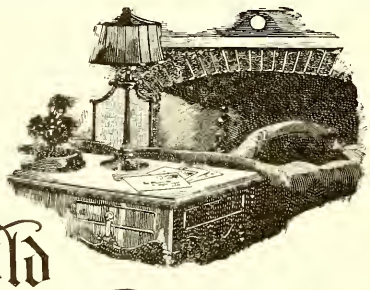
You Should Get

Your New

SPRING CLOTHES

NOW

MARKHAM-ROGERS COMPANY
DURHAM, N. C.
FASHION PARK CLOTHIERS



Old Hampshire Stationery

Cheap stationery is expensive stationery. You take no pride in its use and the recipient experiences no thrill of pleasure over its receipt. Old Hampshire costs more, but is the cheapest in the end. It is a paper of distinction and gives your message added importance.

BUY IT PLAIN OR DIE STAMPED

R. W. FOISTER

AT THE CHARITY BALL

"Here we are selling kisses to raise money, and she's bootlegging 'em free in the conservatory."
—*Puppet.*

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Co-ed (angrily)—I should think you would be ashamed to look me in the face or speak to me on the street.

He—I am kinda, but I've got to be courteous.
—*Purple Cow.*

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

CAN YOU BEAT THIS?

Orchestra Drummer—I'm the fastest man in the world.

Violinist—How's that?

O. D.—Time flies, doesn't it?

V.—So they say.

O. D.—Well, I beat time. —Chaparral.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

NOT ALWAYS JOBLESS

Woman (to tramp)—This is the fourth time in the last two weeks you have been begging at my door. Are you always out of work?

Tony—No, madam. But I have been particularly fortunate the last few weeks.

- - - YES

There's Always a REASON

Why did we sell the University the furniture for the Five Hundred New Dormitory Rooms this past summer? Why? Because we gave them a better price on "Specification goods" than our competitors!

If you will let us, we can and WILL save you money whenever you are ready to buy anything in our line.

We will appreciate your business, large or small, and give you the best possible service.

"Our Door Opens With a Welcome"

The Royall & Borden Co.

Chapel Hill Street
DURHAM

Order Your

EASTER FLOWERS

THROUGH

MARVIN WILSON

Our University Agent

Satisfaction Guaranteed

Piedmont Flower Shop

Five Points

DURHAM, N. C. :: PHONE 920

NORFOLKS

DEVELOPED IN ACCORD WITH THE TYPE OF MODEL FAVORED BY ENGLISH UNIVERSITY MEN.

FORTY-FIVE DOLLARS AND MORE

CUSTOM FINISH WITHOUT THE ANNOYANCE OF A TRY-ON READY-TO-PUT-ON

FINCHLEY
5 West 46th Street
NEW YORK

? ? ?

IS THERE ANY DOUBT IN YOUR MIND?

If so, twenty years of quality
and service should convince you

GOOCHS' CAFE

QUALITY :: SERVICE

Since 1903

Chapel Hill
Insurance and Realty Co.

FIRE INSURANCE
AND REAL ESTATE

Chapel Hill North Carolina

COME SEVEN

She—You look rather pale tonight.

He (dorm crap artist)—Yes, I 've been fading pretty regular lately. —*Froth.*

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Ideals and Ideals

Pop—Haven't you any ideals, young man?

Son—Gee, you ought to see them, dad.

—*Voo Doo.*

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

"Yes, I was in the Sixty-second regiment."

"A minute man, eh?" —*Lemon Punch.*

C. H. & D. BUS LINE

DAILY SCHEDULE

LEAVE CHAPEL HILL University Cafeteria	LEAVE DURHAM Union Station
8:30 a.m.	9:50 a.m.
10:50 a.m.	11:40 a.m.
2:15 p.m.	3:10 p.m.
4:00 p.m.	5:08 p.m.
7:00 p.m.	8:00 p.m.
9:00 p.m.	10:30 p.m.

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RALEIGH, N. C.

Spanish as She is Spoke

At a dinner given in honor of the Spanish ambassador the hostess found the conversation dragging very heavily. Trying to do her duty and keep her guests from going to sleep, she turned to the guest of honor on her right, and in a very gushing manner told of her frustrated ambition—to learn Spanish.

"Do you know," she exclaimed fervently, "I'm just dying to read Cervantes and Ibanez in the original! It must be so thrilling!"

The ambassador politely agreed with her. No doubt it would be delightful.

But the eager hostess would not so easily lose her advantage.

"Really," she said, "I feel so ignorant! Do you know that in all these years I have learned only two Spanish words?"

The ambassador evinced a mild interest. "And what, may I ask, are those?"

"Well," replied the charming hostess, "'manana' for 'morning' and 'pajamas' for 'night.'"

—*Punch Bowl.*

Kitty—That girl I despise. She has only one topic of conversation.

The Man—Yes, we all hate to be excelled.

—*Pelican.*

H. B. Ruffin W. F. Moody Chas. Ruffin

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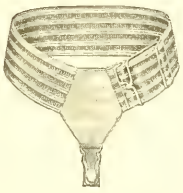

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Prices that are extremely moderate.

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We do not merely "sell" you a garment—
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To do this successfully, we consider your type, the lines of your figure and the occasion for which the garment is to be worn.

Our Collection—

Is so adequate, that we are never tempted to let you go away with something that is unsuitable—Our pride in you as the finished product is too great for that.

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You should feel any dissatisfaction with an article purchased from us—you may return it and receive your money back. It need not be an important "reason"—just the fact that you are not entirely pleased is "reason" enough.

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You may "browse" around as long as you like—you may purchase if you care to—you may try on anything you wish—or you may just sit and rest and "look pleasant."

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The Bank of Chapel Hill

OLDEST AND STRONGEST BANK
IN ORANGE COUNTY

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Resources Over Half Million Dollars

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AT FOUNTAINS

Famous for its quality
and flavor

The Original

REFRESHES THE STUDENT
INVIGORATES THE ATHLETE

Keep a jar-full in your
room. Carry a flask-full
in lunch tablet form.

AVOID IMITATIONS

No, Nina, Cubebs aren't grown in Cuba.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

No, Evangeline, Betsy Ross did not invent ice cream.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

No, Eliza, motorcycles aren't used for motoring—but for exercising.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

"I am everlastingly Moulding," said the Wainscoting, as it ran around the Wall.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

"Do you believe in fate?" he whispered, as she snuggled closer to him.

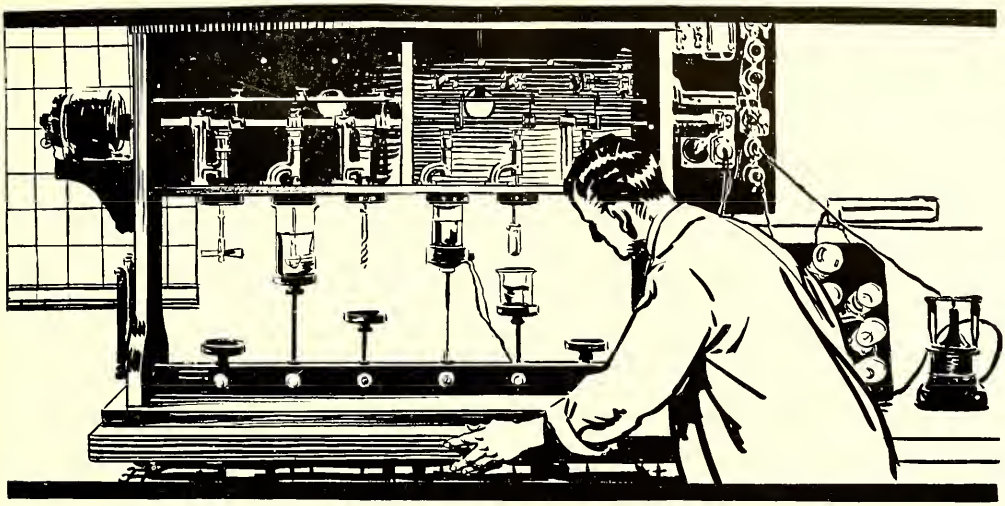
"Well," she answered, "not exactly, but I do know that what's going to happen will happen."

—*Gargoyle.*

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

"This prohibition makes me sick,"
Said little Johnny Hanks,
"The only four per cent we see
Is painted on the banks."

—*Octopus.*



Blazing Trails for Progress

Curiosity may have killed the well-known cat, but it has been underneath most of the hard-won developments that lastingly benefit mankind. Once in a great while, perhaps, accident has been the spark that has lighted the torch of achievement; but much more frequently—always, nearly—accomplishment, especially in the field of science and invention, has grown out of the insatiable curiosity that seems to be the heritage of us all. Mankind wants to know—and is slowly finding out. Curiosity, the complement of imagination, knows no appeasement.

This is, however, no essay on the vague subject of idle curiosity. There is a vast difference between that and the organized, untiring, well-planned activity which, as an integral part of Westinghouse organization, searches continually for the answers to problems which intelligent speculation sets up. This, if you please, is curiosity in its highest and most intensified form; and it is a fundamental thing in the Westinghouse operations.

Research, as we know it, is the guiding hand upon the purely creative activities of business. Constantly it brings to light new aspects of known laws, new visions of laws yet to be uncovered. But the search for these is not haphazard nor whimsical; it is organized and planned as carefully and thoroughly as any other business activity. Whether chemical, electrical, or physical, it is engineering; and it follows engineering methods and tradition.

Many great engineers have been wholly at a loss in this specialized activity. For research, in a sense, reverses the usual order. Its endeavor is to discover unknown laws in the known facts—a thing which is quite at variance with ordinary engineering practice. Yet there is a fine type of engineering mind which finds its great opportunity in this kind of work. And to that type of mind, and that type of man, research beckons with an unmistakable hand. It is engineering pioneering, it blazes trails for progress, to new triumphs, in a wilderness into whose outskirts man has scarcely penetrated.

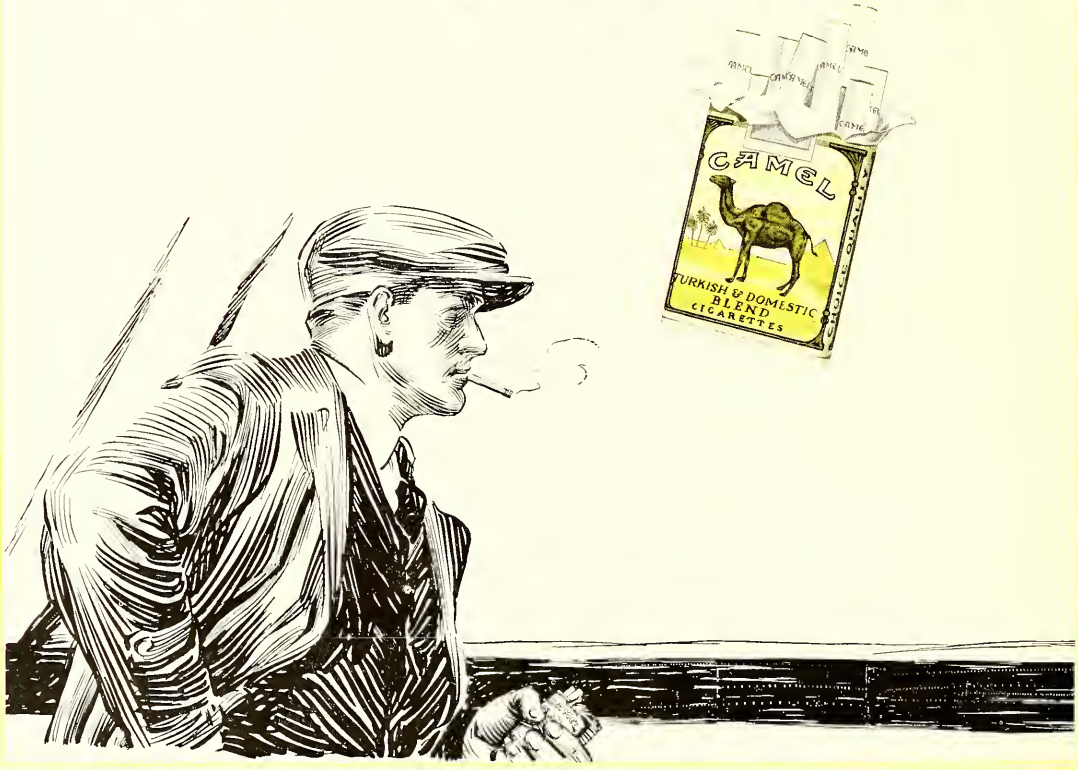
Westinghouse

ACHIEVEMENT & OPPORTUNITY

W

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC

Thinking men who have smoked out the facts demand Camels



Carolina

BOLL WEEVIL

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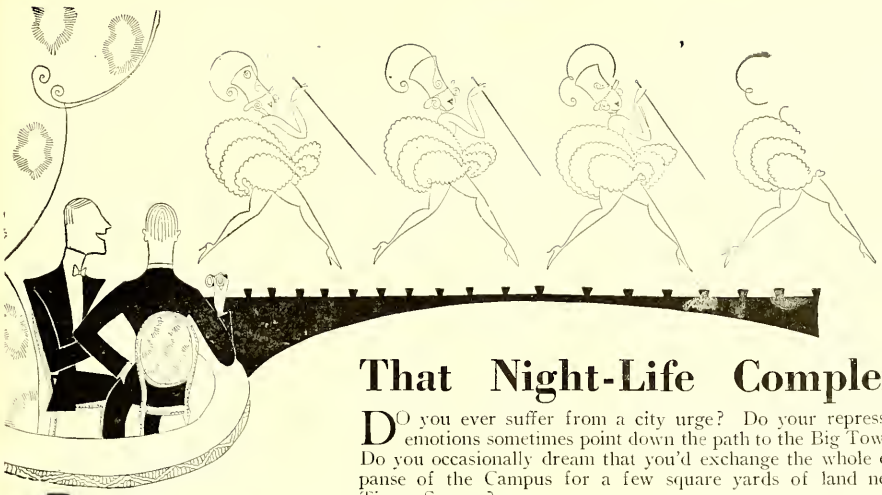
25 CENTZ-

GUDGER

Wish I could look all dressed up in a comfortable collar like the Spotted Champion here.

You do, my dear, since you've worn Lion Custom Collars.

LION CUSTOM COLLARS



© Vanity Fair

That Night-Life Complex

DO you ever suffer from a city urge? Do your repressed emotions sometimes point down the path to the Big Town? Do you occasionally dream that you'd exchange the whole expanse of the Campus for a few square yards of land near Times Square?

And you can't, you can't, you can't—there's a lecture inhibition (Mechanical Engineering 3), or a football practice, or a rehearsal of the Glee Club. And the world seems dark . . .

But

aren't you overlooking the march of modern science? Haven't you forgotten Einstein's annihilation of space? Must a man any longer be in only one place at a time? Certainly not! Not since the discovery of

VANITY FAIR

The greatest international travel agency for the modern man. Takes you to New York—but to the Biltmore Cascades, not to the Aquarium. To London—but to the National Sporting Club, not to St. Paul's. To Paris—but to the Folies Bergères, not to Napoleon's Tomb.

In Each Issue:—

PAGES of photographs of the most carefully dressed actresses and the most carelessly dressed dancers.

REVIEWS of the latest plays, to solve the problem of what to see when in town with her.

SATIRICAL sketches by Fish and other artists, to keep you in touch with the follies of the world.

HUMOUR, with a line that you'll find irresistible to female prom-addicts or home-town débutantes.

SPORTS articles—tennis, golf, baseball, boxing—by men who have played on teams themselves.

AN auction bridge corner which will make your game a social and business asset.

ART, life and letters, served up in short courses which will never jade the most delicate appetite.

AND the only sensible, correct, well-bred department of men's clothes published anywhere.

Where's the Nearest News Stand?

Enjoy thirst-

The great thing is—you get so much for so little when you

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Delicious and Refreshing

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DURHAM, N. C.

"BLUE RIBBON BRAND"

Beats Them All

FANCY ICES

ICE CREAM in all Flavors and Shapes

The Literary Page of the Boll Weevil has a few suggestions as to appropriate books to be given as birthday gifts:

To the president of the Rotary (or Kiwanis) Club—send "Babbitt."

To your sweetheart—"White House Cook Book." (If she doesn't throw you over you can know she loves you.)

To your father—"What a Man of Forty-five Should Know." (If he is over forty-five and well-to-do send him a leather-bound check-book on his favorite bank.)

To your mother—"The Official Postal Guide of the United States and Its Territories." (This book has a nice binding and that is all mother cares about anyway.)

To your sister—A subscription to "Vogue." (If she doesn't care about styles she can look at the advertising.)

To your brother—"By Luck and Pluck," by Horatio Alger. (It may make a man of him yet.)

To your worst enemy—"Carolina Folk Plays With Illustrations From Actual Productions." (It may make him mend his way. If it doesn't it will kill him.) R. S. P.

Roys
EXCLUSIVE MEN'S WEAR

Unusual Toggery for College Men
Domestic and Imported Sports Clothes
MAIL ORDERS SOLICITED
ROYES - - - - Asheville, N. C.

Recently, while visiting a friend in a near-by city, I went to a dance one evening. After dancing for some two hours, being utterly bored with the rottenness of the music, I went out on the veranda to get a breath of fresh air. After consuming a while, I started back into the ballroom. Just as I opened the door a beautiful, bobbed-haired girl bumped into me. I asked her pardon, etc., as is the customary, etc., and a conversation sprang up. She returned with me to the floor. After pacing some five or eight heats with her, Home, Sweet Home filled the air. I took a friend's car, having become infatuated, and took the girl home. On the way there I became so enamored with my companion that I paid no attention to the quarter into which I was taking her. When we arrived there, we decided, for the lack of something else and something better to do, to sit out in the car for a while. Time flew. The faster it flew, the faster I worked. The faster I worked the harder I fell. Everything was sitting pretty. She was now in my arms with her beautiful auburn hair falling about my shoulders. Her eyes, flashing brilliantly in the dark, almost drove me wild. We lost all trace of the time. Suddenly, a window was raised, and a voice cried out in the dark, "Josephine, why in the name o' Gawd don't you come on to bed. You musta forgot you got a week's ironing to do tomorrow."

Wade & Weaver

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$5.00 per quarter

A million men have turned to One Eleven Cigarettes— a firm verdict for superior quality

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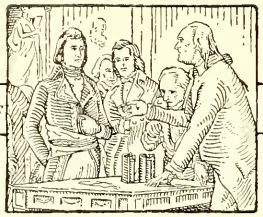
15 for 10c

The American Tobacco Co.



VOLTA EXPLAINING HIS BATTERY TO NAPOLEON

How Electrical Engineering began

IT IS not enough to experiment and to observe in scientific research. There must also be interpretation. Take the cases of Galvani and Volta.

One day in 1786 Galvani touched with his metal instruments the nerves of a frog's amputated hind legs. The legs twitched in a very life-like way. Even when the frog's legs were hung from an iron railing by copper hooks, the phenomenon persisted. Galvani knew that he was dealing with electricity but concluded that the frog's legs had in some way generated the current.

Then came Volta, a contemporary, who said in effect: "Your interpretation is wrong. Two different metals in contact with a moist nerve set up currents of electricity. I will prove it without the aid of frog's legs."

Volta piled disks of different metals one on top of another and separated the disks with moist pieces of cloth. Thus he generated a steady current. This was the "Voltaic pile"—the first battery, the first generator of electricity.

Both Galvani and Volta were careful experimenters, but Volta's correct interpretation of effects gave us electrical engineering.

Napoleon was the outstanding figure in the days of Galvani and Volta. He too possessed an active interest in science but only as an aid to Napoleon. He little imagined on examining Volta's crude battery that its effect on later civilization would be fully as profound as that of his own dynamic personality.

The effects of the work of Galvani and Volta may be traced through a hundred years of electrical development even to the latest discoveries made in the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company.

General Electric
General Office Company *Schenectady, N.Y.*

95-635 D

Dedication and Supplication

I

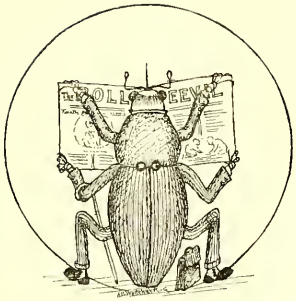
Come, Terpsichore, Muse of Dance,
Across these pages trip and prance;
Make of these words, every one,
A thing of laughter and of fun!
Bless this issue; in your name
Give it glory, beauty, fame;
And make joyful, fill with wit
Each lettered leaf of it.
Give the lifeless letters life,
So that Sorrow they may knife;
All thro' every item run,
Be it verse, or joke, or pun;
Vanish every taint of evil—
Bless, take pride in this Boll Weevil.

II

And always bless the dancers, too;
They wish—cry for their mother—you.
Let the maidens sprightly be,
But guard, oh, guard Virginity!
Make them lively, joyous, gay,
Lead horrid Frowns and Tears away.
Oh, Terpsichore, among us stay,
Dwell with us on every day;
Make the dancers gladly sway,
With Music that is good, I pray!
Make nimble toes more nimble still,
Music every bone must fill.
Bear Cupid here upon your arm,
But take heed he does no harm;
Whisper in his ear an earful—
With his bow he must be careful.

III

Oh, Terpsichore, Muse of Dance,
You who hypnotize, entrance,
Watch our honor, guard our name—
We must never you defame;
But make men and women be
Exceeding joyful, most carefree.

BOLL  WEEVIL

THE OFFICIAL STUDENT HUMOROUS MAGAZINE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA

"Which are the best dancers, blondes or brunettes?"

"Doesn't matter. Most of the bunch that come to these Carolina dances have been both."

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Newspaper headline: "University Takes Up Wrestling."

This should be joyful news to a few simple-minded senoritas who are always complaining about how tame our dances are.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Street-car Passenger (to his friend): "Gee whiz! old chap, I see in the paper where one of Zeigfield's beauties won a $1,000 prize for kicking her left foot five feet in the air."

The Married One: "Hell! that ain't nothing, my wife kicks both feet, ten feet over her head, at the same time, just because I won't give her any prize at all."

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

She: "Do you remember when you were first struck by my beauty?"

He: "I think so. Wasn't it at the masked ball?"

Wife (at door with fire-poker): "Drunk again!"

The Other Half: "Hic—hic—so am I."

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

(Label on a bottle of corn bought in Carrboro:)

"Pure corn likker. Bottled in the wood shed. Made in the wilds of Orange County by an old-time blockader that don't give a dam for laws and prohibition. Retailed on the Carrboro market by all the high-class bootleggers for six bones per quart and worth every cent of it. Guaranteed to be strong enough to make you drunk as hell in ten minutes, and mean enough to make a baby bullfrog spit in a whale's face. Shake well and get ready to fling a fit before drinking."

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Bill Jr.: "Pa."

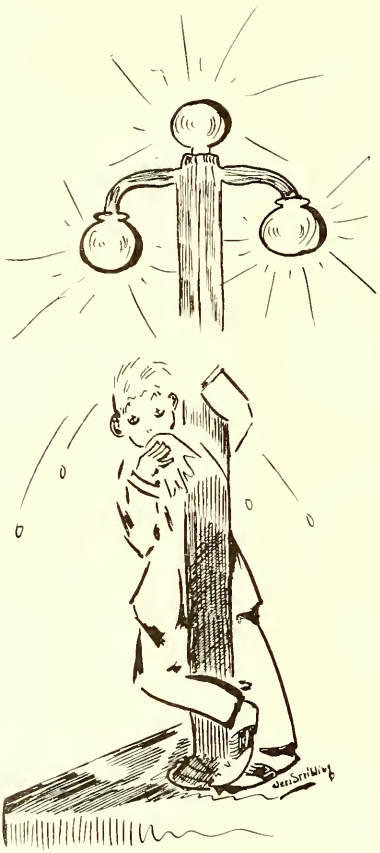
Loving Father: "Yes, my boy."

Bill Jr.: "Pa, would it be all right to say that jail delivery men don't use two-ton trucks?"

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

She: "I could die waltzing."

He: "Pardon me a moment, while I speak to the orchestra leader."



"I gave you up just before you threw me down."

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Lounge: "You are just returned from the resort? What is the latest dance step?"

Lizzard: "Man, there are no suitable words in the English language to describe it."

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Katherine went to a masquerade dan;
Her escort wore a pair of tight red pan.
'T is sad to tell—they were caught in the rai;
Sadder still, his pants shrank and split in twai.

An irritable old sportsman was aroused from his bed at 3 o'clock in the morning by the insistent ringing of his doorbell. On answering he found a seedy drunkard struggling hard to maintain his equilibrium.

"What do you mean by waking me up at this hour?"

"Ish you Mr. Smithers?"

"Yes, yes. What of it?"

"Ish you the gent what advertised for a partner to go lion huntin' in Afr'ca?"

"Yes, I'm the gentleman. What do you want to know about it?"

"Nothin', 'ceptin' I just wanted to tell you that on no condishuns whatsoever will I go with you."

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

She: "What is the superlative of tea?"
He: "Tee-ed."

With plenty of moonlight and with an abundance of moonshine, the Easter dances should be a shining success.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

We have just learned that Si Billings, the village cut-up, has committed suicide. He bought some life insurance and didn't know that he would never realize the profits from it.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

To our way of thinking, Terpsichore should be re-named Jazzerina.

She Won: "He dances like a machine."
She Too: "Yes, like a pile driver."

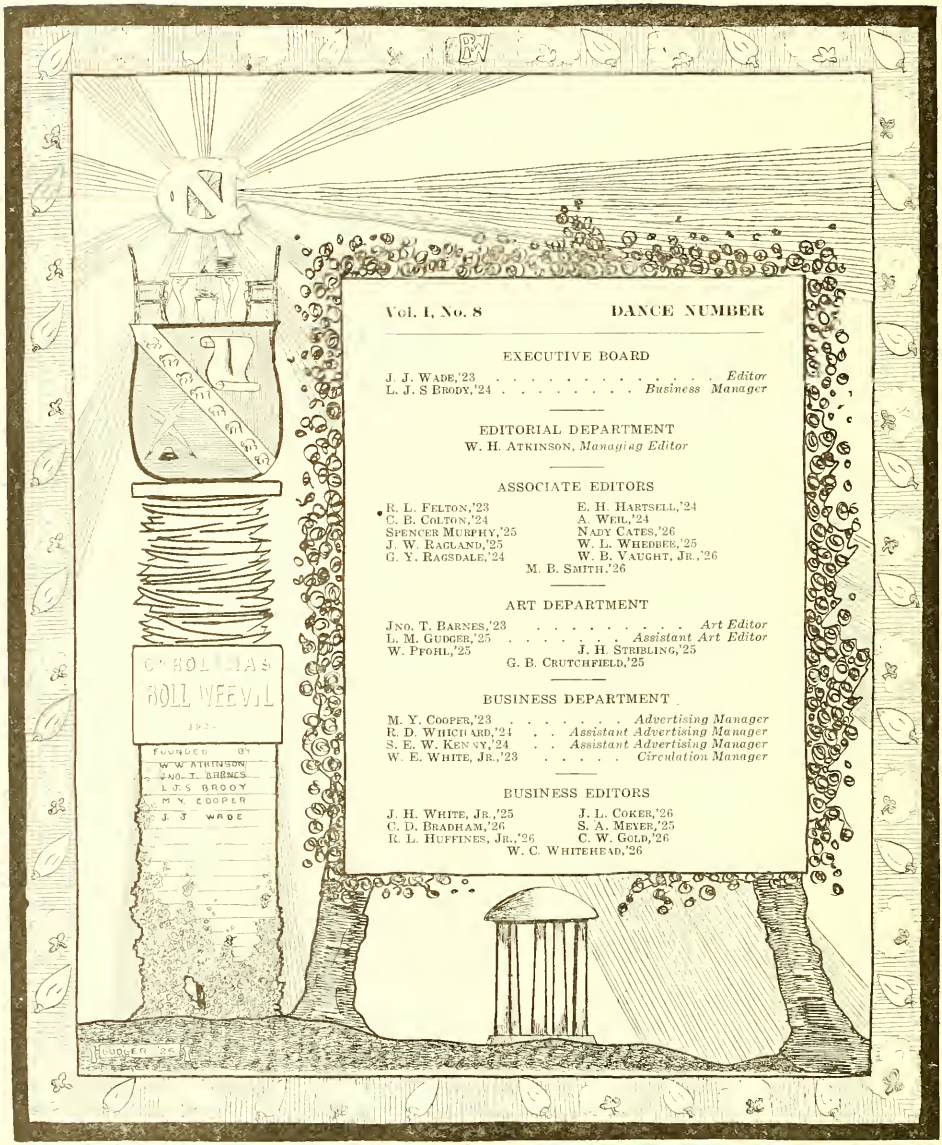
⁂ ⁂ ⁂

I kissed her in the parlor,
I kissed her in the swing;
I kissed her once too often,
Now I've got to buy a ring.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

"We understand that the rent rates in Durham have recently taken a high jump."
"Due to what?"
"The approaching Easter dances."

So: "I've had hard luck. My girl can't come to the dances."
Shul: "Then you ought to enjoy them."



Vol. I, No. 8 DANCE NUMBER

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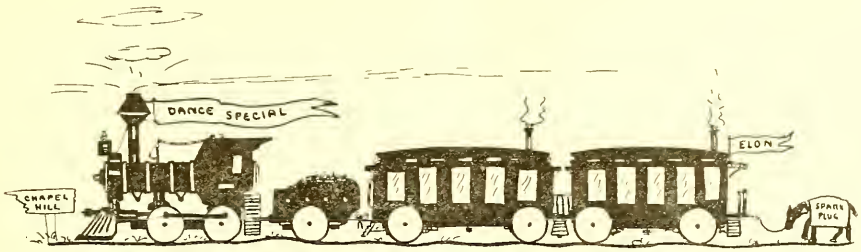


We, the University Faculty, under consideration of the evidence produced by the Student Council and the local police force, believe that the dances conducted by the students of this institution in the past have been disgraceful, and in order to lift the conduct of them to a higher plane we have formulated the following regulations:

1. There shall be no engagements between the young men and women attending the dances after 12 o'clock. (College boys should have plenty of sleep, and besides, late dates are very indiscreet if not dangerous.)

2. All the young ladies shall be required to eat at least two onions immediately before the dances commence. This precaution has been taken to ward off any possible osculatory advances by the young men.

3. The young ladies shall wear barbed-wire belts or any other sharp-pointed material, to be approved by a faculty committee. We have resorted to this measure to guarantee the proper distance between couples while dancing.

4. Couples, on leaving the dance hall, shall be chained to a chaperone, the chain not to exceed fifteen feet in length. This ruling speaks for itself.

5. The girls may be permitted to smoke, providing they obtain the unanimous consent of the matrons. Chewing tobacco is absolutely forbidden.

Any student breaking the above regulations shall be immediately expelled by severance from the University.

Love

I met her at the Easter "prom.,"
I "fell" right off the "bat";
Her big brown eyes just set me wild—
There's nothing so strange in that.

Her date was my old pal, Bill Jones,
To whom she gave the air.
Although he thought it rather mean,
I think it was quite fair.

Those dark brown locks, that face so fair,
Those lips just like the cherries,
Her gentle coo, her loving ways—
Ah! she was quite the "berries."

Before I left her at her door,
Her promise she did give.
I placed upon her coat, my pin—
Ah! what a joy to live.

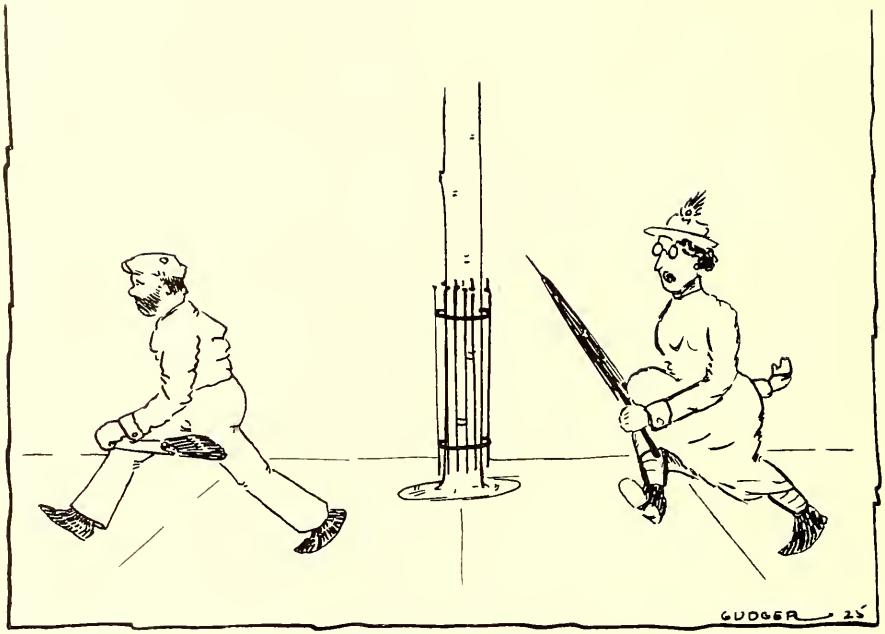
She nestled close within my arms,
This sweet, wee girl, so dear;
I pressed her warm lips time and time—
I wished 'twould last a year.

Ah, those fine days have passed away!
You think you've guessed it, Mister?
No, sir, you're wrong for once, my man—
She's now—my sister's sister.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Nigger: "You'se cheating. You got five aces in yo' han'."

Ditto: "Dat's all right. It's my deal, ain't it?"



A RUN FOR HER MONEY

We are sometimes reminded when we go to dances of what the farmer told his wife when, after getting her head filled with "high ideas" by a summer boarder from the city, she appeared one night in the year 1922 attired in an evening gown. The old farmer, weary from his day's work, was sitting in a large chair before the open fire, with head drooped. His wife came in and, after standing beside him for a few minutes without being noticed, her pride was hurt. Suddenly she aroused the old man from his slumbers. He did not like the dress and did not hesitate to say so. She resented his speech. A heated argument was soon going. "Now, Mother," said the old farmer to his wife of twenty-five years, "You've been working hard all day. You're tired. Go upstairs and put on some clothes and go to bed."

St. Mary's School for girls is contemplating a change in name. They can't decide whether to call it The Hillsboro Hall Seminary or The N. C. N. C. (North Carolina Necking College).

* * *

Oh! Mr. Gallagher! Oh! Mr. Gallagher!
Once I think I saw some girls at U.N.C.;
They were pretty and so sweet;
Oh! they all were so neat,
And the funny way they danced was sure a treat.

Oh! Mr. Shean! Oh! Mr. Shean!
I think I know the females that you mean.
They're ugly, but they'll do,
For they can love just as long as you.
Are they nice girls, Mr. Gallagher? No, they're co-eds, Mr. Shean.

A WORTHY GENTLEMAN

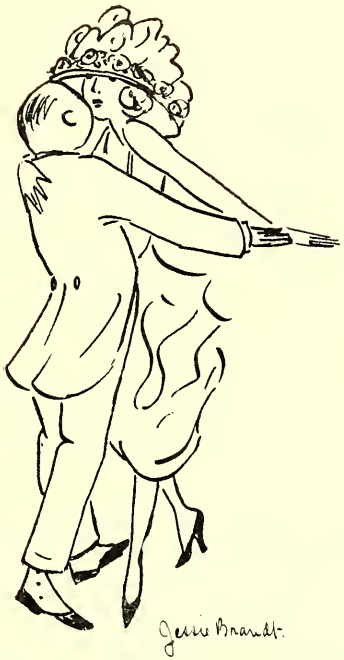
An Irishman who was in the habit of cracking safes for his living, stopped at a farmer's back door and asked for something to eat. The lady of the house was also Irish. She was very kind hearted and was perfectly willing to provide for any worthy gentleman who was in need of it, but before setting the food before him she asked:

"But, me gud mon, what kind o' work be ye in? Be ye one av them good-for-nothing scamps what had to leave home to provide food and shelter for your wife and eleven children? or be ye one o' them tramps on the way to New York to meet your millionaire uncle from Greenland?"

By 'oly Saint Patrick, Mum, I works at gentlemen's trade, Mum. Why, I only work on safe propositions, Mum."

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Tut-ank-amen had nothing on us.



He: "Oscar pulled a bone with his girl last night."

She: "How's that?"

He: "Wishbone."

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Engineering Prof.: "What is the difference between the North Carolina Highway Commission and the Book Exchange?"

Bright Stude: "The Highway Commission has horses."

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Ab: "I understand that Marie was abroad this summer."

Sent: "That is the second piece of scandal I've heard about her today."

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

FROM THE DRAMA

Sultan (to harem girl): "I cannot do without you. The minutes are hours when you are not by my side. Come, say to me again, 'I love you, my lord.'"

Harem Girl: "I love you? My Lord!"

On--On With the Dance!

I

Bynum Gymnasium!
A whir and a hum;
The dances are on and everywhere
From top to bottom, front to rear,
Are signs of the tussel,
Excitement and bustle!

II

At first the floor shines,
And vacantly pines
For toes that will glide
Upon its smooth hide.
Decorations are hung
From ring, bar and rung;
The Blue and the White
Are outstanding tonight.
At one end is put
A Gorgon's Head hut,
And fixed in the center
You can see, as you enter,
A flowery well,
From which balloons swell.
Above the balloons
Are colored festoons—
From center to side
Ugly ceiling they hide.

III

The orchestra comes
With its numerous drums,
Violin, saxaphone,
Banjo, sliding trombone.
Then haphazard notes,
As pianist smotes
The ivory white,
That keys be pitched right.
Then a motor's noise,
Laughter of boys,
More cars just behind,
Lights gleaming that blind,
Shrill voices of girls.
Amid all the whirls
Of motors that race
As they stop for a space
Before the gymnasium,
The midst of the hum.
A Cadillac here,
A Hupmobile there,
Cars, cars everywhere,—
Fords, too, never fear.
Many dancers inside,
Long dresses hide
Bow legs, knock knees—
Whatever you please.
Two good-looking janes
Just came in a Haynes—
One dressed in blue
Of a vampirish hue,
The other in black
And of sparkle no lack.
Women delightful,
Women right spiteful,
Beautiful arms,
Numerous charms,
From ankles to hair—
Combinations full rare.
Evening gowns greatly vary,
Their owners are wary;
Green, blue, purple, pink,—
All colors known, I think,—
Blend in this melting pot
Of rainbows or whatnot
That is pretty, beautiful,
Bewitching and fanciful.

IV

And now the first dances
All this beauty enhances;
The women are whirled,
Delightfully twirled:
Music entrancing
For such gay, youthful dancing.
They are nimbly gliding,
And at most times abiding
To hard-hearted rules
That prevent many fools
Being shining examples
As the hard floor he tramples.
Many men here
Borrowed tux—never fear.
Some can't dance, most can,
All think—"I'm the man."

(Continued on page 22.)

To Coles Phillips

Coles Phillips, you're a wonder,
A man of fame renowned,
And your silk-stockinged ladies
Our lingering eyes astound;
Their soft and dainty lingerie
Is nothing but the stuff;
Their arms are shaped divinely,
And their legs!—well, you're no bluff.

The girls go wild o'er many a smile
Your silken ladies wear;
The boys approve, are often moved,
And sometimes simply stare.
You've made a start, you've fixed an art,
The world you have amazed.
To your's—the cream of silken dresses—
I sing a song of praise.

Your ladies, they are perfect,
Tip-top from head to toe,
As if they stood before us,
Appealing, don't you know?
I've seen ten thousand women,
Young, old, both short and tall;
But, Coles, you win the bay leaves—
Your ladies beat them all.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

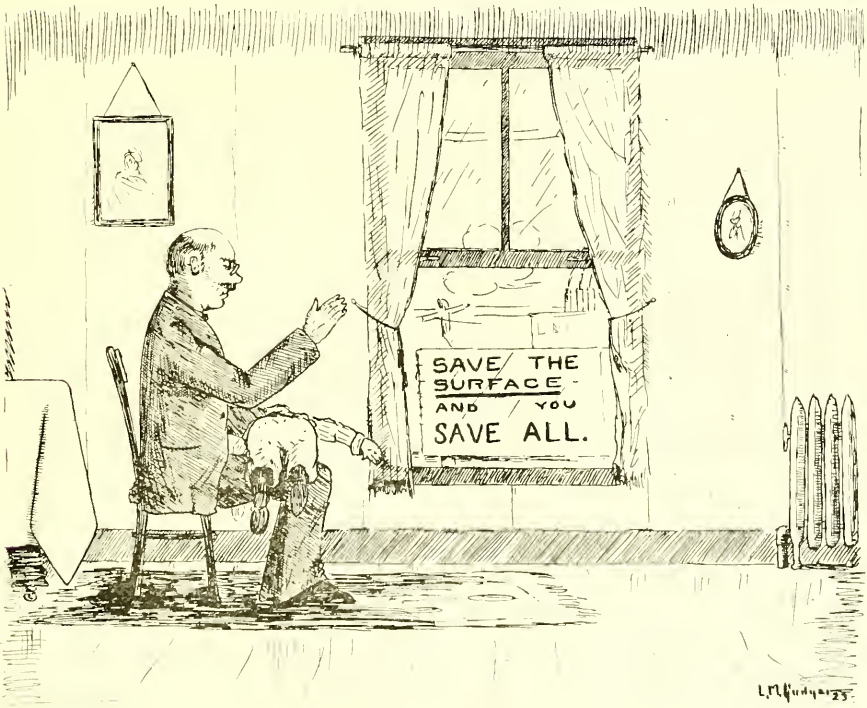
OLD JOKE

He that sitteth on a pin shall surely rise.
Willie Rose sat on a pin.
Willie rose.

You don't see the point to this joke—you feel it.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

What Keats said "On Seeing the Elgin Marbles" was probably correct, but I don't think he believed in playing for keeps.

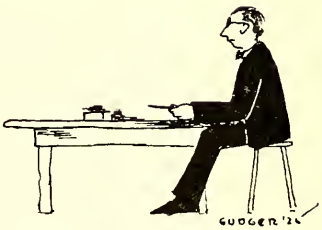


How Percy got his REP.

Sure. Some one'll pull the Tutankhamen stuff!!

— and The decorations committee.

The fellow who asked FOUR down and — THEY ALL ACCEPTED.



Alright — Lets Sign the pledge

EASTER DANCE ODDITIES

Kind Old Man: "What's the matter, little boy? Don't cry so."

Little Boy: "My teacher's been sick."

K.O.M.: "Well, cheer up. Perhaps she may recover."

L.B.: "Hell! that's it—she did."

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

BLISS

Two dimpled cheeks, so pretty.
A mouth of rosy red;
And when she talked
She spoke a lot.
But I heard not what she said.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

We understand that there will be several "feeds" given during the dances, to say nothing of the several drinks that will be taken.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Hark! hark! the tea hounds bark,
The femmes are coming to town;
Each a saint, but perhaps she ain't—
Every one with a velvet gown.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Hee: "Digging a hole?"

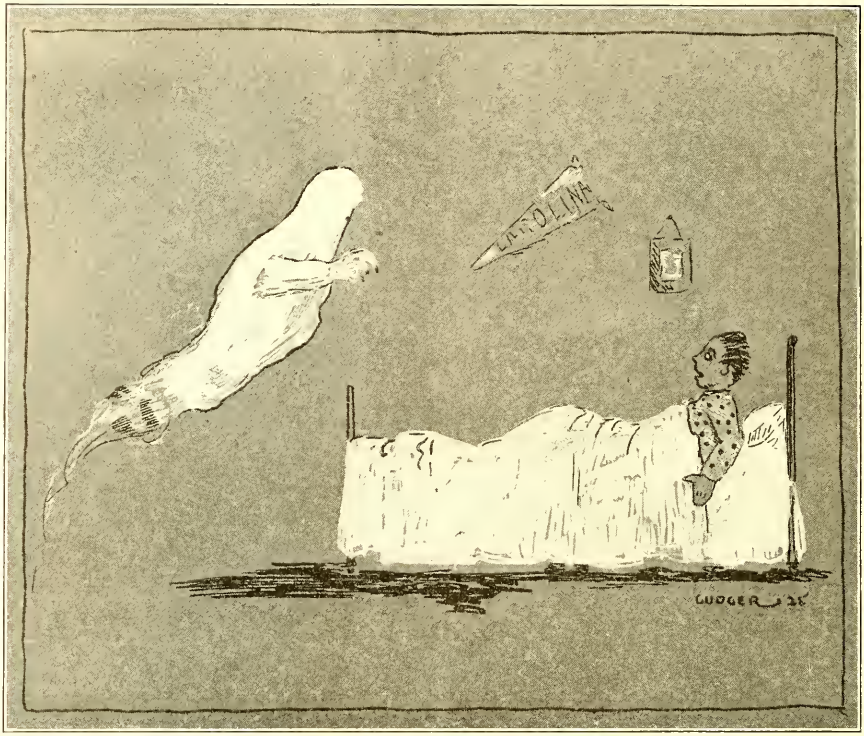
Haw: "Naw. Digging dirt—leaving a hole."

"The Long Skirt is here for two seasons and doomed for two reasons."

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Who's: "I tested my will power last night. I was around at the house about 10 o'clock and Fred came in with a quart of the best old rye that I've seen in ages. Since I swore off last week, I refused to touch a drop. What would you have done?"

Who: "Same thing you did, but I wouldn't have lied about it."



April 15.—It has been coming every night, now. I lay there in a cold perspiration as I await its coming. I seem to feel that fate has sealed this thing upon me, and I am overcome with a fierce oppression that I can not throw off. Every night, now, for the past three weeks I have been awakened in the dead of night by a faint scream. It seemed at first to be far off, but lately it gets nearer and nearer. Oh, God help me!

April 16.—Last night it came so close that I seemed to feel its burning eyes upon my face. I would to God I were dead and had not to deal with such things supernatural. As it approached last night I covered my head through fright and felt stealing over me a state of unconsciousness that I was powerless to throw off.

April 17.—Last night I did not awake until it was almost upon me. I know that it is planning to damn my soul to eternal torment.

April 18.—I am driven almost to desperation. I must do something to drive this dreaded thing from me. Tomorrow night I am fully resolved to give it battle. As it approaches I will turn on the light and give it battle. Oh, God, its screams seem to sear into my very soul. It comes close to me, singing a terrorizing song, sneaking out as though it looks forward to the day when it can make me a captive.

April 19.—Last night as I attempted to turn on the light a cold fear possessed me. I could not move. And suddenly I felt a painful thrill run through my arm. Tomorrow may I have courage to combat this enemy of my soul!

April 20.—It is gone! Thank God for that! Last night as it came close to me with its ghostly singing I threw down the covers and, clasping my hands together, crushed that damn mosquito to a jam!

Whitman's

Sampler

"Started in 1842"

Whitman's famous candies are sold by

PATTERSON BROS.

Spring Is Here

and with spring come winds and rains aplenty. These are the days that you are liable to catch cold, if you don't protect yourself with

VICKS VAPORUB

KEEP THE OLD BLUE JAR OF VICKS HANDY

Over 17 million jars used yearly
Made in the Old North State

DROP DOWN AT YOUR DRUGGISTS AND GET A JAR NOW

On—On With the Dance!

(Continued from page 16.)

Still they come,
There being some
Who decidedly hate
To be other than late.
Plenty of stags,
Right many hags;
The chaperones frown,
As they look around
At couples who dance
As if in a trance.
Music fills,
Takes over the wills
Of many a lass
Who shake as they pass.
Oh, yes, there are breaks
In the midst of these shakes;
Sometimes a good pat
On a back, slim or fat,
Or a little below,
Between neck and toe.

V

Now intermission,
A necking permission;
Some who are sots,
And who like it just lots,
Take a wee, tiny swallow
From the spiriting hollow;
But most of them don't,
And probably won't,
Because of the pledge
Which their pleasures hedge.
But the minutes are gay
While the cars are away—
Filled to the brims
With females and hims.
'Tis over too soon,
Under that moon.
Then back to the gym
With grins, sometimes grim;
Again to the dancing,
Skipping, gliding, and prancing.

VI

But this is too long,
I've done you all wrong
By taking up space
Describing this race.
The editors state
That at this rate
I'll fill up each line
With vague words of mine.
So the dancers I leave,
And the readers relieve,
As I stop 'mid the bustle
And gay, whirling rustle.

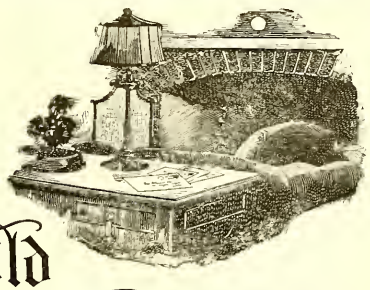
The trying scene of a slim young man who has borrowed his husky roommate's dress suit for the Easter hops:

Struts in front of mirror trying to get an accurate view of his image from all angles. It seems to look o.k. in front, but the back view doesn't exactly please him. Grabs another mirror and endeavors to see his reflection more clearly. The shoulders are all wrong. Draws a deep breath, pulls his coat down from the rear, smooths his spinal column, and takes another squint in the glass. Fits his shoulders well enough, but it sags a little in front. Tries to adjust coat evenly over his entire frame, and surveys the result critically. Is rather dubious concerning the whole effect, but finally decides he can get by in a crowd.

Suddenly thinks about his trousers. Struggles to get the proper focus on the 2-by-2 mirrror. Much too long. Look like sailor's pants. Pulls his belt six inches nearer his chin and doubles himself into a knot, trying to get a look at his whole length. Certainly not too good a fit, but better than hiring a suit. Nigger janitor busts in and compliments him on his appearance. Begins to think that the whole outfit hangs on him far better than he thought. Surveys himself again to make sure. Decides that he's a pretty sweet looking boy and can hold his own with any of them. Tries a few dancing steps, holding an imaginary girl in his arms. Feels fine. Tries a few more complicated steps.

Fellow from across the hall comes in and looks him over keenly and then begins to laugh loudly. Asks him what comedy part he's playing. Tells him the suit fits him like a burlap bag on a broomstick. Claims he's got a helluva lot of nerve if he attends the dances in that rig. States that he's funnier than Harold Lloyd at his best. Finally intruder makes his exit, laughing boisterously, and invites the rest of the dormitory to see the sideshow.

The gent in the dress suit becomes dangerously mad. Looks in the mirror savagely and decides that the bird from across the hall was right. Throws coat on the floor and jumps out of his trousers in one jump. Sits down on bed disconsolately and lights a Camel. Hell! he didn't want to go to the darn dance, anyway.



Old Hampshire Stationery

Cheap stationery is expensive stationery. You take no pride in its use and the recipient experiences no thrill of pleasure over its receipt. Old Hampshire costs more, but is the cheapest in the end. It is a paper of distinction and gives your message added importance.

BUY IT PLAIN OR DIE STAMPED

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---YES

There's Always a REASON

Why did we sell the University the furniture for the Five Hundred New Dormitory Rooms this past summer? Why? Because we gave them a better price on "Specification goods" than our competitors!

If you will let us, we can and WILL save you money whenever you are ready to buy anything in our line.

We will appreciate your business, large or small, and give you the best possible service.

"Our Door Opens With a Welcome"

The Royall & Borden Co.

Chapel Hill Street

DURHAM

Day in and day out

FATIMA

The University Book Exchange, a co-operative supply store operated by ?. ?. ?*?*?*? for the benefit of the Carolina students, has taken a decided step forward. They have now purchased a horse.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Hypy: "He's an artist."
Dermic: "Howzatt?"
Hypy: "Draws flies."

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Another example of dumbness: the man who thinks the poker deck is the highest piazza on a ship. —*Lampooon.*

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Stude (taking Prof. Dargan's English 51): "Have you had anything about the **annus mirabilis** of Wordsworth?"

Second Stude (taking Johnny Booker's English 4): "No. Who's he?"

Fifty Years Ago

Louis E Levy, inventor of the Half-tone, made the first Half-tone at 632 Chestnut Street This Historic Site, now the home of the Franklin Photo-Engraving House, has been noted ever since for progressiveness in the Engraver's Art

FRANKLIN PHOTO-ENGRAVING HOUSE
PHILADELPHIA

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Specialists In

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Printers for The Carolina Boll Weevil, The Technician, Old Gold and Black and Other Publications.

Hargett and Wilmington Streets RALEIGH, N. C.

Modern jokes are becoming somewhat a nuisance. A joke, to be a good joke, does not necessarily have to be one whose point is as clear as the nose on one's face. We have grown tired of hearing such. This is a day of thinkers. Look at the host of Phi Beta Kappa men that are making glorious successes in the business world. Look at the former class president making a howling success in contracting. Look at anything and you will see evidence of that phenomena called brains.

Now, that old one concerning the absent-minded law student who had the habit of bathing his hands every night just before he retired, and one night, forgetting, he threw the basin of water in the bed and jumped out the third-story window. Now that is all right, but why not have it so that one would have to exercise the brain. The mystery about a thing makes it far more attractive. We heard one the other day about the preacher that is to our liking. The joke has a point. It is rich. We enjoyed it all the more because we had to think to laugh. Give us more like this: The pastor was invited out to dinner at the home of the Sunday school superintendent. While eating, the host passed the okra to the pastor, and he, taking a piece, rubbed it on that portion of his anatomy that was supposed to support a growth of hair, but didn't. Not understanding the actions of his guest, the host asked, "What's the matter, Parson? Didn't you know that was okra?" "No," replied the guest; "I thought that it was beans."

Have you seen the

Boston Garter

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Stripes of various attractive color combinations

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We do not merely "sell" you a garment—
We do fit the garment to you—
To do this successfully, we consider your type, the lines of your figure and the occasion for which the garment is to be worn.

Our Collection—

Is so adequate that we are never tempted to let you go away with something that is unsuitable—Our pride in you as the finished product is too great for that.

If for Any Reason—

You should feel any dissatisfaction with an article purchased from us—you may return it and receive your money back. It need not be an important "reason"—just the fact that you are not entirely pleased is "reason" enough.

When You Enter Our Shop You Are Our Guest—

You may "browse" around as long as you like—you may purchase if you care to—you may try on anything you wish—or you may just sit and rest and "look pleasant."

Drop in Some Day and Test Our Hospitality.

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Keep a jar-full in your
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in lunch tablet form.

AVOID IMITATIONS

WHY CO-EDS PASS

A show of the calf—
Sometimes of the knee,
Gives a grade more than half
What it ought to be.

A wee, tiny smile,
A lisp of the tongue,
Tho' weighted with guile,
Makes professors feel young.

All this, added to
A plenty of brass
Are reasons, 'tis true,
Why co-eds will pass!

Engineering Levels Mountains

The Pack Train has become a relic of the past, along with the Prairie Schooner. Modern methods of transportation have leveled mountains, brought San Francisco nearer to New York, and widened the markets of all our great industries.

And the engineering brains and energy, that have developed transportation to the prominence it holds in the business of the world today, are no longer employed in improving means of overland travel alone. Street Railways, Elevator Systems, Interurban Lines and Improved Shipping Lines—these are some of the accomplishments of engineering in the development of better transportation.

Neither have the builders of such systems been concerned only in the actual hauling of people and materials. A study of the methods of handling passengers and freight at the large terminals has developed the Terminal Engineer, who has greatly improved existing methods, and has developed entirely new ones, as well.

Engineering, as it is applied to transportation, has had to concern itself with many kinds of materials and many ways of handling them under all manner of circumstances. For instance the problems surrounding the handling of iron ore, in bulk, are vastly different from those encountered in moving any one of the finished products manufactured from iron ore, that must also be transported in large quantities. But Engineering constantly meets each situation with improved transportation facilities.

Industry, as a whole, and the nations and the people of the world owe much to the engineers, associated with such large manufacturing industries as Westinghouse. They have not only brought about vast improvements, but they have done so at a constantly decreasing cost to those who derive the greatest benefit from them.

Westinghouse

ACHIEVEMENT & OPPORTUNITY

W
WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC

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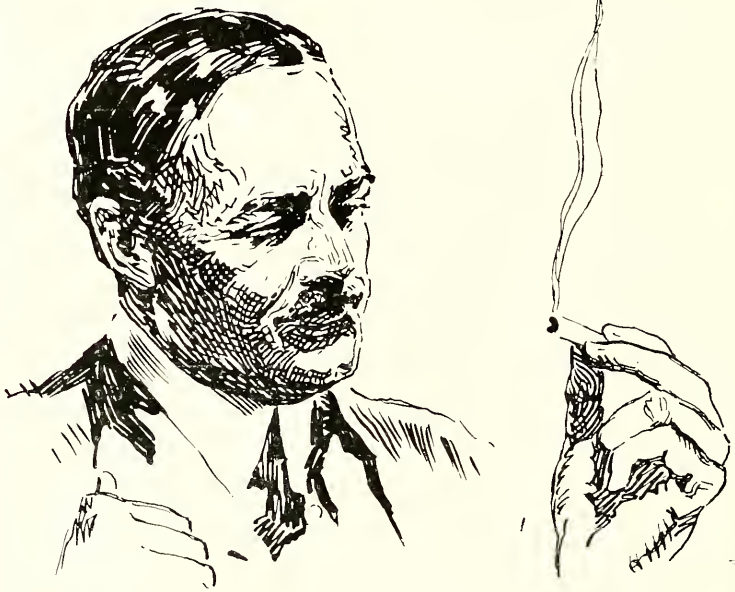
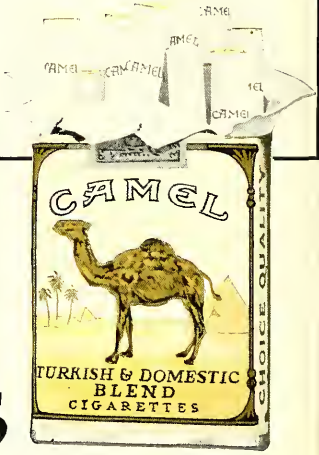


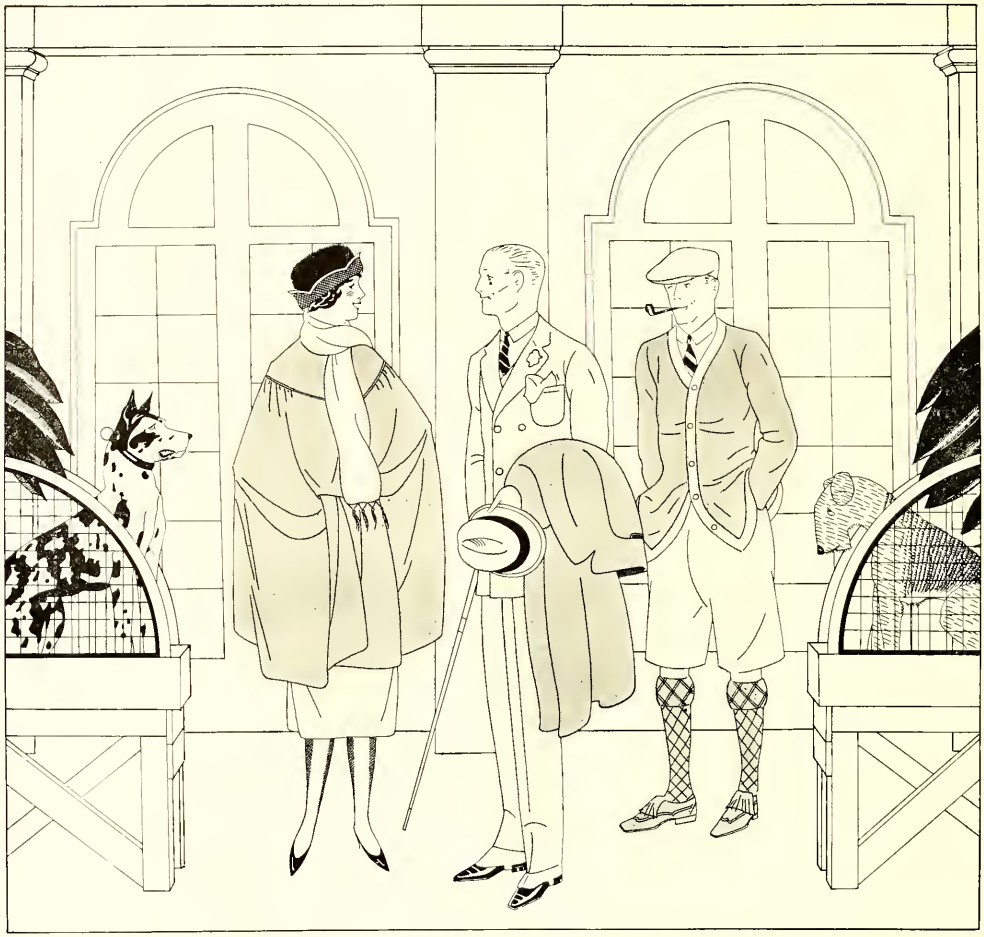


Camel
CIGARETTES

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Winston-Salem, North Carolina

Carolina Boll Weevil

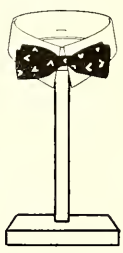
Price 25 centz.

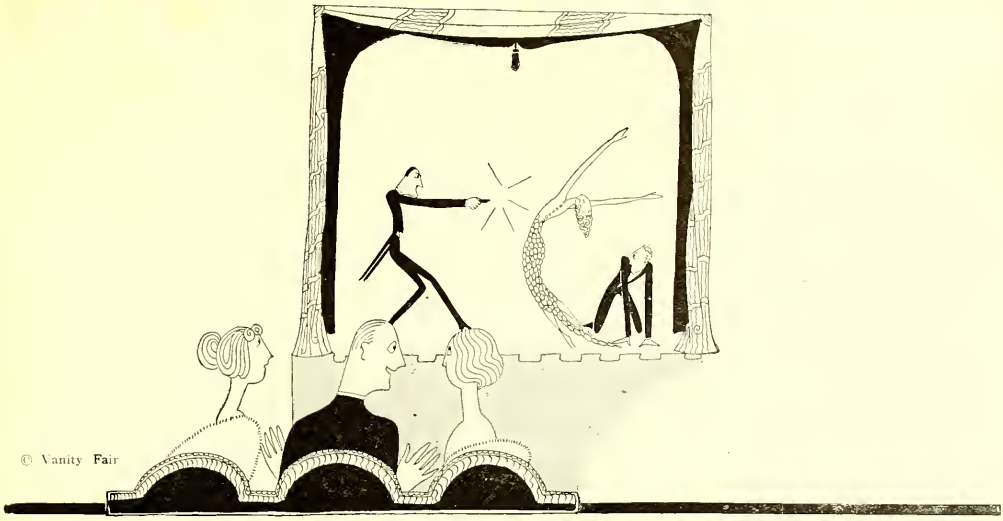


Wish I could look all dressed up in a comfortable collar like the Spotted Champion here.

You do, my dear, since you've worn Lion Custom Collars.

LION CUSTOM COLLARS





The Happy Ending

The play's over—the whole shooting match. Everyone is either dead or married. Now you can go home, to the *really* happy ending of the day—to read your copy of

VANITY FAIR

In Each Issue:—

PAGES of photographs of the most carefully dressed actresses and the most carelessly dressed dancers.

REVIEWS of the latest plays, to solve the problem of what to see when in town.

SATIRICAL sketches by Fish and other artists, to keep you in touch with the follies of the world.

HUMOR with a line you'll find irresistible to female prom-addicts and hometown débutantes.

SPORTS articles by men who have played on teams themselves, and motor pages by an expert.

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Enjoy thirst-

You score extra points with this bottle or glass

Drink Coca-Cola

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Delicious
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DURHAM, N. C.

"BLUE RIBBON BRAND"

Beats Them All

FANCY ICES

ICE CREAM
in all
Flavors and Shapes

Jack: I've a little secret for you, dear.

Jean: Just a second, and I'll get a couple of glasses.—*Brown Jug.*

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

She broke a date with me
One night,
And later she explained
She had spent the night with
Friend Isabelle.
Now, what could I do;
For I had spent
The whole same evening
With
Isabelle
Myself? —*Jack-O-Lantern.*

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

"Can you love any one who drinks?

"Yes, any one!"—*Ghost.*

Unusual Toggery for College Men
Domestic and Imported Sports Clothes
MAIL ORDERS SOLICITED
ROYES - - - - Asheville, N. C.

When a girlie's lips are cherry red,
And her eyes are blue;
She's one sweet dream of loveliness,
I think; don't you?

But when her eyes are cherry red,
And her lips are blue;
That girlie is no angel, bo,
I'm telling you.—*Punch Bowl.*

* * *

He: How do you suppose the tradition of kissing was handed down?

She: Oh, probably from mouth to mouth.

—*Tiger.*

* * *

Modern dancing may not be very beautiful, but gee, ain't it fun!—*Black and Blue Jay.*

* * *

Paul: At the party I thought your costume was ripping.

Pauline: Well, if you were a gentleman you would have told me so.—*Widow.*

* * *

Daughter: Has my mail come yet?

Mother: Daughter, you must stop using that terrible slang.—*Burr.*

* * *

He (rapturously): I love to dance to that music.

She (wearily): Well, why don't you?

—*Pelican.*

A million men have turned to One Eleven Cigarettes—a firm verdict for superior quality

"111"
cigarettes

15 for 10c

The American Tobacco Co.

"DAVY EXPERIMENTING WITH GARNETT IN THE ROYAL SOCIETY"

The First Electrochemist

NITROUS oxide, according to the science of a century ago, was "the principle of contagion when respired by animals in the minutest quantities." Mere say-so.

Imaginative yet skeptical Humphrey Davy, who believed in experiment rather than in opinion, "respired" it and lived.

It was this restless desire to test beliefs that made him one of the founders of modern science. Electricity was a new force a century ago. Davy used it to decompose potash, soda, and lime into potassium, sodium, and calcium, thus laying the foundations of electrochemistry. With a battery of two thousand plates he produced the first electric arc—harbinger of modern electric illumination and of the electric furnace.

Czar Alexander I and Napoleon met on a raft to sign the Treaty of Tilsit while Davy was revealing the effects of electricity on matter. "What is Europe?" said Alexander. "*We* are Europe."

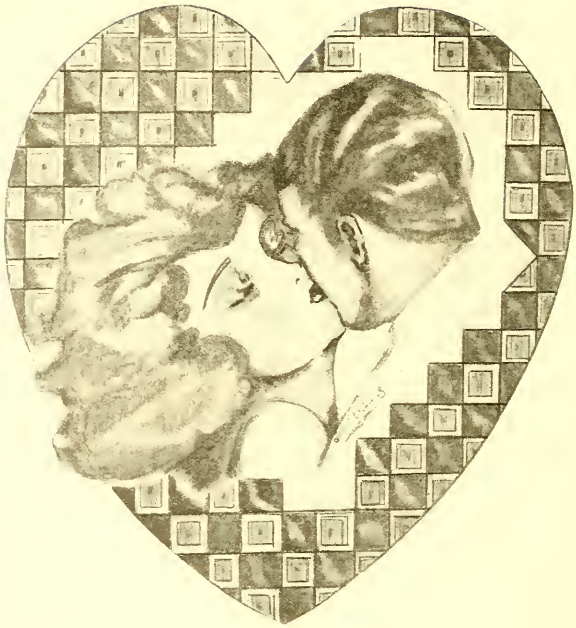
The treaty was at that time an important political event, framed by two selfish monarchs for the sole purpose of furthering their personal interests. Contrast with it the unselfish efforts of Sir Humphrey Davy. His brilliant work has resulted in scores of practical applications of electrolysis in industry and a wealth of chemical knowledge that benefit not himself but the entire world.

In the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company, for instance, much has been done to improve the electric furnace (a development of Davy's arc) and new compounds have been electrochemically produced, which make it easier to cast high-conductivity copper, to manufacture special tool steels; and to produce carbides for better arc lamps.

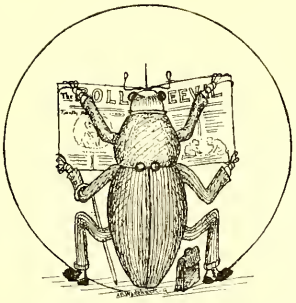
General Electric
General Office Company *Schenectady, N.Y.*

95-634D

LOVE
NO.



BOLL WEEVIL



THE OFFICIAL STUDENT HUMOROUS MAGAZINE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA

One of the campus oddities and woman haters maintains that love is a mania and that marriage is temporary insanity.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

LOVE LIKE LICKER

1. The first drink raises one's spirits.
2. The second increases them.
3. The third makes you dizzy.
4. The fourth makes you more so.
5. The fifth—you know nothing.
6. The morning after—you swear "Never again!"

---

1. The first date raises one's spirits.
2. The second raises them.
3. The third makes you looney.
4. This one requires a ring.
5. Wedding, honeymoon—you forget everything.
6. After it's over—Why in hell did I do it? "Never again!"

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

CROESUS' DAUGHTER

Young Prof.: I'd give a thousand dollars just to kiss those lips.

Innocent Co-ed.: My! my!

Young Prof.: Do I weary you, my dear?

Innocent Co-ed.: No, but I was just thinking of the fortune I gave away at the last dance.

LOVE

We were sitting on the sand watching the moon rise out of the ocean. The soft murmur of the breeze in the pines was soothing to the soul, and we sat in silence watching the surf. For hours and hours we sat clasped in each other's arms, and our thoughts were only of love. Suddenly a feeling of uneasiness came over me. I wanted to break from the impassioned embrace, but feared that she would think me unappreciative. I did not know how to broach the subject, and felt as though I would go crazy, for how was I to tell her that a lizard had crawled down my collar?

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

THE PRICE HE PAID

He: Your little brother just saw me kiss you. What can I give him to keep him from telling?

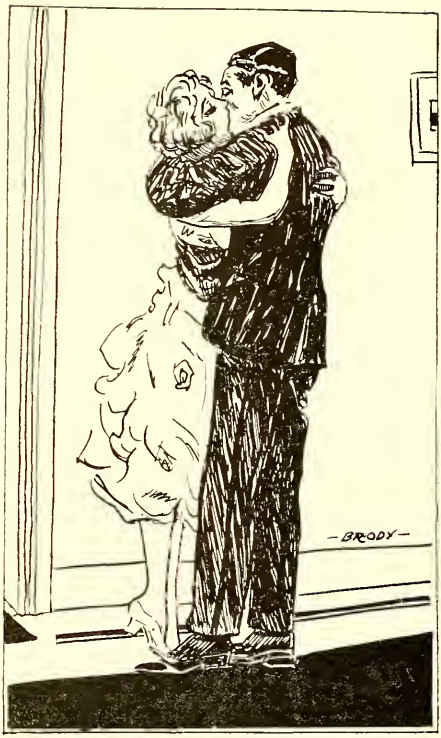
She: He generally gets a dollar.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Speaking of love, Charles Chaplin and Nazimova are now putting out a publicity serial.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

"I second the motion!" cried Herod, as Salome slowly wound her way to the throne.—*The Mallcaser.*



That Uplifted Feeling

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

The following expressions might be heard rather often around North Carolina's female institutions of learning.

St. Mary's—"How does he rate?"

Peace—"Is he a good dancer?"

Meredith—"Aren't Wake Forest men wonderful?"

Salem—"I'd walk a mile for a camel—walk!"

N. C. C. W.—"What kind of a car does he drive?"

G. C. W.—"Who's going to take you to the Carolina-Virginia game?"

Flora McDonald—"Hope he takes me to the chautauqua?"

Queens—"Does he go to Davidson?"

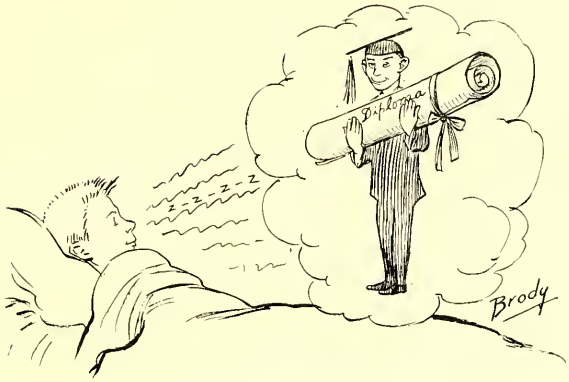
Elon—"Whoopee, girls, there's a Carolina man on the campus!"

April Fool

They had met on the Friday before Easter at a ball game. On Easter Sunday night he had come to her, from a distance. She wore a soft, cream-colored, wisp of a dress, blending so harmoniously with her complexion, hair and eyes, that he was wild with his sudden love for her. They sat on the floor, with the lights burning low in a floor lamp that cast a beautiful red glow about them, enriched by the pale glow from the flames on the hearth, sitting, I started to say, on a large, soft cushion. Her bobbed hair, glorious in its jet blackness, might have been the work of a Michael Angelo. In extreme contrast to his physiognomy, her face, bereft of cosmetics, was that of a Colonial daughter of yore. No modern girl, this; certainly not in outward appearance. He is holding her hand. Now she is nestling in his arms, head on his shoulder. "My dream girl! To think I have waited this long to find you—ages, aeons. To see you is to love you; to hold you is to kiss you!" Suddenly there is utter darkness, wild confusion, then, "Wake up, you fool. I'm your room-mate and not your girl."

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

"Carolina in the Morning"



A PLEASANT DREAM

E Pluribus Unum

He was in his father's car, waiting for the afternoon train. The whistle blew, the train rolled in, and his darling jumped off in his arms and then in his car. She was wearing his pin, in a very conspicuous place it was. Would they have a big time at the dances? With her and the old man's cheque book surely they would, but there was that ruling against drinking at the dances. But he'd get around that, everybody would.

The dances promised to be wonderful. People who dance have it all over the others in more ways than one. A non-dancer is forced to pay anywhere from two bits to three wagon wheels to see even a punk wrestling match, but at just an ordinary dance one can experience from thirty to forty continuous bouts for merely borrowing a tuxedo. And these dances were not just ordinary everyday dances. He was wondering why a prize was not offered to the girl who could clinch and get out the most times during one dance.

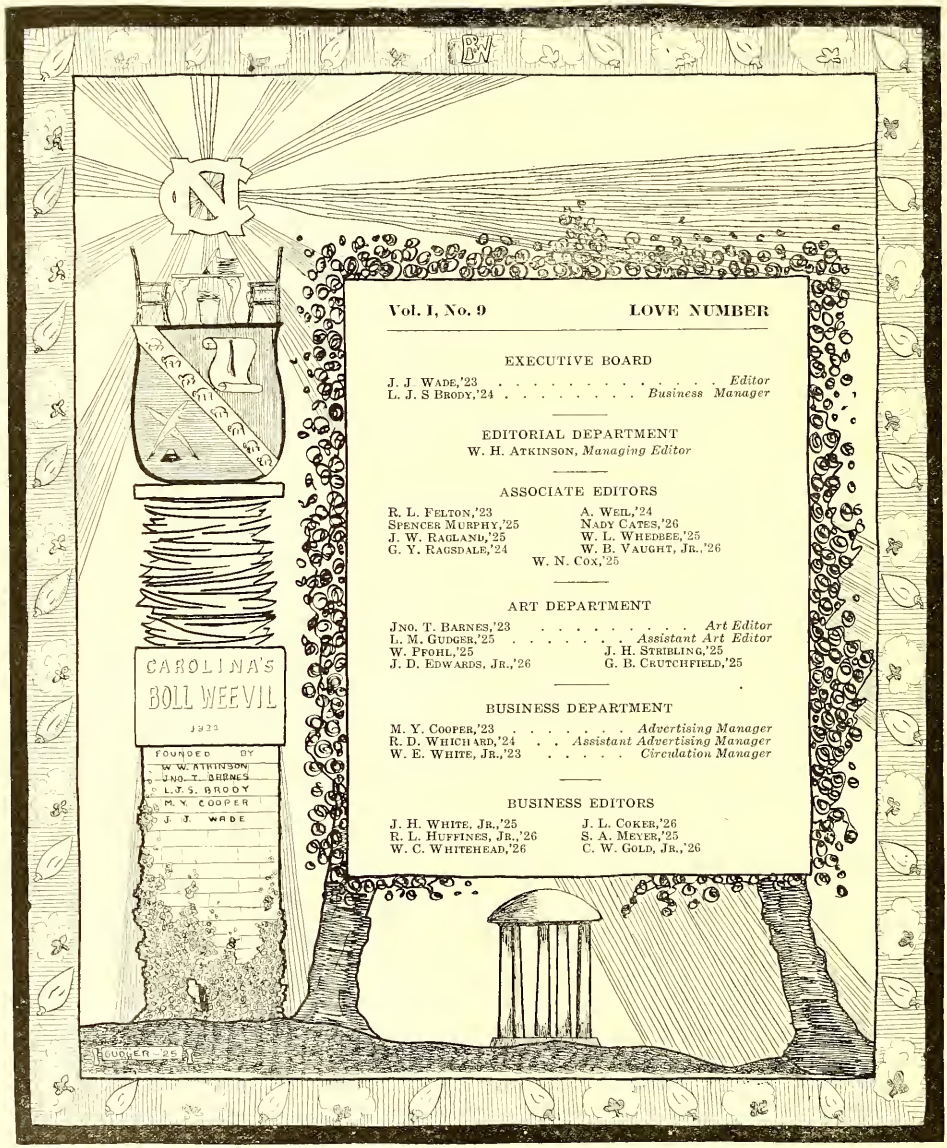
After many good times, et cetera, the hour for the first dance arrived. The musicians had had a bad time of it the night before, so they took revenge on the dancing males and females through various instruments of torture, while the sons and daughters of old N.C.'s social set tripped the light fantistique on each other's toes.

The son of a rouge manufacturer and another of a shoe retailer stood off to one side and rejoiced muchly. "Surely," they said, "our fathers must gain much profits from dances such as this one."

Intermission came and the dancers fled outside. Some flew away in cars. Others and the stags flocked to the darkest corners. The smell of good and of bad corn floated around from nineteen directions. The faculty members present vanished in the direction of the smells. Soon the musicians became angry and produced jazz such as the Kalif of Kavak was never lucky enough to witness. Clinch after clinch was indulged in until at last the faint light of the approaching day ended the struggles.

The boy escorted the girl to his car, and after a few hours riding, etc., etc., stopped and let her out in time to catch a few hours slumber before the morning hop. As she stepped from the car, her jacket blew open, and in place of his one pin, three were seen in the vicinity of her heart. Quite good for one night.

She said farewell, went into the house, put on more clothes, and went to bed. He killed another half-pint and drove off. The first dance was over.



Vol. I, No. 9 **LOVE NUMBER**

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LOVE

This is the season of Love, sponsored by the traditional turn of the Young Man's Fancy—the season of amorous epistles written by students suddenly becoming maudlin on Sunday afternoons, the season of sweet and bad verses composed by those enamoured—enamoured, for the most part, with just love—and sent to maidens suffering from the same malady.

This, in short, is Spring. The signs about the University town are at last unmistakable. Even the not infrequent showers of April, momentarily casting a shadow over the spirit of the season, cannot wash away the objects that are true indications of Spring's arrival. The campus is green again, and the clinging ivy of Old South again wraps herself around the ancient walls and creates a picture worthy a painting in the Louvre. Students have discarded Winter's boots and overcoats, and the hurrying movements characteristic of the season passed have turned into lounging and laziness, a fever that is a veritable plague sparing but few.

And this thing Love we like to associate with this season of the year! What is it? Whence did it come and what is its mission? The most absurd and ludicrous thing in the world would be an attempt on our part to define it. Boll Weevil is not by way of being a poet, and only a poet can define love or paint a picture of it. Choose, at random, from the raciest passages of Byron's "Don Juan"; or, if you please, select any six lines from Tennyson's "Maude"; if more convenient, try our own immortal Whitman or Poe; the Bible; the sentimental gush of Edgar Guest; the bombastic utterances of such iconoclasts as Nathan and Mencken; the fiction of Robert W. Chambers or Joseph Hergesheimer; Shakespeare's "Hamlet," or the Music Box Review; . . . gaze at Raphael's "Sistine Madonna" or the bust of Venus de Milo; . . . hear a Beethoven symphony or an Irving Berlin jazz; . . . in some form Love is everywhere. And this is the season of Love.

Jurgen's Wooing of O. C. C.

Early in the morning of the following day Jurgen left Chapel Hill, and went into the deep forest toward Pittsboro, following the path that Jawn had instructed him to follow.

"Of course, I am not taking this journey for my own benefit," said Jurgen, but it will be amusing to see what happens, and there is nothing amiss in having a little fun now and then."

So, ere long he came upon a brown man, who sat beneath a large pine tree, who was smoking at a clay pipe, from which came puffs of an unusual smelling tobacco. To this man Jurgen spoke in such a manner as Jawn had described unto him. The man made a peculiar noise, which was similar to a grunt, and arose. Jurgen saw that the man had no shoes upon his feet.

Jurgen bowed low and spoke as he had been bidden. "Now, sir, I would like that whereof I have been informed by Jawn. I would purchase a supply for my friends who delight in its usage, and who are nourished by its wicked influence.

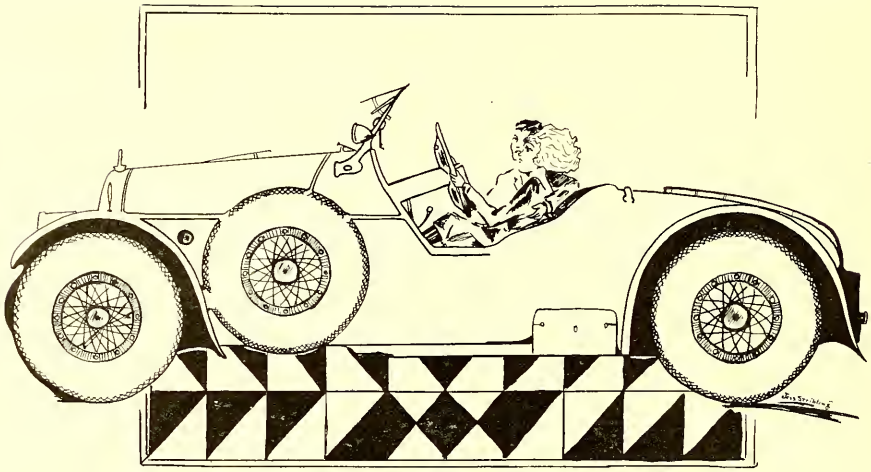
The brown man answered Jurgen: "How much do yuh want? It is six a gallon. Never has any mortal been able to discover where it is."

Then this brown man conducted Jurgen to an open space in the forest, in which there was a peculiar copper instrument.

"Jawn dared not come himself, because Jawn is wise, but you are a student. So, ere long you will not be able to remember whereof you have seen, or perchance you will elucidate unusual lies about that which you are about to partake of, or you will see strange sights which are unlike anything that you have ever seen or ever will see."

"I do not know about that," says Jurgen, "but I am willing to take any drink once. Bring it forth."

The following morning Jurgen returned to Chapel Hill by the same path that he had left the day before. It was a sadder but wiser Jurgen that came back to Jawn and his friends.



He: "I thought that cop said this was a one-way street."
She: "Well, I'm only going one way."

The Student's "If"

If you can pass a course and never study it,
Nor let the laboratories get you on the run;
If you can be a fool and never show it,
You're better than the most of us, my son.
If you can get a six, and not be jealous
Of "ones" you see passed out most every day;
In other words, if you can still be zealous
In work, when you just feel like "being gay";
If you can keep your mind upon your business
And turn off work just like a new machine;
If you can like your "Prof." for all his dizziness
And not get mad, and talk back to the Dean;
If you can play the game in all its phases
And get results despite a predestinated plan:
If they can never lose you in the mazes
And failures only make you show your "sand;"
If you can do this, brother, you're a wonder;
You're not the kind of chap we often see.
I'm glad I had a chance to know you,
For one "Prof." or two don't make a damn
to me.

GEOLOGY 21

As usual, it was a beautiful spring night. However, the moon was back of a cloud, taking a rest, and so we cannot say that the moon shone lazily down upon the youthful pair, as they strolled, arm and arm, through the arboretum.

"Do you know," she said, "I remember something from Geology 21 today that is very appropriate to us. Dr. Cobb said that 'We are what we are largely because we are where we are?'"

She snuggled closer. "And do you remember his other axiom, dear?"

"Uh-uh."

"Man, however far apart in time or space, meets the same conditions in essentially the same way," he said.

She snuggled CLOSER.

So did he.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Every day in every way Chapel Hill is getting bluer and bluer.

A Glimpse of Golf

By Bim Jarnes

Golf is a game. It is a modified form of croquet—not the kind that you eat or the kind that old ladies play with knitting needles, but the kind that is played with wooden balls and big hammers.

Golf is mainly a medical game. It is prescribed by doctors for old men who have too much cents, and for young men who have too little sense. It works well in both cases, as it serves to keep the players out of public places.

The first thing about golf that calls for an explanation is the uniform. The golf uniform was originally designed for women, and is very charming when worn by them. However, it is not of much force when worn by the male element of our population. The uniform consists of four pieces: A coat, which covers from the waist to the neck; a pant, which covers from the waist to the knees, a stocking for the right leg, and a stocking for the left leg. The coat is called a Norfolk, because it was first worn by a crazy Esquimaux. The pant is called a Knickers because it was invented just in the knick of time for President Harding to have himself Pathéd in them during his sentence of office. The stockings are made of sheep fur, and are of a boisterous and fuzzy nature.

As to the game itself: It takes a peculiar point of view to appreciate the finer details of the sport. The author himself had to spend several summers at one of the State's noted summer resorts, at Morganton, before he could get the viewpoint of the average golfer. But that is not to the subject in hand.

The materials used in the game are: One large cow-pasture, a lot of big rubber marbles, and some hammer-headed billiard cues. All of this equipment, except the players, is carried in a long canvas poke, called a caddy.

The object of the game is to knock the marbles all over the pasture, and then try to make your opponent believe that you knocked your marble the same distance that he did his, in a less number of strikes. Lest this point be obscure, let us explain that golf balls are very expensive and wear out very quickly, so you can see that the man who uses his ball the least is the most economical. Golf is an economic game.

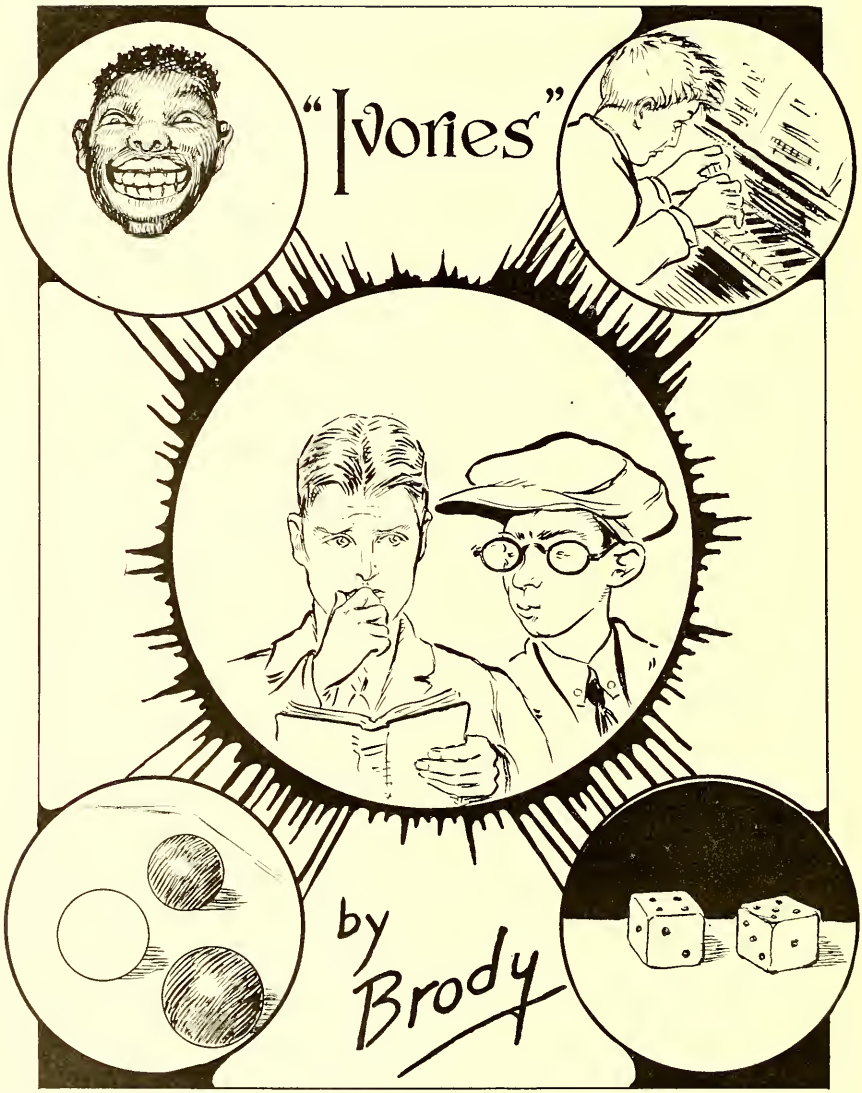
To start the game, the man who has the break kneels down and builds himself a little cone-shaped mud-pie, on which he places one of his own balls, if no other ones are lying around. Next, he stands with a domineering attitude over the inoffensive ball and grasps his bat firmly in both hands, and yells at the top of his lungs "Four." This means that he is going to swing at the ball three times and the fourth time try to hit it.

If there are any spectators, they stand with bated breath and stopped ears, while the player makes his four swings, and any remarks which may occur to him by reason of his breaking a stick or knocking his ball in the ground. After some time has elapsed, he hits the ball, and it goes sailing down the pasture towards a red flag, which marks the goal. After he is through, all the other players do the same thing. When everyone has had his serve they all go down the field to where the balls are and go through the same process again. In several shots they come to a place where the cows have grazed intensively and left a smooth, bare spot. The flag that I spoke of is in the middle of this space, stuck in a little hole. The players take the flag out and try to put their balls in. Everybody knocks at his ball, trying to get it in the cup. When nobody is looking some man succeeds in kicking his ball in. That means that he has won that link. The smooth places are called links, because the cows were chained there. When everyone has gotten into the hole they all start out for the next link in the same manner.

People who are in the first stages of the disease play for nine of these links, call it a day, and go to bed to recuperate. The addicts, however, play for nineteen holes, and spend the rest of the day talking about it.

Golf is a very encouraging game to people who cannot win at any other form of sport. The man

(Continued on page 22.)


"Ivories"
by Brody

Later Still

The longest and most ardent romance in the history of Strawville culminated here Wednesday at high noon when Miss Dizzie Later became the blushing and homely bride of Mr. Dummer Still, who recently moved here from Hickville to enter the fish business. The affair took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. U. Later, the bereaved parents of the matrimoniated daughter. The home was beautifully decorated with cattails and turnip heads, the brown and green color scheme blending harmoniously. The bride entered with her sister, Mrs. Ido de Clare. She (the bride) wore a travelling suit of ink-red poiret twill with accessories to match, and carried a handsome shower bouquet of bridle roses sprinkled with four-leaf clovers. The bride's only attendant was her sister, who, wearing a damask dress of heliotrope hue, fell down just as she reached the soap-box altar (made especially for the occasion), stumbling on the number thirteens of the Reverend Bishop Borneo Bound, pasture of the local parish. She (the bride's sister) carried a dazzling bouquet of grape blossoms sprinkled with wild onions. (This fully carried out the back-to-nature scheme). Mr. Liquor Still, one of the seventeen brothers of the groom, acted as best man, although he really wasn't—his brother (the one being married), being by far the better of the twins, according to the bride. The groom leaned heavily on the arm of his brother, having need of assistance, due to a fainting spell a few minutes previous to the beginning of the wedding, caused by over-heat in an attempt to out-talk Miss Eva Loosetongue, the grass widow of the former bank president. The ring-bearer was petite little Kansas Atkinsaw, who (petite little Kansas) carried the ring in a dainty white organdie lily, trimmed with ruffles. (In this connection it may be of some interest to note that due to some unknown embarrassment a ring made from a horseshoe nail was used as the wedding ring. This was not disclosed by the bride until after the ceremony.)

The ushers were Mr. L. B. Hungry and Mr. "Red" Greene. Miss Sueuh Alimony rendered the nuptial music at the hand organ. Miss Seewash Board sang "At Daybreak" and "Be True My Love."

Immediately following the ceremony a reception was tendered at the home of the bride for the party (bridal), after which Mr. and Mrs. Still left on the daily express for Barbour's Junction, Five Points, and other points. They will be at home to all save bill and deputy collectors in Whiskbroom after May 1.

Mr. Still is widely known throughout his township as being one of the most proficient fish men. He is connected with numerous fisheries, and is regarded as an expert in scaling fish. He also has quite a considerable reputation for curing cancer among the fish. He is at present Grand Scaler of Water Fish in the Exalted Order of Trout Catchers.

Mrs. Still is one of the best cooks in the community, and was champion speller when in the grammar grades. She also has a rare organizing ability and is a capable leader, she being president of the Tuesday Afternoon Sewing Circle. She is also a member of the Tiddledywinks Brigade.

"I hear our old friend Pablo is permanently located at last."
"Did he get a job?"
"No, he died."

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

"A Man's Reasoning"

To the love of man you reply with the question—
"After all, is love worth while?"
And to woman of brightest jewel,
I must answer and wear a smile.

What of a woman's wonderful love!
Is man not worthy of such?
Ah! we would stop and now consider,
The price is often too much.

Would you count him as a toy, and his
Love as only a whim?
Do you feel you are the girl,
Who can make a fool of him?

Surely, you must remember, tho' a man
Requires his mutton hot, his socks and shirts be whole,
He toils from morn 'till night, in office, mill, or shop,
And puzzles his weary soul.

You look for a man and a king—
A king for a beautiful realm and home.
Can you assure your king so fair,
That you're a queen, and not a drone?

You are fair and young, but the rose will fade,
From your soft young cheek some day.
And he'll love you then, 'mid falling leaves,
As he did 'mid the bloom of May

He, too, will grow old and useless,
As all young men must do—
And will you have the love for him
You would wish him have for you?

His heart's a spring
With a fount of eternal love.
Can you drink of its bounty
As a pure and precious dove?

Your man is grand and true,
As dear as the purest gold.
His life, his love, his all,
Shows forth his greatness of soul.

Now the question is asked and answered,
And it's left for you to say.
I've done my part, I'm sure,
So, what part do you wish to play?

"A Woman's Question"

Do you know you have asked for the costliest thing
Ever made by the Hand above,
A woman's heart—
A woman's wonderful love?

Do you know you have asked for this priceless thing,
As a child might ask for a toy;
Demanding what others have died to win
With the reckless dash of a boy?

You have written my lesson of duty out,
Manlike, you have questioned me;
Now stand at the bar of my woman's soul,
Until I have questioned thee.

You require your mutton shall always be hot,
Your socks and your shirts be whole.
I require your heart to be true as God's stars,
As pure as Heaven, your soul.

You require a cook for your mutton and beef;
I require a far better thing.
A seamstress you're wanting for stockings and shirts—
I look for a man and a king.

A king for a beautiful realm called "home,"
And a man that the Maker—God—
Shall look upon as he did on the first,
And say, "It is very good."

I am fair and young, but the rose will fade,
From my soft young cheek some day.
Will you love me then, 'mid the falling leaves,
As you did 'mid the bloom of May?

Is your heart an ocean so strong and deep,
That I may launch my all on its tide?
A loving woman finds Heaven or hell,
On the day she is made a bride.

I require all things that are grand and true;
All things that a man should be.
If you give THIS ALL, I would stake my life
To be all you demand of me.

If you cannot do this, a laundress and cook
You can hire, with little to pay.
But a woman's heart and a woman's hand
Is not to be won that way.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

From the following news items we judge that spring is here:

"Domestic Quarrel Lands Couple in Court."

"New Candidate for Mayor Promises to Clean Up Underhand Political Methods."

"Dance Hall Raided and Liquor Captured."

"Unknown Man and Woman Found Dead in Suicide Pact."

"Picnickers Drowned When Canoe Upsets."

"Debaters Flock to Chapel Hill."

"President Harding Returns From Florida."

"Campus Politics Wax Warm."

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

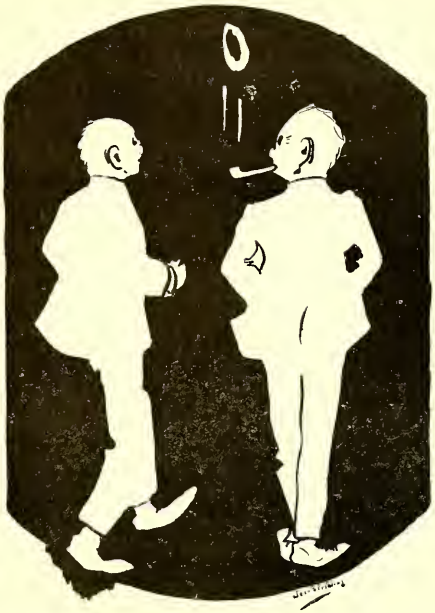
HE NEEDS A TONIC

Cora: I heard that you and Harry had a falling out last night.

Dora: Yeah, I bald him out and told him he was too dandruff!—*Drexerd.*

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

The Make-up



No, Dr. Ignatz, an aspirin tablet isn't something to write on.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

PHILOSOPHICAL

At midnight, when the sun's eclipsed,
And daylight has embarked,
We all can't see, but it seems to me
We can surely feel—in the dark.

How wonderful a world this is
In which we live and be;
We may not see the whole of life,
But we feel what we don't see.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

The love of years can be broken in a day! Why did she have to see me with that other girl?

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

The chances are all the colors in the rainbow, dark and light, will be present at the Commencement Dance, with the addition of a little moonlight.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

A SEA STORY

I can understand the soldier—
He's a careful, prudent man.
But why do sailors want to be
As wreckless as they can?

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

A NAMELESS PLAYLET

Characters: A He and a She.
Place: Any place.
Time: Any time.
Scene, too: Oh, any scene.
No acts.
(That's the trouble.)
He: Love me?
She: Yes, I doo.
He: Kiss me?
She: Jus' can't doo it.
He: Then go to hell!
(Curtain.)

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

"There must be something big behind this," murmured Hezekiah as he lifted the flap of the elephant's tent.

Engagements

(With apologies to M. C. in *The Brown Jug.*)

Those people who are engaged are interesting, much more so than those of us who are so as not to be engaged (whether you consider yourself lucky or otherwise).

Relative to the kinds of engagements, there are many such. For example, there is the one who has just become engaged. Whether man or she, both live in ecstasy, looking forward to that ever-to-be-remembered day. Both drink deep at the Fountain of Exuberance, fantastically living not in the great Now, but in the bright, glowing, dazzling Future. Neither dream how much they are about to "shine it."

There are the long-engaged types. Drunk, both of them. Living in feverish excitement, awaiting the arrival of the eventful day of days. She looks at no other he; he looks at no other she. So, there you are! Both are getting into the rut. They are on the eve of that catastrophe when both, arising, stare across the table at each other at breakfast: he has made the dough, she the bread.

Then there is the used-to-be-but-isn't-now-and-wouldn't-be-again-for-anything type. He has passed through all the feverisms, fantasticalities, exuberations, et als. Now he lives in the Now. He is sour on the Past and doesn't give a happy hurrah for the Future. What is spring for him? He remembers something about a young man's fancy, but can't exactly place it. All the seasons are spring to him now. He is Free, CURED.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

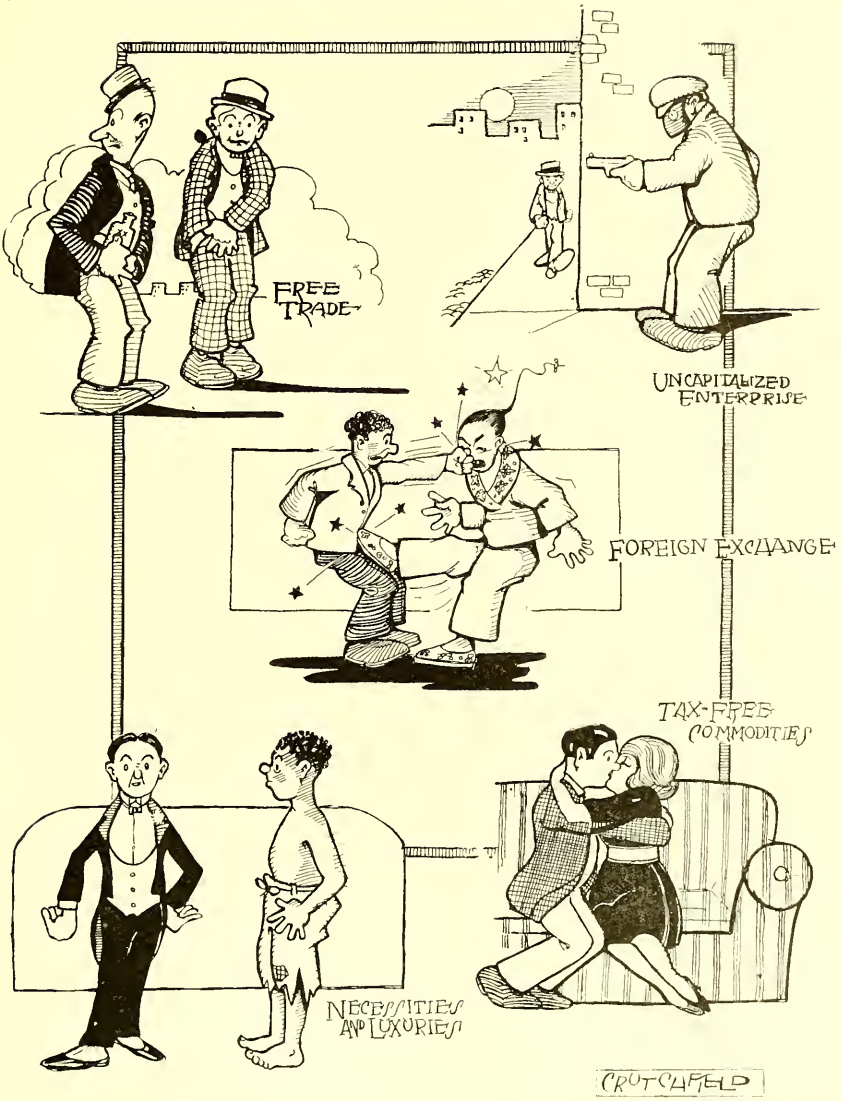
Carolina students, don't you cry;
They'll repeal the blue laws, bye and bye.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

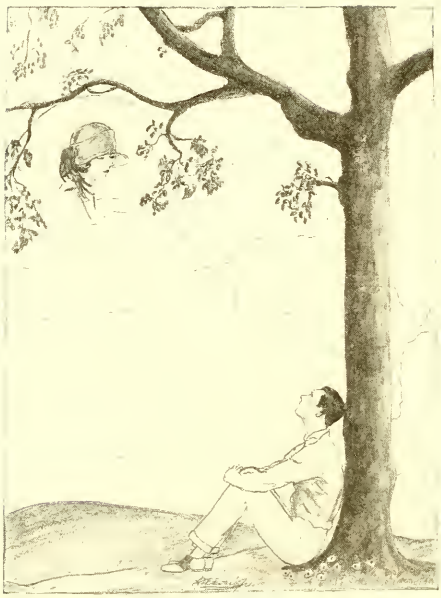
Lillian goes out sometimes,
Ophelia plays goo! goo!
Violet strings up all the boys,
Elsie necks some, too.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

I called on Kate the other night:
I failed, as you all saw.
They've since told me she's "tres" reserved.
Well, yes! But then, who for?



NEW VERSIONS OF ECONOMIC TERMS



⁂

SPRING FEVER

When the buds begin to blossom
And the birds begin to sing;
When you feel like playing 'possum,
And your head begins to ring.

When you feel so wishy-washy
That you sleep away your days,
Then pull up stakes, and move, my son,
For in the end it pays.

Spring fever's got you hard and fast,
So, give up work and play.

⁂

SPRING ONIONS

When you can look at a plain everyday shoes and stockings girl and actually convince yourself that she is the spirit of Venus pausing for a few years upon this otherwise prosaic world, then you can be sure, my son, that you have got it.

You are "in love"!

Jurgenesque

(With apologies to Rossetti's translation of Villon.)

Tell me where are the girls I have loved;
And where are the girls who have loved me;
The country lass and the silken gloved,
Where are they, tell me where, je vous prie,
The girls in whose eyes I used to see
The light which taught me not to fear;
Where is Mildred, and where is Marie?
But where are my girls of yesteryear?

Where's Ethel, my beautiful blonde;
Where's Thelma, is she passed to nought,
Whose every finger was a magician's wand
With which to charm my every thought;
And why is Helen not still sought?
Speak to me not of her funeral bier.
O what sadness the years have wrought,
But where are my girls of yesteryear?

Where is Margaret, and where is Alice,
And where is that maiden, nameless now,
From whose sweet and pure chalice
I drank the plight of a broken vow;
Where is my answer, O where and how?
Where is Julia and Catherine, dear
As the depths of my soul would allow,
But where are my girls of yesteryear?

Can I never more their dear lips kiss;
Never find them on land or mere?
Then, if all is over, still add this:
But where are my girls of yesteryear?

⁂

A Glimpse of Golf

(Concluded from page 15.)

who does the best work by getting the most hits at his ball, loses; while the poor fellow who has rated only a few strikes is judged winner.

The game of golf is a remarkable game. Many apparently sane people claim to enjoy it. I shall not attempt to explain this. I hope that in my limited space I have been able to give you some idea of this notorious game. I hope, also, that in the future I may have the pleasure of explaining to you some of the kindred athletic sports, such as Old Maid, Jack Rocks, Hop Scotch, etc.

Carolina Again!

Now, there's Dot, a comely lass.
Good-natured, lively, full of fun;
I like her lots, altho', alas.
My love is for another one.

There was Lenore, another girl,
Nice looking, up-to-date, and fair
From neat, trim foot to raven curl;
But love was for a one more rare.

There, too, was "Mutt," full sweet,
With words of love at her command;
But I was fated yet to meet
The girl who would my love demand.

And Anna Mae is quite the stuff,
She's cute, and smart, demure, and shy;
I like her, too, but not enough
To detract love from one more sly.

And Helen, too, for just a while,
Enticed me with her winsome way;
But Helen never had a smile
To lead my dormant love astray.

Then "Wop" side-swiped my heart
Just once, and she was really nice,
But just too good to make me part
My love from one whose heart is ice.

There have been many, I've loved none,
And none had love for me;
I passed them up, they passed me by,
I thought a loveless one I'd be.

In all the women I found a flaw;
A chronic hater, a woman snub,
But there came one who filled with awe,
I loved her, and—well, there's the rub.

I loved her and I love her still,
Altho' she loves me none, I fear,
I love her now, and ever will
Each future day and month and year.

Her hair is bobbed and curled and brown;
The curl is natural, color too,
A shapely neck, it falls around,
With dark complexion blends its hue.

Her eye, tho' dark, darts forth a fire
Which burns into my shallow soul,
And heals my brain to warmth most dire,
And makes my blood to boil and roll.

Her lips, quite thin, are red as wine,
Acl, too, as wine upon me;
Destroy the past, the present's mine
When those lips smile about me.

Those smiles which linger in my mind
At times seem scoffing, chaffing,
For I wonder if I'm blind
And cannot see it's laughing.

Every feature has perfection,
A characteristic work of art;
Every line has true direction,
And in this beauty takes a part.

She's quite a shapely image
Of some goddess of some dance,
For she would make the gods to rage,
Or cast them all into a trance.

Nor is this all, she has wit,
Ideas her mind forever fill;
So, if Fortune removed each bit
Of beauty, I would love her still.

The name itself means all to me,
I want to call her mine;
So, Fate, be kind, and let her be
To end of all, my Caroline!

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

John D. may be a Rocky feller,
But then I have been told
That every rock that fellow has
Is made of solid gold.—*Pitt Panther.*

Sophomore: "The girls are like my tonsils."
Freshman: "How's that?"
Sophomore: "I've got to cut them out."

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Her skin was colored black and blue.
Her nose was battered flat:
For she had had a wild night out—
Poor little Pussy Cat!

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

No, Zuleika, the Social Contract is not a divorce decree; however, we can understand your mistake.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

"GIMME"

"If I had Aladdin's Lamp
For only a day,"
I'd wear the damn thing out,
An' there'd be hell to pay.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

No, Geraldine, Manual Labor is not a Mexican.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

VOTIVE

Venus, sweet belle of Olympus,
You've tinkled for quite a few seasons;
But when I see you *De Milo*
I understand most of the reasons.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

No, Marcellus, Easter Sunday is not Billie's sister.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

HORSEY

The sky is blue,
The ocean's hue,
Horses neck,
I do, too.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

The only time a man is pleased by having a woman kick, is when he is at a musical comedy.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

BARA—ER

There was a young star named Theda,
Who made all the young old men feed 'er.
But one night, as she tripped,
Her shoulder-strap slipped,
And the young men and old men see'd her.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

When I was a child, I thought as a child, I spake as a child; but when I became a man I went to the University of North Carolina and threw peanuts at the Pick.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

WHAT?

Rastus: Gal, did yu get them flowers I sent yu?
Rastette: Didn't get nuthin' else.
Rastus: Gal, did yu wear them flowers I sent yu?
Rastette: Didn't wear nuthin' else.
Rastus: Then what did you pin em tu?

No, Barney Google, a spark plug isn't always full of carbon.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

"Life is just one troublesome thing after the other," said the ungracious father, as he put his twins to bed.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

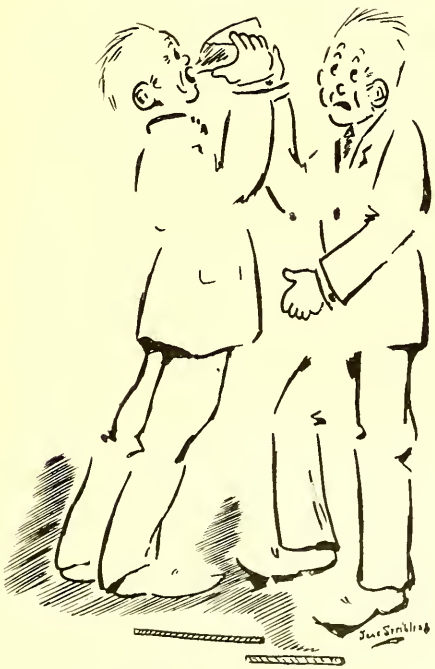
"Sometimes the cart goes before the horse," said the old farmer when one of his trace straps broke loose and the buggy went flying down the hill.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

"Why do they call that movie prize-fighter Van Heusen?"

"No doubt because he always tries to look as hard as he can without hurting anybody."

⁂ ⁂ ⁂



Going! Going!! Gone!!!

Bim: "Are you laying anything aside for a rainy day?"

Bam: "Sure—my overshoes and umbrella."

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

"But the end is not always the finish," read the tale.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Whoever said, "Hitch your wagon to a star," should have finished his statement, "but be sure it is not a shooting star."

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

They were just leaving the first tee, when a heavily built man, holding a handful of perfectos, approached his caddie, and said:

"Do you smoke, sonny?"

"Yes, sir," said the boy eagerly, noting the cigars.

"Guess I'll carry them myself, then," said the man, walking away.—*Judge.*

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Harry: There he kissed her on the cheek.

Carrie: How perfectly aimless.—*Burr.*

At a Dance Hall Called the "Ace-High Straight"

By Longfelton

I

Listen, fellows, have you heard
Of Maggie O'Dowd and Pat McQuird?
'Tis a tale of a dance hall in forty-nine,
When men craved the gold and flocked to the mine.
In a town named Cramer, in that Western State
Which is famously known for its Golden Gate,
Was a dance hall run by Charlie Black,
Who sold the liquid and coined the jack:
The name of the hall was the "Ace-High Straight,"
Where games were going both early and late.

II

Pat and Mag were Irish and Scotch,
And Nature of neither had made a botch.
Mag had beautiful lips and hair,
And eyes that would make most anyone stare;
She was slim and neat about the waist,
And her hips were broad to exacting taste;
Her legs were pretty, shapely, neat,
From the firm, warm thigh on down to her feet;
Her arms were white and heavenly round—
In fact, no prettier could be found;
Her bosom full, and warm, and plump,
And all in all she was a trump.
The funny thing is that she was straight,
Or there wouldn't be any tale to relate.

III

And Mag loved Pat by her own consent,
But she wouldn't show it, and was bent
On being cold toward everyone
Who hunted the nuggets and carried a gun.
Pat was a man without a doubt,
And you knew he was this when he was about;
His arm was thick, but his brain was not,
And he loved the dance-hall girl a lot.
But he was shy, not very bold,
While she was gay, but proudly cold;
So the days passed by, and not a move
Did Patrick make to show his love.

IV

But one night into the Ace-High Straight
Came an earthy devil named Peter Slate;
By his walk you could tell that he was drunk,
And by his breath, which with liquor stunk.
He waddled up to Miss O'Dowd
And made a suggestion, not very loud;
She didn't like it, for she moved her seat,
But drunk Pete's purpose she couldn't defeat.
He followed her, and worried her more,
Until pretty Mag grew rather sore.
His temper rose in his drink-soaked mind,
And you could see trouble if you wasn't blind.

V

So a row was started pretty soon
In the Ace-High Straight, beneath a moon
Which laughed at the troubles of common men.
It was getting on nicely and quietly when
Bad Pete pulled a gun with evil intent,
Because proud Mag wouldn't relent.
Then Pat rose up from his seat near by,
With a look of murder in his eye.
With his left the gun of Pete he hit,
And his right on Pete's jaw made a pretty close fit;
It ended the row, for Pete was cold,
And the incident made old Pat right bold;
For he grabbed Mag's arm and took her away
To a parson who nearby happened to stay.

VI

So now not far from the Ace-High Straight
There are young Pats bawling both early and late,
And young Mags calling for Mother Mag,
Who's long discarded the dancing rag.
Now this is not funny, nor has it wit,
But it's a damn good tale, you'll have to admit.

Six Answers to Six Tastes

LUXURY

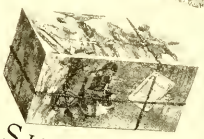
Salmagundi. Bear in mind the name when you select chocolates to please a luxurious taste. It has a wide variety including some new and most attractive chocolates. In an art metal tin box worthy of the contents.

Whitman's SALMAGUNDI CHOCOLATES

VARIETY

Everybody's taste has approved the *Sampler* and chosen it as America's foremost candy. It contains selections from ten favorite Whitman's packages which can also be purchased separately. It appeals to the taste for quaint, dainty things.

Whitman's SAMPLER



SURPRISE

A taste for mystery, romance, treasure trove—the element of surprise and the pleasure of new flavors—all are answered in the picturesque Pleasure Island Box of Whitman's. Have you explored its bullion bags?

Whitman's PLEASURE ISLAND CHOCOLATES

EXCELLENCE

Super Extra. A name that harks back to 1842 and the original Whitman's Chocolates that are still the standard. The assortment is one that has been selected with great care, changing slowly with the public taste during the eighty years its popularity has endured. It answers the average cultivated taste for sweets.

Whitman's SUPER EXTRA CHOCOLATES

ODDITY

This book-shaped box bound in green and gold has a list of contents inside the cover differing from any other package it has proved an assortment perfectly selected for many tastes. The Library Package is an appropriate gift for many folks and many occasions.

Whitman's LIBRARY PACKAGE

RICHNESS

There's a distinct appeal in whole nut meats thickly coated with Whitman's famous chocolate. Those who like walnuts, pecans, filberts, almonds and all the favorite nut meats, at their best, declare this package to be their favorite.

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Patterson Bros.

A Cold in May Takes the Taste Away--

Taste for work—taste for athletics—taste for a good smoke—taste for the "Ham-and"

The thing to do when you first feel a cold coming on is to "take it easy"—rest up a bit—and rub in some Vicks. At bedtime take a hot bath (if there is any) and massage Vicks well in over the throat and chest. Cover the application with a hot flannel cloth (if there is any to be had), otherwise the wreck of an old shirt will do. Leave the bedclothes loose at the neck so you can take in the vapors all night. Often this treatment breaks a cold by morning and saves imprisonment in the infirmary, where you don't know what you may be missing.

KEEP THE OLD BLUE JAR HANDY

Over 17 million jars used yearly

VICKS VAPORUB

Prof.: There's no soup on the menu.
Waiter: No, sir; I just dried it off.
—*Phoenix.*

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Stewed Honey: I'd like to see you apart for a moment.
Lady Clerk: Say, kid, whadayah think I am, a puzzle for the little ones?—*Beanpot.*

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

First Drunk (bumping into lamp post): Excuse me, sir. (Bumping into fire hydrant) Excuse me, little boy. (Bumping into second lamp post and falling down) Well, I'll just sit here until the crowd pas-h-es.—*Yellow Jacket.*

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

J. Bean: Can you dance?
V. Green: No, but I can hold them while they dance.—*Whirlwind.*

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

"So you've sold out three dozen pairs of garters since morning?" cried the lady customer. "I don't see where they all go to."
"Neither do I," blushed the male clerk.
—*Whirlwind.*

ELECTRICALS

Clerk of Court: Mr. Sparks is charged with shocking the community.
Judge: Put him in a dry cell.—*Burr.*

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

"Say, there, black man; cain't yo' play honest? Ah knows what cairds Ah done dealt you."
—*Black and Blue Jay.*

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Policeman: You're under arrest!
Cross-eyed Bimbo: What for?
Policeman: You look crooked.
—*Punch Bowl.*

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Frosh: And how did you say you became a great orator?
Senior: My boy, I began by addressing envelopes.—*Burr.*
—*Lampoon.*

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Room: Hey there! Don't spit on the floor!
Mate: 'S matter, floor leak?—*Chaparral.*

WE'LL BE HERE--

Tuesday Wednesday Thursday

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Jack Sparrows

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All Suits Made to Order

$23.50

ONE PRICE

Wait for Us— **"Red"** and **"Nat"**

He (as canoe rocks): Don't be afraid—we're only ten feet from land.

She (looking around): Where is it?

He: Underneath us!—*Chaparral.*

* * *

Say, Sam, would you like to see some good French dressing?

Where are they?—*Sun Dodger.*

* * *

Little Gwendolyn had been spanked for misconduct.

It happened that immediately after the application the benign old parson of the neighborhood called at Gwendolyn's house. Gwendolyn was crying lustily.

"What's the matter?" asked the kind old parson.

"It hurts," said Gwendolyn.

"What hurts?" asked the kind old parson.

"The back of my lap," said little Gwendolyn.

—*Phoenix.*

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ON THE FOLLOWING SCHEDULE:

A NEW FAST TRAIN

EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR

BEGINNING APRIL 29, 1923

WESTBOUND No. 21			EASTBOUND No. 22
9:00 AM		Lv. GOLDSBORO, N. C.	Ar. 11:20 PM
9:45 AM		Lv. Selma, N. C.	Ar. 10:30 PM
10:40 AM		Lv. RALEIGH, N. C.	Ar. 9:35 PM
11:35 AM		Lv. Durham, N. C.	Ar. 8:36 PM
12:44 PM		Lv. BURLINGTON, N. C.	Ar. 7:32 PM
1:40 PM		Lv. GREENSBORO, N. C.	Ar. 6:35 PM
2:50 PM		Lv. WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.	Ar. 5:25 PM
5:10 PM		Lv. STATESVILLE, N. C.	Ar. 3:00 PM
9:40 PM ET		Ar. ASHEVILLE, N. C.	ET Lv. 10:45 AM
9:50 PM ET		Lv. ASHEVILLE, N. C.	ET Lv. 10:35 AM
8:50 PM CT		Lv. ASHEVILLE, N. C.	CT Ar. 9:35 AM
1:10 AM		Lv. KNOXVILLE, TENN.	Ar. 5:25 AM
3:20 AM		Lv. HARRIMAN, TENN.	Ar. 3:20 AM
7:40 AM		Ar. DANVILLE, KY.	Lv. 10:30 PM
8:10 AM		Lv. Danville, Ky.	Ar. 7:45 PM
11:55 AM		Ar. LOUISVILLE, KY.	Lv. 4:00 PM
8:45 AM		Ar. LEXINGTON, KY.	Lv. 9:20 PM
11:20 AM		Ar. CINCINNATI, OHIO	Lv. 6:45 PM
12:00 noon	Big	Lv. CINCINNATI, OHIO	Big Ar. 6:15 PM
2:35 PM	Four	Ar. INDIANAPOLIS, IND.	Four Lv. 3:20 PM
8:05 PM	Route	Ar. CHICAGO, ILL.	Route Lv. 10:10 AM

ET, Eastern Time; CT, Central Time.

Connections made at Danville, Ky., for Louisville, Ky., and at Cincinnati for Indianapolis, Chicago, Cleveland, Toledo and Detroit.

The Asheville-Chicago sleeping car is handled on this train, which gives passengers for points between Cincinnati and Chicago the opportunity of transferring into this car before arrival at Cincinnati.

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Everything for the Student

HOT STUFF

She: Do you like the Kiss Waltz the orchestra is playing?

He: I'd like it better on a mouth organ.

—*Puppet.*

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

S. Y. T.: Oh, Jack, I'm so glad you proposed.

Hopeful Him: Then you accept me?

S. Y. T.: Well, no. But your proposal puts me even with Pansy Smith, who had the most of any girl in our set.—*Royal Baboon.*

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Prof.: Can you tell me about the life of the Kaiser? (Absolute silence on the part of the student.)

Prof.: Right—the less said about this ruler the better.—*Awgwan.*

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Jane: Did you have a good time at the dance last night?

Mame: Pretty poor; Ed is below in math. and he spent all his time flirting with the Prof.'s wife.

Jane: I see—appealing to the higher court.

—*Drexerd.*

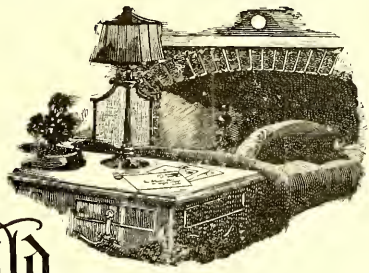
Watch for the Opening

of the new

Carolina Cafeteria

"Genuine Home Cooking"

Everything New



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BUY IT PLAIN OR DIE STAMPED

R. W. FOISTER

- - - *YES*

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If you will let us, we can and WILL save you money whenever you are ready to buy anything in our line.

We will appreciate your business, large or small, and give you the best possible service.

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Chapel Hill Street
DURHAM

Day in and day out/

FATIMA

"Don't you think this holly beautiful?"
"Oh, it's the berries!"—*Pitt Panther.*

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

"How was the party last night?"
"It was a good party while I lasted."—*Life.*

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

At college we're told there are two sad things: one of them is graduating; the other is not graduating.—*Jack-o-Lantern.*

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Mother: Richard writes that he has been burning the midnight oil every night this week.

Father: Yes, he'll have the old bus all worn out if he doesn't watch out.—*The Engineer.*

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

"So," sobbed Ilma Vladoffovitchskioffsky, "Ivan Ninespotsky died in battle! You say he uttered my name as he was dying?"

"Part of it, he did his best," replied the returned soldier.—*Goblin.*

Fifty Years Ago

Louis E Levy, inventor of the Half-tone, made the first Half-tone at 632 Chestnut Street This Historic Site, now the home of the Franklin Photo-Engraving House, has been noted ever since for progressiveness in the Engravers Art

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Printers for The Carolina Boll Weevil, The Technician, Old Gold and Black and Other Publications.

Hargett and Wilmington Streets RALEIGH, N. C.

Mae: I call him my Bermuda onion.
June: Yes?
Mae: He is so big and strong.—*Wasp.*

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Eve (from the bushes): Adam, dear, close your eyes so I can come home.
Adam: What's the matter, my own.
Eve: I've been A. W. O. L.—*Dirge.*

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Mrs. Goldstein: Ikey! Ikey! Felix has svallered a penny!
Mr. Ditto: Vot a great poy. Already he vants to start in peczness as a penny in der slot machine.—*Hermonite.*

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

First Stude: Do you know Bill Jones?
Second Stude: Yes, he sleeps in my class.
—*Mink.*

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Social Lion: I'll introduce you to her.
Timid One: No, thanks!
S. L.: Why not?
T. O.: I don't know her.—*Lampoon.*

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Prof. (in government class): What is a silent majority?
Stupe: Er, I guess it's two men when there's a woman present.—*Medley.*

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Prof.: Success, gentlemen, has four conditions.
Voice From Back Row: Tough luck, the dean will kick it out of college.—*Whirlwind.*

Have you seen the

Boston Garter

Velvet Grip

with the new wide webbing?

Stripes of various attractive color combinations

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Materials of the very best—
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We do not merely "sell" you a garment—
We **do** fit the garment to you—
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Our Collection—
Is so adequate that we are never tempted to let you go away with something that is unsuitable—Our pride in you as the finished product is too great for that.

If for Any Reason—
You should feel any dissatisfaction with an article purchased from us—you may return it and receive your money back. It need not be an important "reason"—just the fact that you are not entirely pleased is "reason" enough.

When You Enter Our Shop You Are Our Guest—
You may "browse" around as long as you like—you may purchase if you care to—you may try on anything you wish—or you may just sit and rest and "look pleasant."

Drop in Some Day and Test Our Hospitality.

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Chapel Hill North Carolina

THE ORIGINAL

Ask For and Get

"Horlicks"

There is a reliability and satisfaction in securing the Original — Genuine product at fountains, that no imitation affords.

Food-drink of delicious and original flavor. Popularized by its uniform quality for over one-third of a century.

Refreshes at the fountain. Sustains and invigorates the student and athlete. A convenient luncheon on your way to your room at night, or at other times.

Purchase jars and flasks in Powder and Lunch Tablet forms

AVOID IMITATONS

Vassar '25: Oh, dear; I just can't adjust my curriculum!

Yale '25: That's all right. It doesn't show any.—*Record.*

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Clarence: Oh, I could just die dancing.

Clara: I'd rather drown than be trampled to death.—*Orphan.*

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

"That was a corking good dance," agreed the man with the peg leg.—*Sun Dodger.*

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Editor: Can't you think of any but naughty jokes for this magazine?

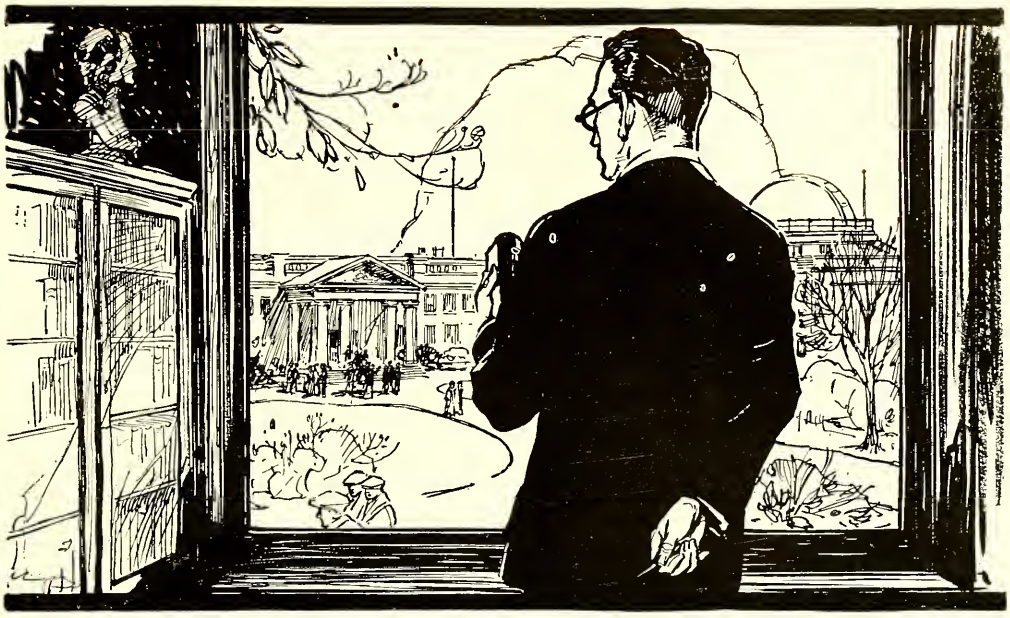
Hopeful: Yeh, but I thought this was a college comic.—*Brown Jug.*

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

MOTHERLY ADVICE

Mother: And what did you do when he kissed you? I hope you showed him you were angry and indignant?

Maybel: Yes, indeed! I was up in arms at once.—*Widow.*



Teaching Engineering—a Real Man's Work

"Why are you satisfied to spend your days here when you might be doing bigger and more remunerative work with us?" The speaker was the Vice President of a big corporation, and he was addressing a great chemist.

The man to whom he spoke looked from his study window out over a well-loved campus for several moments before he replied. Finally his answer came, "I guess it's because I am more interested in helping to make *men* than I would be in just making *things*."

This thing of building men is one of the most fascinating vocations known. The pleasure that grows out of watching men develop, out of seeing them make effective use of the fundamentals that have been so carefully given them to use—it is doubtful if there can be any pleasure much deeper or more satisfying.

The teacher honors himself in the usefulness of his students. And the teacher of engineering, especially. His laboratory and his materials are in the minds of men. He shows them the right and constructive use of the senses and the memory in securing and storing information. He trains the judgment and the will to analyze and to decide. Little by little he develops the will to do, the ability to turn decision into accomplishment, the quality that always marks the successful engineer, who is a man who gets things done.

Westinghouse, and every engineering business, must acknowledge a deep obligation to those teachers whose training and interest have been an inspiration and a sure foundation for the individual successes that are constantly being recorded. And nothing that men or events may do can deprive the teacher of his rightful share of such triumphs!

Westinghouse

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC

ACHIEVEMENT & OPPORTUNITY

I'd walk a mile for a Camel

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Winston-Salem, North Carolina

CAROLINA

BOLL WEEVIL

25¢

Greenville & Golf-

For the man who swears by a white oxford shirt *Greenville* offers an unusual amount of service and comfort. The cut of the collar, convenient pocket, roomy body and sleeves with neat flat cuffs make it an ideal garment for golf and outing wear.

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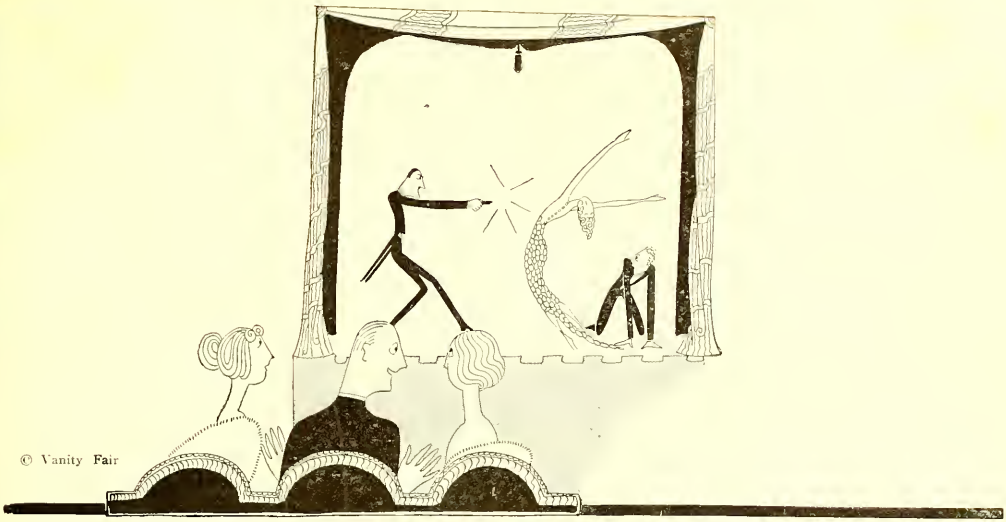
Lion Collars & Shirts Inc. Troy, N. Y.



The Happy Ending

The play's over—the whole shooting match. Everyone is either dead or married. Now you can go home, to the *really* happy ending of the day—to read your copy of

VANITY FAIR

In Each Issue:—

PAGES of photographs of the most carefully dressed actresses and the most carelessly dressed dancers.

REVIEWS of the latest plays, to solve the problem of what to see when in town.

SATIRICAL sketches by Fish and other artists, to keep you in touch with the follies of the world.

HUMOR with a line you'll find irresistible to female prom-addicts and hometown débutantes.

SPORTS articles by men who have played on teams themselves, and motor pages by an expert.

AN Auction Bridge corner which will make your game a social and business asset.

ART, life and letters served up in short courses which will not jade the most delicate appetite.

AND the only sensible, correct, well-bred department of men's clothes published in this country.

Where's the Nearest News Stand?

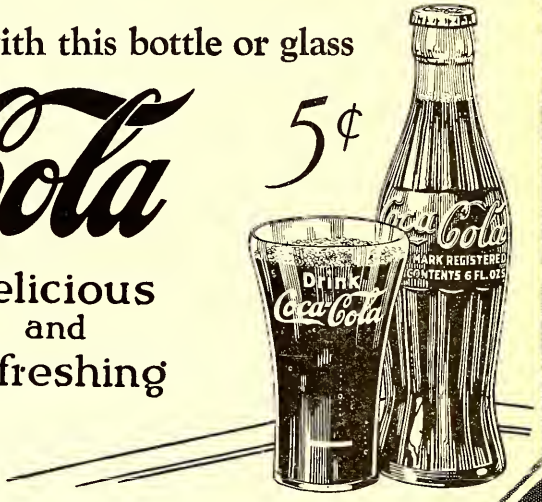
Enjoy thirst-

You score extra points with this bottle or glass

Drink Coca-Cola

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

5¢



Delicious and Refreshing

The Coca-Cola Co., Atlanta, Ga.

PUNCH SHERBETS

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DURHAM, N. C.

"BLUE RIBBON BRAND"

Beats Them All

FANCY ICES

ICE CREAM
in all
Flavors and Shapes

Mother uses cold cream,
Father uses lather,
My girl uses powder—
At least that's what I gather!
—*Orange Owl.*

✕ ✕ ✕

Customer: How do you sell this cheese?
Grocer: I've often wondered myself, madam.
—*Judge.*

✕ ✕ ✕

Frosh: I can't keep my mind on my work.
Soph: There is a slight breeze, I'll close the window.—*Lemon Punch.*

✕ ✕ ✕

"Do Frenchmen know our slang?
"Some do, I suppose."
"Well, my daughter is to be married in Paris, and my future son-in-law, the count, has cabled me to come across."—*Phœnix.*

Royes
EXCLUSIVE MENS WEAR

Unusual Toggery for College Men

Domestic and Imported Sports Clothes

MAIL ORDERS SOLICITED

ROYES - - - - Asheville, N. C.

Captain on Rifle Range: How the devil have you made four straight hits? Your range is 1,000 yards and your sight is at 600.

Rookie: See that little stone about half way up there? Well, I'm banking 'em off that.—*Froth.*

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

The lights were dim, the curtains down and two on the settee:

He: Does your mother object to kissing?

She: Do you want to ring the whole family in on this party?—*Puppet.*

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

OUR IDEAL ENGLISH JOKE

He: What would your father do if he caught you being kissed?

She: Why, he never did anything to me, yet.

He: Good-bye.—*Jack o' Lantern.*

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

OFF AGAIN, ON AGAIN

Bride: How does lovey dear like his little girl with her hair bobbed?

Hubby: Not a bit!

Bride: Well, I'll be switched!—*Chapparal.*

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

He: Sir, may I marry your daughter?

Irate Father: No, sir, you can't have her. I wouldn't consider a son-in-law who has no more brains than to want to marry a girl with no more sense than my daughter has shown in allowing you to think you could have her.—*Tiger.*

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Judge: The decision of the court is that you be sentenced to life imprisonment. Have you any request to make?

Condemned: Yeh. Can't you knock off the month I have already been in jail.—*Sun Dodger.*

A million men have turned to One Eleven Cigarettes— a firm verdict for superior quality

"111"

cigarettes

15 for 10c

The American Tobacco Co.

PORTRAIT OF SIR ISAAC NEWTON

James II is Dead— NEWTON Lives

IT has always been known that free bodies fall. The earth has a strange attraction. How far does it extend? No one knew before Newton, sitting in his garden, one day in 1665, began to speculate.

"Why should not the attraction of gravitation reach as far as the moon?" he asked himself. "And if so, perhaps she is retained in her orbit thereby." He began the calculation, but overwhelmed by the stupendous result that he foresaw, he had to beg a friend to complete it.

In Newton's *Principia* were laid down his famous laws of motion —the basis of all modern engineering. The universe was proved to be a huge mechanism, the parts of which are held togetner in accordance with the great law of gravitation.

James II was reigning when the *Principia* appeared in 1687. He is remembered for the Bloody Assizes of Jeffreys, for his complete disregard of constitutional liberties, for his secret compacts with Louis XIV and the huge bribes that he took from that monarch, and for the revolution that cost him his crown; Newton is remembered because he created a new world of thought, because he enabled scientists and engineers who came after him to grapple more effectively with the forces of nature.

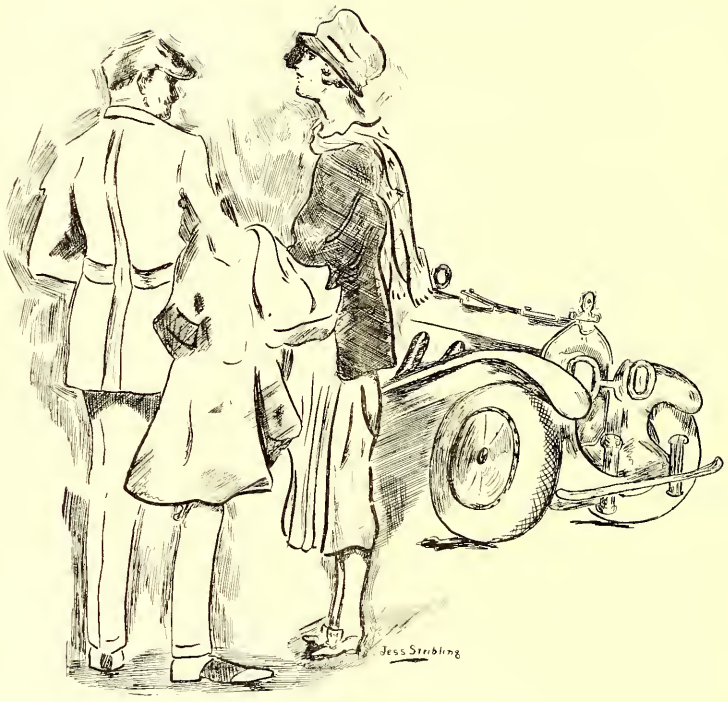
When, for instance, the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company determine the stresses set up in a steam turbine by the enormous centrifugal forces generated as the rotor spins, they practically apply Newton's laws in reaching conclusions that are of the utmost value to the designing engineer.

General Electric

General Office Company *Schenectady, N.Y.*

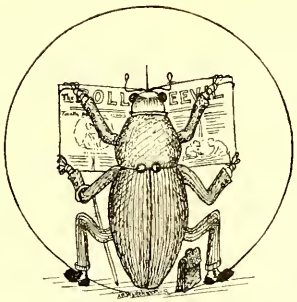
95-629 D

AN OLD-FASHIONED GIRL



He: "Will you go for a spin with me?"
She: "Won't do nothing else!"
He: "We won't go, then."

BOLL WEEVIL



PUBLISHED BY STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA

NOW THAT COMMENCEMENT IS HERE, THIS SUMMER I AM RESOLVED TO:

1. Take some books home with me and get a little preparation for next quarter.
2. Get me a job, so that I won't have to be going to dad all the time for jack.
3. Stay at home, and give the folks a chance to see me some.
4. Get up early every morning for a cold shower, cut down on smoking, lay off the corn, and in general, keep myself in good physical shape.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Dr. Cobb: The geologist thinks in terms of centuries.

Stude: My God, and I loaned that lab. instructor ten berries.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

If your hair parts in the center;
If you wear a sheep-lined coat;
If your line doesn't need a sinker,
And you drive a wicked boat;
If you're a snake—and smoke
Real cigarettes; it's a sign
You'd make some moon-eyed Co-ed
A campus valentine.

—*Parrakut.*

BUT AS A MATTER OF FACT I'LL PROBABLY:

1. Shudder every time I pass a bookstore.
2. Sponge off the old man as usual.
3. Move my trunk to Hendersonville
4. Go to the dogs.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Our idea of a fresh freshman is the one who on his first day on The Hill applied at the Book Exchange for his Phi Beta Kappa Key.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Rickety, rackety, rust,
I do not wish to cuss;
But I've already said
I want to be a real Co-ed,
And we're gonna have a new building
or bust.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

It is rumored that the bridge fans, not to be outdone by the golf bugs' golf stockings, will soon be wearing monocles around the campus.

"How many courses did you bust last quarter?"

"Not but one."

"That's a good record. How many did you take?"

"One."

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

LOVE LIKE FORTY

Everyone says that you were a lovely child (when six months old).

You marry after an expensive love affair.

Papers describe the ceremony as a lovely affair.

All of your kids are lovely little brats (same as you were).

If you are compelled to visit Reno, it is the result of too many love affairs.

When you die everyone sends lovely flowers.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Speaking of graduation, reminds me of a brother of mine, who went to school nine years, attending seven different colleges, getting off his pre-med. work.

Whatever became of him?

He died the month before entering the med-school.

He kissed her where she stood.
That must have been a sole kiss.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

This is one of the thousands of unsolicited testimonials which we have on file at our home office. They are open for public inspection at all times:

Milk College,

Pine Burr, Arkensaw.

I wish to state that my school was in such a run-down condition in 1910 that we could hardly get along. All of our students were dull and listless, and complained of having spots before their eyes. A good friend of mine, President W———, of Cream College, Georgia, recommended your famous discovery to me. I began by taking ten nice young girls as Co-eds. The cure worked so well that I took in an additional ten. Now we have five thousand young ladies at our famous institution and seven hundred and fifty nice and refined young men. I sincerely recommend this remedy for any school that feels that it is on the down-grade and needs a tonic to drive away those giddy spells.

Sincerely yours,

———————

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

TO ———

Thou sharp-faced "hawk,"
Prematurely aged;
What vile spirit
Is in thee caged?

That coarse, wild hair,
That protruding chin:
Thou seemest to me
Personified Sin.

Thy lack-luster eye
Holds only disdain
I fear it more
Than all hell's pain.

To a nunnery get thee,
There don the hood,
And hide thy face
For mankind's good.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

If August died would September morn?

IMPRESSIONS of Hendersonville
Asheville
Blowing Rock
White Sulphur Springs
Any of 'em

Good and bad dance music—bad and rotten dancers—neck—freckles and peelin' skin—eight dollars a day—neck—fat girls in knickers—"Sweetheart, that great, big moon makes me think of my great love"—neck—punk tennis courts and rotten caddies—dark porch corners—neck—the guy that wants to take a nice long walk, and the girl that wants to play bridge—"Did you really think I was that kind of girl?"—neck—"Nah, suh, ah jest sold mah las' quawt"—late dates—neck.

⁂

100% PERFECT

Business Organization Professor: Mr. Jones, what are some of the characteristics of a cafeteria?

University Student: They have all of the earmarks of a well-kept gold mine, sir.

AN AVERAGE AMERICAN'S THOUGHTS AFTER READING DICKENS OR SCOTT

I wish I had lived in the days of old,
When ordinary knights didn't have to be so bold,
When on feeling a thirst, he could reign in his steed,
And swap two bits for a slug of mead.

When on a journey from early morn,
He puts up at an inn, weary and forlorn,
A minstrel lulls him with some forgotten tale,
While he devours meat-pie, lubricated by good ale.

So it seems to me that England at that time must have been
A conglomeration of pork pies and larded fowls,
Sherry, hot punch, and hound-dog howls,
And I, like you, wish I'd lived there then.

⁂

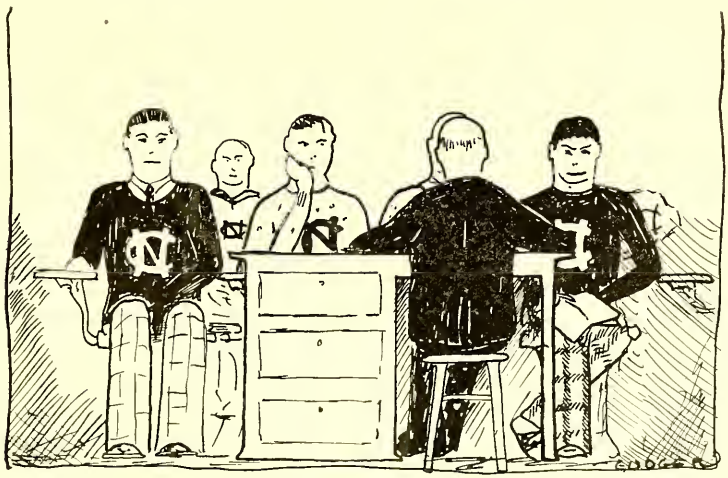
IT DEPENDS

She: You are the first man that I ever let kiss me.

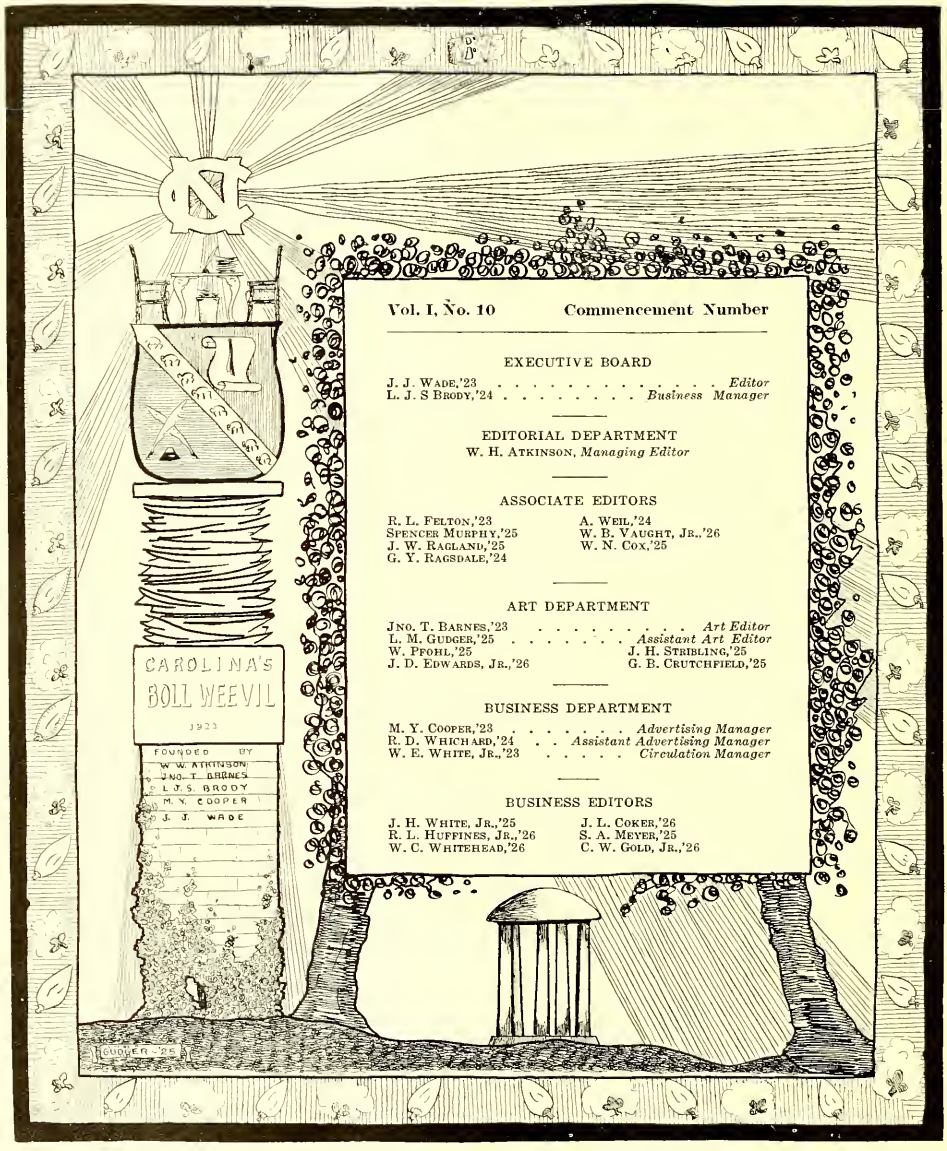
He: And you are the only girl I ever loved or kissed.

She: I couldn't marry a liar.

He: I could.



A CLASS IN EDUCATION



Vol. I, No. 10 **Commencement Number**

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Published nine times during the College year by students of the University of North Carolina.
BOLL WEEVIL offices: New West Building, Chapel Hill, N. C.
Entered as second class matter, October 9, 1922, at Chapel Hill Postoffice. Act of October 3, 1917.

THE YEAR

The end of the year draws near. The Class of '23 banquets, barbecues, receives her long-looked-for-and-prayed-for parchments of sheepskin, the crown for her successful pilgrimage, and glibly exits the campus into a world destitute of bells, sophomore orders, and intercollegiate contests, but whose make-up, after all, is not so strikingly dissimilar—what, with time-clocks, Rotary clubs, and Labor-Capital controversies. Commencement in a royal gay flourish of reunions and ceremonies, dances and dinners, with the annual manifestation of the spirit of loyalty, brings the year to an end and graduates a class.

Things have been done at Carolina this year. The University, broadly speaking, has expanded to unheard of proportions, enlarging the scope of its service to a degree undreamed of even a few years ago. More dormitories and more buildings have appeared, arising in rapid succession where forests once formed a background. With the money the Legislature kindly granted the deserving institution, the giant building program has gone on and on and the Greater University has supplanted the little college that stood on the hill when our fathers attended here.

The campus itself has been uncommonly quiet and serene. Some say rational thinking has been more in evidence this year than ever before, thinking and reasoning minus the bolshevistic radicalism cropping out, say, last year. But others say that the absence of this fiery spirit and tendency to debate and overthrow indicates that there has been no thinking at all, rather a blind willingness to anything—that on the campus there has been a marked decline in any true workings of the intellect, that the student body has lived its life on the surface. Boll Weevil has nothing to say about this, at least refrains from committing itself. We observe that, for the most part, a peaceful atmosphere has prevailed, deliciously tranquil. The controversy over the construction of the woman's dormitory has been the only outburst and clash of intelligences. Otherwise the campus machinery has run smoothly, somewhat lazily, slowly yet safely and surely. There was little fire in campus politics and, thank God, no bitterness. Radical movements affecting vital changes in various activities have passed by acclamation, and silly smug traditional landmarks have been supplanted with modern, up-to-the-minute legislation. This acquiesence to any new movement would surely ordinarily show that there had been little real thinking, and as some point out such may be the case. None the less, progress has resulted and the campus has moved forward, all of its steps appearing to be essentially worth while. The campus, in short, begins next year the better off for the work accomplished this year.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

We take great pleasure in announcing the election of the following men for next year's offices:

Editor: R. L. Felton, Jr., of Fayetteville.

Managing Editor: A. Weil, '24, of Goldsboro.

Associate Editors: G. Y. Ragsdale, '24, of Smithfield; Spencer Murphy, '25, of Salisbury; J. W. Ragland, '25, of Salisbury; W. N. Cox, '25, of Asheville.

Art Editor: L. M. Gudger, '25, of Asheville.

Assistant Art Editor: G. B. Crutchfield, '25, of Burlington.

Art Staff: J. H. Stribling, '25, of Atlanta, Georgia; W. Pfohl, '25, of Winston-Salem; J. D. Edwards, '26, of Wilmington.

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Vacation
GUDGER
Bon Jour Carolina

Carolina Love

(A Play in One Act)

Hi, Bill!

Hi, Joe!

Have a big Easter?

Wonderful time.

Did you have a big time?

Best in the world.

Meet a new girl?

Hell, yes. Boy, I'm telling you what's right; she's a damn queen.

Pretty?

Damn right.

Good daneer?

Best damn dancer in the world.

Good time?

I wouldn't ask you that.

Say, Bill; where's your new "frat" pin?

Gave it to my wife.

The hell you did.

That's right.

You call yourself some fast little worker, don't you? Who is she?

Dorothy Parker.

Where from?

Norfolk.

Haw, haw, haw, haw, haw!

You damn crazy fool. What in the hell are you laughing at?

Haw, haw, haw!

Shut up, or—I'll make you shut up.

That is the girl that is wearing Dick Arnold's "frat" pin, and "Zip" Holloway's ring.

You're just a—liar.

I swear I ain't.

Hey, "Zip," come over here a minute.

This damn crazy fool has done gone and pinned up Dorothy Parker.

The hell he has?

I swear he has.

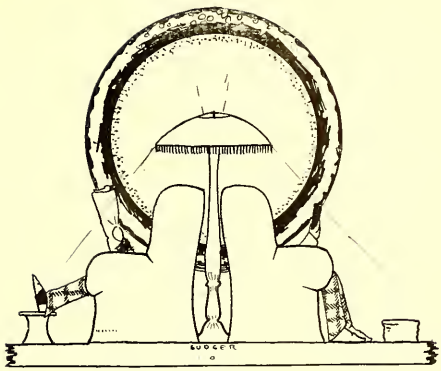
WHAW, WHAW, WHAW, WHAW, WHAW!

Go to hell, you—crazy fools. *I'm* through with a—woman. They'll trick you in spite of hell.

Dashes madly off in search of stationery.

WHAW, WHAW, WHAW; HAW, HAW, HAW; WHAH, HAW, HAW WHAH!

(THE END)



1st: "Will Percival fight?"
2d: "Fight? I should say not! Why, he's so timid he won't even hit the hay?"

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

FEARTRICE BAIRFAX ADVICE TO THE LOVETORN

Always sit on the left side of your girl, provided you're a right-handed man. Left-handed fellows should sit to the right for convenience. Never tell your girl you love her the first night. She can guess that by the look in your eyes. Never make the first move, even if she's waiting for it. Let on that you're indifferent. In other words, play like you just don't give a kitty. If you run out of conversation, and she asks you what instruments you can play, tell her that as a child you used to play on the linoleum, but now that you have progressed to that stage of perfection—manhood—show her how well you play the Victrola. Always be very modest in this procedure, and she will admire you greatly.

Be nice to her mother, remembering always, that spades are trumps, and that the madam holds the picture cards, and the ace of the same suit. If her papa's around, talk business, remembering the sign in his office: "Nothing but *business*." It is best not to try to go too far the first night.

Tomorrow I will tell you how to woo and wed a lovely lady.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

"This is a grave error," remarked the corpse, as he was lowered into the wrong hole.—*Wasp.*

A DILLPICKLE ROMANCE

Deacon Dillpickle lived in North Carolina. What part of North Carolina is of no importance. He had a red house, a red Ford car, a red smoke-house, red hogs, red cows, small red eyes, and a large red nose—the very picture of a North Carolina deacon. He had a wife who wore red petticoats, and she had the readiest tongue any female ever fired at us. He had some ready cash, also, hence my interest in his daughter, Rosa.

My father was taught that in no other place would there be found women of intelligence, and sent me in search of the loying lass, to wood the refined nutmeggress, and with her return to my R.F.D. home to astonish the villagers with something beyond the average feminine loveliness.

So I went in search of Rosa. Deacon Dillpickle, with his red nose, was a very cunning old man. He could crowd eighteen eggs under a twelve-egg hen, always borrowing the six eggs. He smelt of my breath to see if I had come by way of Orange County. He didn't drink himself, but got his red nose from holding it so close to the mouths of those who did. He split matches to make them last longer, and always carried a tack-puller when he went visiting, to pull tacks from the carpets when unseen.

Rosa had never had a real man until I began to woo the sweet soul. She was far too intelligent for any man who had ever seen her. She knew everything. She was one of those higher sphere beings, who never did any wrong, and hated those who did.

I set Rosa mad. The deacon heard I had much moneys, so he was willing for me to woo his only daughter. However, her mother disliked me, because I was fat. While Rosa and I would hold each other's hands, and taste of each other's lips, her mother would spy on us through the key-hole. I didn't like this, so I stuck a wire through the key-hole. I heard somebody holler on the other side. Next day she died from the jab. The wire cured the key-hole desire. It opened the old lady's eye. The deacon followed her to the grave. With his true Tar Heel affection, he erected a tombstone, on which was:

To Rosa's mother,
Orphan child, without a brother
She went away with a single eye.
And left I single to go forth!
Tears cannot restore her.
Therefore, I weep!
As I pile sod over her—
All in a heap.

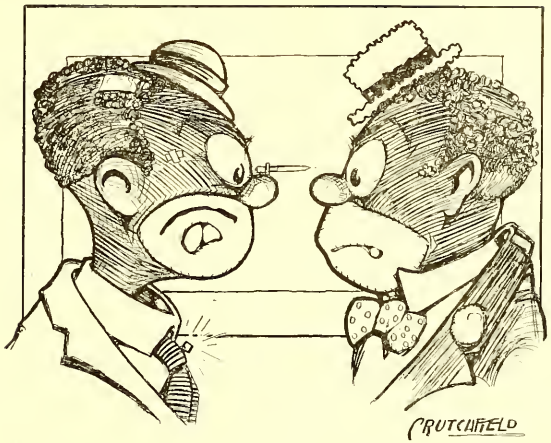
After this Rosa and I were fixed fine. She was a strong-minded girl—wanted lots of hugging and kissing, and I was old industry when it came to that. Soon we agreed that I would be hern, and all she had would be mine. She thought mine was more than hern, but it wasn't. The deacon was rich.

Sometimes I would help her pick onions. That was her hobby. It was her strong game. Sometimes the deacon would help us, and we would chat about marriage and things. The deacon had buried seven wives, and felt that each one was a stepping-stone over the river to glory. The deacon said something about a dowry. He wanted me to pay his late wife's funeral expenses, so he could marry again.

Soon things were arranged, and I took Rosa as my spouse. Then my troubles began. I had to work all the time. If I wanted something to eat, I had to pay for it in overwork. The deacon grew older and meaner. He painted things redder. Rosa hated me—she was jealous of me—said I was a big ugly brute. She cussed me out and ordered me around. She would cut up my clothes to make rag carpets. So, let me warn you, steer clear of deacons' daughters. But, if you make the mistake as I did, do as I did. Leave her; leave the deacon to sing his psalms, and let Rosa pick her onions.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

"Whar did yo' get dat fine hat?"
"At the sto'."
"How much wuz it?"
"Ah don' know. De sto'-keeper wasn't dar!
—*Chaparral.*



Sambo: "Don't cuss me, nigger! I'll hit you so hard yore undershirt'll fly up yore back like er winder shade."
Rufus: "You can't do it."
Sambo: "How comes I can't?"
Rastus: "I's got on B.V.Ds."

ISN'T IT AWFUL?

He sat bolt upright in his bed, the covers were crumpled, his hair was disheveled, perspiration was beginning to break out in small beads upon his forehead, he clutched at the air, and then fell back upon his bed, his mind was in a state of lethargy, he spoke but two words, which were: "Oh, Lord."

This was the strange plight of an absent-minded professor, who could not remember whether or not he had given that nice little blonde-haired Co-ed on the second row from the back a one or a six.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

DARKTOWN'S MEASURING STICK

Mrs. Brown: Laura, what has come over Aunt Clarke? She goes around with her head in the air and wears her Sunday clothes every day.

Laura: Lawd, Miss Sarah, dat Clarke sho' was lucky. She done gone and married dat strange nigger from Chawlston, and it done turn out dat he's done been married five times.

FAMOUS B'S

To — or not to —.
I'll — damned.
— calm.
Bumble —.
— hind.
Willow—y —each. 12
I'll — in presently.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Give me *wine, women,* and *song.*
Especially the first three!

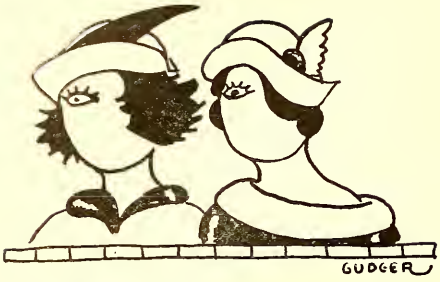
⁂ ⁂ ⁂

The following notice was found posted on the "Lost and Found" bulletin board in the Y. M. C. A.:

The gentleman who stole a white shirt out of South 37 will find the cuff buttons in the drawer just above."

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Love Smitten Youth: Her teeth are like stars.
Fiend: Do they come out at night?—*Bear Skin.*



She: "Why has Jane given up her job as a medium?"

Shee: "Oh! a lady came to her and wanted to communicate with her dead husband."

She: "Yes?"

Shee: "And when Jane told her that she felt her husband's presence"—

She: "Well?"

Shee: "The lady said she ought to be ashamed."

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

A group of professional men had gathered in the lobby of the O. Henry, and proceeded to make themselves known to each other.

"My name is Johnston," one said, extending his hand, "I'm a painter; work in oil colors chiefly."

"Well," exclaimed another, "I'm an artist also; I work in bronze."

"This is fine," a third chimed in, "I'm a sculptor; I work in stone."

Then the quiet member, who had been inclined to keep apart, stepped up with a smile: "Glad to see all of you, gentlemen, for I have a common interest with you. I'm a professor at the University of North Carolina; I work in ivory."

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

IT WILL DO IT

The other day I had a thought,
A thing so very rare.
I thought about the summer,
And the birds and flowers, so fair;

I thought about the gentle breeze—
That soothing, balm's delight,
And then I thought about "exams"—
Gone is my appetite.

NURSERY RIMES

There was a little girl,
Who had a little curl,
Right in the middle of her forehead.
Now, when she was good,
She was very, very good;
But when she was bad—
Well, she was careful.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Little Miss Muffet
Sat on a tuffet,
Eating her curds and whey;
Along came a hornet
And pushed down upon it—
Miss Muffet, poor child, had to pay.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

BOOTLEGGERS

Little Jack Horner
Sat in the corner
All alone one night.
He paid two and a quarter
For nothing but water;
Could you blame him for wanting to fight?

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

"LOVE"

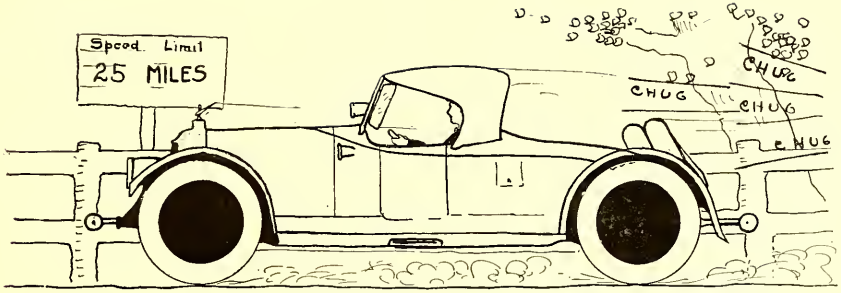
They were having a glorious time. Some cynics might have called it puppy love, but what matter? It was still love!

Eyes shining and pulses beating, they fairly panted for each other. The climate was warm, but the blood in these beings' veins ran rampant with a fiery, unconquerable passion; even under the cool of the moon, at midnight, perhaps, they would breathe restlessly—together.

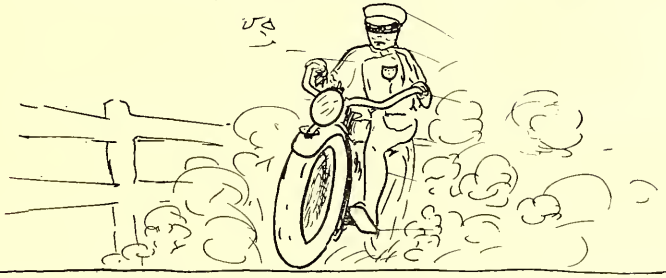
Their love was no fickle pastime, no folly of a yesterday. It was, it is, and ever shall be, on and on to eternity. Yes, among all creatures, these dogs loved.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

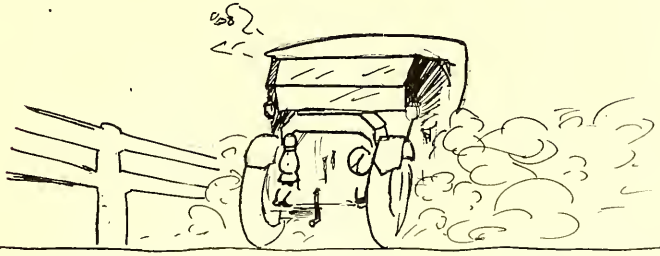
Isn't it funny, you're not apt to make the same mistake twice, but you are so apt to make a mistake?



When you'r driving along in the summer time and you hear a familiar sound issuing from the rear —



And your imagination tells you you'll see something like this — BUT - when you do look back -



You see something like THIS — OH BOY · AIN'T IT A GRAND AN GLORIOUS FEELIN' !!! BUDGER Briggs

"AIN'T IT A GRAND AND GLORIOUS FEELING!"

LIFE'S JUST A LITTLE POKER GAME

You men who do not get degrees,
Just this one word of cheer—
Why should you worry over these,
Or anything that's here?

Life's just a little poker game—
You win a hand—then lose,
And even you can't have a claim
To everything you choose.

Just put on the table your chips,
And play with them, not care;
Whichever way the balance tips—
Don't pucker up and stare;

Just call for cards, and play your hand
The best way you can play,
And if you lose, then I demand
Unto yourself you say:

"Oh, it's all right; I'll win next deal;
The next pot will be mine."
And if you lose again don't feel
That you have cause to pine.

For, usually, the luck will turn,
And you'll rake in a pot;
A simple pair of jacks may earn
For you sometimes a lot.

The tenspots may not come so quick,
And you feel down and out;
But give your cigarette a flick,
And don't be full of doubt;

The money doesn't count for all,
And tenspots sometimes lose,
Something else may come at call
To fill the tenspots' shoes.

And queen of hearts may desert you,
A royal straight you lack;
But this at least you know is true,
More queens are in the pack;

So don't let love for one queen
Make you all sick and blue;
Some other queens that you have seen
Will ofttimes win for you.

And jacks—don't sneer at jacks so much;
Three jacks will beat two kings,
And four jacks, when your luck is such,
Will beat a lot of things.

The things you think the least of now
May cause a lot of awe;
The greatest thing is knowing how
To hold your hand and draw.

Then, too, if aces seem to fail,
Those things you banked on most;
Don't set up one loud cry and wail,
But smile, and of smiles boast.

Sometimes the kings themselves won't come,
Those friends you rated high;
But bear in mind, there still are some
Who'll win for you or die.

But, still I feel a hypocrite,
To give to you advice;
The game and I don't seem to fit,
My luck just won't suffice.

I tell you just to smile and play,
To bet your chips and grin;
While I would like to put away
The cards—I never win!

It seems this game is mostly bluff—
The best fake wins the pot;
And straights in truth are not enough
To win you quite a lot.

I'll play my hand and play it straight,
Till I step out my shoes;
I'll play it now and play it late,
But, damn it all, I lose.

I am a hypocrite, you see,
To tell you "play and smile,"
When this game seems so glum to me,
And boring all the while.

But, after all, the game's not long;
We stop before we choose.
It seems to me it is all wrong,
For, damn it all, I lose.

But, finally, I know it's right
To stick by this one law—
Just shuffle, deal, and then sit tight,
And hold your cards, and draw.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

"Waiter, there's a fly in my ice cream."
"Serves him right, let him freeze."—*Mirror.*

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

They sat alone in the moonlight,
And she soothed his troubled brow:
"Dearest, I know my life's been fast,
But I'm on my last lap now."

1st He: "I thought you said he was in the best of spirits."
2d He: "Oh, no! I said the best of spirits was in him."

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

The following card is kept on the counter of a restaurant in a South Carolina town:

DON'T DIVORCE YOUR WIFE BECAUSE SHE
CAN'T COOK
EAT AT BURNETTE'S
AND KEEP HER FOR A PET

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

PAGE IRVING BERLIN

Hot: Have you heard the new song just out?
Dog: Nope, I bite.
Hot: Seven days without food makes one weak.

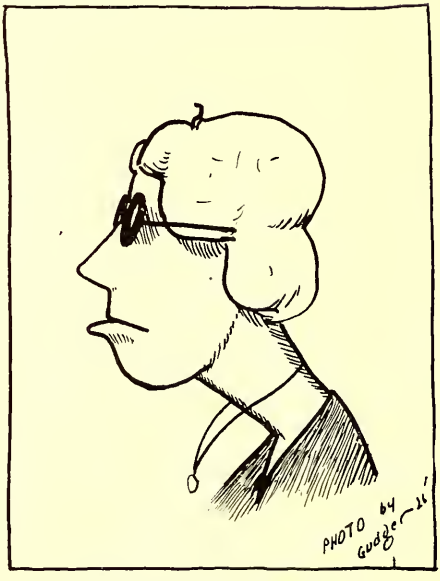
⁂ ⁂ ⁂

DIMINISHING RETURNS

"A lady had triplets. Two months later she had twins."
"Impossible!"
"Oh, yes; you see one of them died two months later."

This little girl is Sarah Nedd;
You can see at a glance she's a —— co-ed.

The girl I love is Mildred Camp—
She never was a dancing champ.



This little girl is Wanneta Jolly;
She's the cause of many a young man's folly.

I WONDER

I

Words of love she spoke last night to me
Beneath a full-grown, golden, spring-time moon;
Cynics to have viewed it would not be
Much longer cynics, each a lover soon.

Kisses I imprinted on her lips,
Breaths hot with love breathed o'er her loving face,
Arms, my arms, to very finger-tips,
Encircled her body in warm embrace.

Love of mine was answered with her love,
Caress of mine was met by her caress,
Every loving word, each loving move
Was answered by a love than mine no less.

II

But tonight, what of tonight? I ask
Who has those lips that I so want for mine?
Under eyes, where last night I did bask,
Who basks tonight in those love rays divine?

Whose arms hold her whom last night I held?
Who whispers words of love into her ear?
Who, this moonlight night, has she compelled
To discard all sorrow, forget all care?

Does she speak words to that other one,
She spoke to me with solemn vow last night?
How can love be merely simple fun
To her, and if it is, can she be right?

III

I am finding that I wonder long
Why things are like they are, and also why
Thoughts of woman's truth in my brain throng,
When knowing a woman's a living lie.

Warships built on wonder, Carlyle said;
Yet wonder that is oft too great to bear
Brings hatred on deep-seated, blood-red,
Because a slave thinks masters never fair.

Yet with these moments of painful hate
There's love that overshadows everything;
Hope that after all it's not too late,
That some day all her love to me she'll bring.

Chicken Feed

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

A FREE VERSE SPASM

Spring!
Wonderful spring!
Flowers, trees;
Budding trees!
Light winds,
Perfumed breeze!
Bees, bees,
And butterflies;
Golden moon,
Luminous moonlight,
Glorious moonshine,
Drunk, drunk, drunk!

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

No, Cupid, Swamp Angels never grow wings.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

"Oh, girls," said the old maid of fifty, "let's pull off something big," and with that she started untieing her shoes.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Early to bed,
Early to rise;
Keeps you from having
Blood-shot eyes.

THE MYSTERY OF THE MISSING MAIDENS

OR, WHY GIRLS LEAVE HOME

(A Sherhawk Foames Story.)

By Cuthbert Q. Mutt, Himself

Chapter One

I had not laid my eyes on Foames' roamin' nose, or delicately crossed eyes, or checkered, two-billed cap (which the editor requires him to wear), since they had changed the name of Arkansas. You can imagine how I twitched with irritation, then, when I received this epistle from him:

Chapter Two

Dear Potson:—Let your patients get their licker from some other crooked M.D. (Foames always would have his little joke), and come to my rooms on Faker Street immediately, if not sooner.

Yourn, Foames.

Now just at this time presciptions had gone up to two dollars apiece a quart, so it was with unbridled indignation that I left my practice to follow the whim of that unprecedented crookster, Sherhawk. Let us on—

Chapter Three

"Potson," Foames was saying to me, "something awful has happened."

"Out with it," I domineered.

"Something hideous has happened," he reiterated.

"Spit it out," I sniveled.

"Something heinous has happened," he insisted.

"So I have divined," I shrivelingly manipulated with my lips. Which will suffice for this chapter.

Chapter Four

Then he outted with the details.

In the State of North Carolina uproar was in reign. Everywhere pandemonium held sway. Bedlam came forth. In words of one syllable, hell had broke loose. And why? That we will explain in—

Chapter Five

"Down there," Foames grewsomely snorted, "in every home the oldest daughter has been kidnapped, made away with, snitched. The cream of the Old North State's feminine beauty had vanished into thin air, horsed off, disappeared. Mothers are crying, fathers are haggard, even the police have waked up."

"Horrors! Zounds! Oh darn!" I cursed, having nothing else to do.

Just then someone in the flat below started a record of "Them Ooozy Woozy, Loving Daddy Come and Git Yore Mammy Now, Honey Blues."

"Hark!" sneezed Foames.

"Hark!" I harked.

"I have a clue! Let us away—yesterday's Seaboard should be coming in now.

And we offed to N. C.

Chapter Six

At the State capital Foames rushed to the city detective's office.

"Mr. Foames!" the latter shouted, and fainted from joy. Such is Sherhawk's rep.

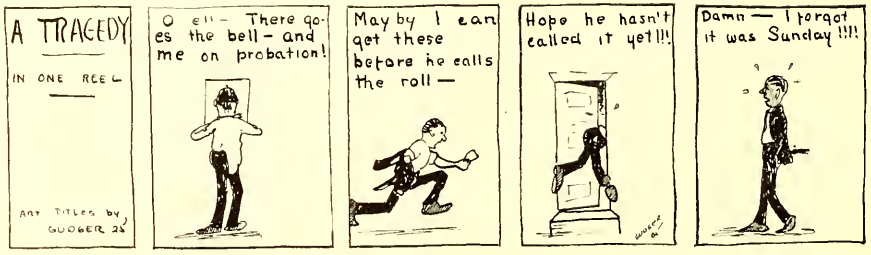
When we had brought him two or three, he revived, and, sitting up, begged:

"Tell me, oh tell me, where in hell are our girls?"

"That's easy," said Foames, examining fingerprints on his meerschaum.

"The Finals at U.N.C. are going on!"

(The End)


A TRAGEDY
IN ONE REEL
ART TITLES BY GUDGER 25
O em - There goes the bell - and me on probation!
May by I can get these before he calls the roll —
Hope he hasn't called it yet!!!
Damn — I forgot it was Sunday !!!!

America's most famous box of candy

Whitman's

Sampler invites you—

—to an altogether unusual experience in sweets

—to a candy package which reflects the quaint, odd beauty of the cross-stitch work of long ago

—to an assortment of chocolates and confections quite unlike any other, because it offers in one package the favorite sweets from ten leading Whitman packages

—to a delicious quality in sweets which has been famous ever since 1842 among people who appreciate candies of the better kind

—to that "different" kind of candy package which has a special value, as a gift or when you entertain or when you wish, yourself, to enjoy sweets as good as they can be made

The Sampler, Pleasure Island, Salmagundi and other Whitman packages may be had at that selected store near you which displays the sign Whitman's

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc., Philadelphia, U. S. A.
Also makers of Whitman's Instantaneous Chocolate, Cocoa and Marshmallow Whip

Whitman's famous candies are sold by

PATTERSON BROS.

IT'S BOUND TO HAPPEN

There'll be a night, either this week or next, when you'll come in from a late date all tired and chilled. Then's when a good rub-down with Vick's Vaporub will do the trick. There's nothing like precaution, and that's what the Old Blue Jar stands for; precaution against even the symptoms of a cold. That's

KEEP THE OLD BLUE JAR HANDY

VICKS VAPORUB

Over 17 Million Jars Used Yearly

THIS AD WAS THE PRIZE-WINNING PIECE OF COPY IN THE BOLL WEEVIL AD-WRITING CONTEST

HE MISSED A LOT!

West: Jenkins has had a disappointing life.

North: Why so?

"He prayed not to be led into temptation and his prayer was granted."—*Purple Parrot.*

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Eng. Prof.: How would you improve this sentence: "While attending a sleigh-ride party in a soft drink place, Joseph Wiznowski was shot in the abdomen."

Bright Stude: While attending a sleigh-ride party, Joseph Wiznowski was shot in the soft drink place.—*Bison.*

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

NOT SO LOUD

"Say, did I tell you what a fright I got on my wedding day?"

"Sh-h-h! You shouldn't talk about your husband that way!"—*Beanpot.*

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Guest: I shall speak to the bell-captain about you. You should always knock before entering a room. Why, I might have been dressing.

Bell-boy: Oh, I knew you wern't, ma'am; I always look through the key-hole first.

—*Phoenix.*

SHE WON!

Stage Door Johnny (after kissing a chorus girl): How many men have you kissed before?

Chorus Girl (demurely): Two.

Johnny (sarcastically): Your cousins, I suppose?

Chorus Girl: No, my father and brother.

—*Virginia Reel.*

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

He (trying to get his bearings): How do we get to your home from here?

She (very nonchalantly): Oh, any taxi driver knows the way.

He (grimly): That's all right, I'll ask a conductor.—*Mercury.*

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

CLASSIFIED

On board a train, an Irishman had for some time been watching a woman who was trying to get her baby to sleep, but to no avail. Finally, the Irishman went over to the lady and remarked:

"Madam, you will please pardon me, but I believe it is board the baby wants and not lodging."—*Judge.*

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

No, Felix, you don't eat cucumber cream.

KEEP IT DARK

Isn't it a shame about that policeman losing his eyesight. I suppose he will lose his place on the force?

Oh, no, he has been appointed as a special officer to hunt for stills.—*Whirlwind.*

* * *

Klansman: Dog, you are about to be hanged as an alien. Now tell us your nationality if you would have a last chance.

Victim: I am an Indian.

Klansman: Pull the rope, men! I never heard of any Indians on the Mayflower.—*Juggler.*

* * *

Farmer, to stranded autoist: How'd you get the puncture?

Autoist: Ran over a chicken with pin feathers.
—*Juggler.*

* * *

Chinless: Ha, don't you wish you were a man?

Clever girl: My, yes, don't you, too?
—*Juggler.*

* * *

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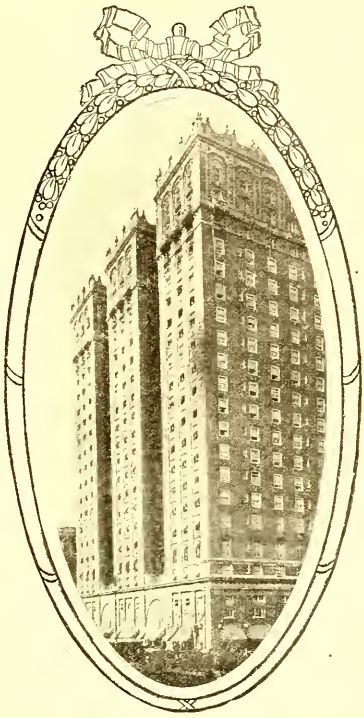
ESTABLISHED 1893

Jewels : Novelties
Gifts

Orders by mail given prompt atention

SCHIFFMAN
Jewelry Company

GREENSBORO, N. C.



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Thirty-fourth Street EAST at Park Avenue

NEW YORK

An Hotel of Distinction. Overlooking the famous Murray Hill Residential Section. Convenient to the fashionable shops, theaters, business centers, and railway terminals.

TARIFF:

Single room with bath, $4 per day and up

Double room with bath, $8 per day and up

THE BON AIR VANDERBILT, AUGUSTA, GA.
Season December to May

Two 18-hole golf courses. Tennis, shooting, horseback riding.

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CAROLINA FIRST—THEN GOOCH'S
ASK A CAROLINA MAN

Gooch's Cafe

QUALITY! Since 1903 SERVICE!

DID YOU EVER HAVE THE BLUES ?

The Blues are bad business. First, you have an empty feeling, and then you get down in the mouth. You know, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," is true enough. The Carolina Boll Weevil stands for all that is funny at Carolina. Be fair to yourself. Subscribe now for the next volume, and steer clear of the Blues.

—CLIP THIS NOW—

CAROLINA BOLL WEEVIL,
University of North Carolina,
Chapel Hill, N. C.

Gentlemen:

Put me on the 1923-24 subscription list.
I enclose $2.00.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

THE FALL OF NIGHT

He slipped on his pajamas and fell into bed.
—*Chapparal.*

Grace: What did Bill do to get kicked out of college?

Dave: Nothing.—*Tiger.*

Say, Jack, is there anything that a woman won't do?

Yes, she won't raise a mustache.—*Octopus.*

Raleigh's Valet: Sir Walter must 'ave bin drinkin' 'avy yesterday. Bin rollin' in the mud, 'e 'as.—*Punch.*

A TRAGEDY IN THAT ONE ACT

Time: To retire.

Place: Bed-room (lights lighted).

It was a cold, dark night. The traffic stopped—a mob gathered. I had forgotten—

(Cheers and applause from the mob.)

(The Curtain)

—*Yale Record.*

Don't Fail to Visit the LAUNDRY

During Commencement

IT WILL BE WORTH YOUR WHILE
and INTERESTING

W E L C O M E !

Laundry Dept. U.N.C.

"Do you know anything about Marco Polo?"
"No, is it anything like clock golf?"
—*Toronto Goblin.*

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

ALWAYS!

Diz: May I call you my little dyspepsia tablet?
Liz: Why?
Diz: Always after a large, heavy dinner.
—*Ski-U-Mah.*

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

DISHONEST

"So you can't trust him?"
"I'll say not. He'd steal the safety pin from the Venus de Milo if he could find it."
—*California Pelican.*

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

OFF COLOR

"Doesn't that girl over there look like Helen Black?"
"I wouldn't call that dress black."
—*Virginia Reel.*

The UNIVERSITY of NORTH CAROLINA

SUMMER SCHOOL

36th Session—June 18-Sept. 7, 1923

First Term, June 18-July 28
Second Term, July 27-September 7

Standard Courses in the Regular Departments of the University.

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THROUGH "THE LAND OF THE SKY"

QUICKER SCHEDULES

and Through Drawing-Room Sleeping-Car Service

BETWEEN

GOLDSBORO, RALEIGH, DURHAM, GREENSBORO and WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.,

AND

CINCINNATI

— VIA —

ASHEVILLE, N. C., and KNOXVILLE, TENN.

On the Following Schedule

A NEW FAST TRAIN

EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR

WESTBOUND No. 21		BEGINNING APRIL 29, 1923		EASTBOUND No. 22
9:00 AM		Lv. GOLDSBORO, N. C.	Ar.	11:20 PM
9:45 AM		Lv. Selma, N. C.	Ar.	10:30 PM
10:40 AM		Lv. RALEIGH, N. C.	Ar.	9:35 PM
11:35 AM		Lv. Durham, N. C.	Ar.	8:36 PM
12:44 PM		Lv. BURLINGTON, N. C.	Ar.	7:32 PM
1:40 PM		Lv. GREENSBORO, N. C.	Ar.	6:35 PM
2:50 PM		Lv. WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.	Ar.	5:25 PM
5:10 PM		Lv. STATESVILLE, N. C.	Ar.	3:00 PM
9:40 PM	ET	Ar. ASHEVILLE, N. C.	ET Lv.	10:45 AM
9:50 PM	ET	Lv. ASHEVILLE, N. C.	ET Lv.	10:35 AM
8:50 PM	CT	Lv. ASHEVILLE, N. C.	CT Ar.	9:35 AM
1:10 AM		Lv. KNOXVILLE, TENN.	Ar.	5:25 AM
3:20 AM		Lv. HARRIMAN, TENN.	Ar.	3:20 AM
7:40 AM		Ar. DANVILLE, KY.	Lv.	10:30 PM
8:10 AM		Lv. Danville, Ky.	Ar.	7:45 PM
11:55 AM		Ar. LOUISVILLE, KY.	Lv.	4:00 PM
8:45 AM		Ar. LEXINGTON, KY.	Lv.	9:20 PM
11:20 AM		Ar. CINCINNATI, OHIO	Lv.	6:45 PM
12:00 noon	Big	Lv. CINCINNATI, OHIO	Big Ar.	6:15 PM
2:35 PM	Four	Ar. INDIANAPOLIS, IND.	Four Lv.	3:20 PM
8:05 PM	Route	Ar. CHICAGO, ILL.	Route Lv.	10:10 AM

ET, Eastern Time; CT, Central Time.

Connections made at Danville, Ky., for Louisville, Ky., and at Cincinnati for Indianapolis, Chicago, Cleveland, Toledo and Detroit.

The Asheville-Chicago sleeping car is handled on this train, which gives passengers for points between Cincinnati and Chicago the opportunity of transferring into this car before arrival at Cincinnati.

Southern Railway System

J. S. BLOODWORTH, District Passenger Agent RALEIGH, N. C.

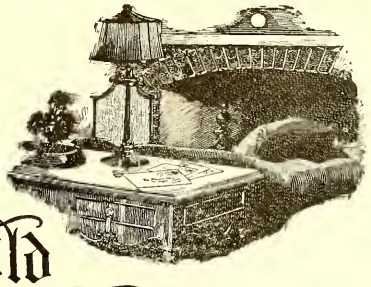
The Boll Weevil Eats Cotton

—YOU DON'T

You will find best quality goods at moderate prices in our Cafeteria and dining-room.

Hotel Malbourne

DURHAM, N. C.



Old Hampshire Stationery

Cheap stationery is expensive stationery. You take no pride in its use and the recipient experiences no thrill of pleasure over its receipt. Old Hampshire costs more, but is the cheapest in the end. It is a paper of distinction and gives your message added importance.

BUY IT PLAIN OR DIE STAMPED

R. W. FOISTER

Farmer: What are you doing up that tree, young fellow?

Rook: One of your apples fell down, mister, and I'm trying to put it back.—*Orange Owl.*

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Two old maids
Went for
A tramp in the woods.
The tramp
Died.
—*John Hopkins Black and Blue Jay.*

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

What kind of a financial basis are you going through college on—does your family give you an allowance, or do you write home and ask for money when you need it?

Both.—*Sun Dodger.*

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Woman: Is this the prison? Well, let me speak with Joe Black.

Warden: What's his number?

Woman: Why, I didn't know each cell had a phone.—*Virginia Reel.*

- - - *YES*

There's Always a REASON

Why did we sell the University the furniture for the Five Hundred New Dormitory Rooms this past summer? Why? Because we gave them a better price on "Specification goods" than our competitors!

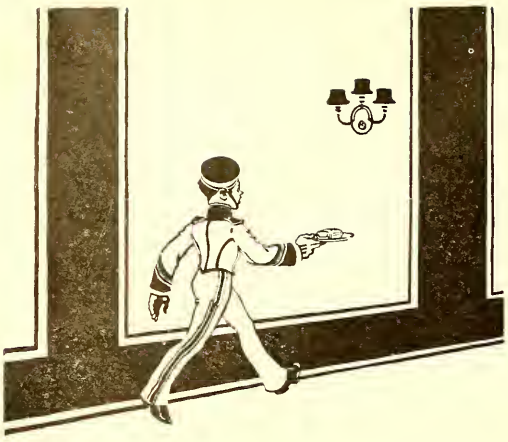
If you will let us, we can and WILL save you money whenever you are ready to buy anything in our line.

We will appreciate your business, large or small, and give you the best possible service.

"Our Door Opens With a Welcome"

The Royall & Borden Co.

Chapel Hill Street
DURHAM



Day in and day out/

FATIMA

Girl: What's your opinion of these women who imitate men?

Boy: They're idiots.

Girl: Then the imitation is successful.

—*Royal Gaboon.*

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Testimonial in a New York paper:

Rangoon, Utah, March 5, 1923.

GENTLEMEN:

Before reading your advertisement I was totally blind. Now I can see perfectly.

(Signed) J. F. SMITH.

—*Royal Gaboon.*

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

"Have you heard about the new banana-skin dresses?"

"No, are they popular?"

"Ho, yes, they're so easy to slip on."

—*Pelican.*

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

MUSICAL SCENTS

Music Teacher: Who can tell me the national air of Italy?

Bright Boy: Garlic.—*Who Doo.*

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Did you see Oliver Twist, Auntie?

Hush, child. You know I never attend those modern dances.—*Pitt Panther.*

Fifty Years Ago

Louis E Levy, inventor of the Half-tone, made the first Half-tone at 632 Chestnut Street This Historic Site, now the home of the Franklin Photo-Engraving House, has been noted ever since for progressiveness in the Engravers Art

FRANKLIN PHOTO-ENGRAVING HOUSE

PHILADELPHIA

H. B. Ruffin W. F. Moody Chas. Ruffin

CAPITAL PRINTING COMPANY

Specialists In

Newspaper—Periodical—College

PRINTING

Printers for The Carolina Boll Weevil, The Technician, Old Gold and Black and Other Publications.

Hargett and Wilmington Streets RALEIGH, N. C.

Mother: Jenny, how is it I found you sitting on that young man's lap last night, when I expressly told you not to do so?

Jenny: Why, mother, you said if he tried to kiss me I was to sit on him. He did—*I did.*

—*Royal Gaboon.*

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Nut: It says here that a person is never hungry when asleep.

Meg: Then you should never have to eat.

—*Awgwan.*

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

"Darling, will you marry me?"

"Have you seen my mother?"

"Yes, but I still love you."

—*Washington and Lee Mink.*

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

THE PROTECTION OF A SKIRT

New: Where are you going?

Monia: After my chest protector.

New: Which?

Monia: Grace.

A. A. Kluttz Co.

School Supplies

Athletic Goods, Fruits, Candies and Smokes

Everything for the Student

Have you seen the

Boston Garter

Velvet Grip

with the new wide webbing?

Stripes of various attractive color combinations

Look for your colors

GEORGE FROST CO., Makers
Boston

BEAUXART SHOP, INC.

DURHAM, N. C.

You Are Sure to Find—

Styles that are just a bit different—
Materials of the very best—
Prices that are extremely moderate.

Our Policy—

We do not merely "sell" you a garment—
We do fit the garment to you—
To do this successfully, we consider your type, the lines of your figure and the occasion for which the garment is to be worn.

Our Collection—

Is so adequate that we are never tempted to let you go away with something that is unsuitable—Our pride in you as the finished product is too great for that.

If for Any Reason—

You should feel any dissatisfaction with an article purchased from us—you may return it and receive your money back. It need not be an important "reason"—just the fact that you are not entirely pleased is "reason" enough.

When You Enter Our Shop You Are Our Guest—

You may "browse" around as long as you like—you may purchase if you care to—you may try on anything you wish—or you may just sit and rest and "look pleasant."

Drop in Some Day and Test Our Hospitality.

AT FOUNTAINS

Famous for its quality
and flavor

The Original

REFRESHES THE STUDENT
INVIGORATES THE ATHLETE

Keep a jar-full in your
room. Carry a flask-full
in lunch tablet form.

AVOID IMITATIONS

Chapel Hill Insurance and Realty Co.

FIRE INSURANCE

AND REAL ESTATE

Chapel Hill North Carolina

I. L. Sears Tobacco Company

Wholesalers

Cigars, Tobacco, Cigarettes
and Pipes

Phone 1323 **Durham, N. C.**

Nelly Bly: I thought you said you were a good motorist? Why only yesterday you ran into a cow!

Sweet Adeline: Well, my dear, the cow was on the wrong side of the road.—*Goblin.*

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

THEY DON'T MIX

"Harold, last Wednesday, you said I meant all the world to you.

"Of course, sweety."

"Well, then, I'm insulted. Our minister said this morning that the world is straight on the road to hell."—*Sun Dodger.*

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

"Did you say I couldn't hit a duck?"

"No offense."

"Don't be ridiculous, a duck's much smaller."

—*Lampoon.*

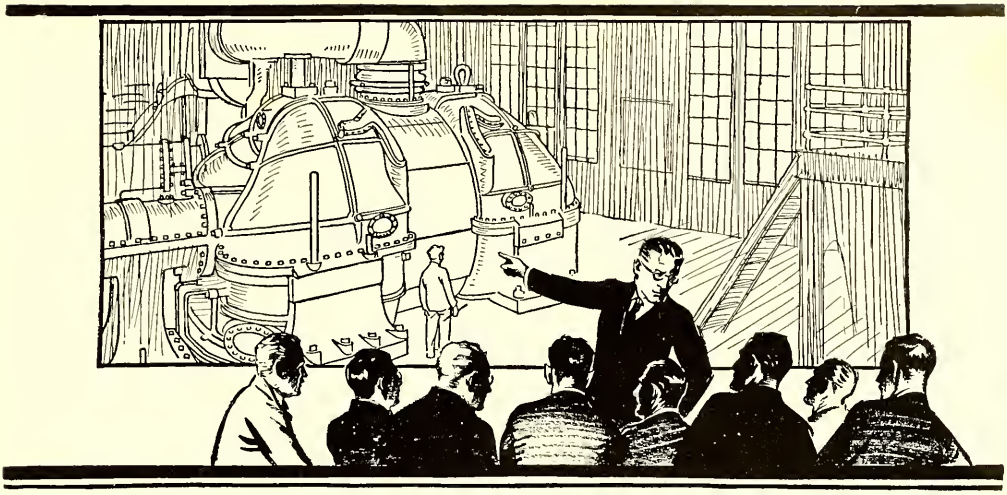
⁂ ⁂ ⁂

USE LUX

"Why do they call him flannel?"

"Because he shrinks from washing."

—*Sun Dodger.*



The University of Engineering

Of all the things that go to make the successful engineer, none is more important, nor more in step with the spirit of the profession, than a studious attitude. One man says about another—"he is always willing to learn," "he doesn't think he knows it all"—and he intends to pay a high compliment when he says it.

The great engineers are always at school, always learning, always seeking for more knowledge. They begin with this desire for fuller understanding, and they keep it up to the end.

Any engineering operation, over and above the primary purpose for which it is carried out, is an active and post-graduate class in engineering, also. So that Westinghouse, or any other great business, is, of its very nature, a University where theory and practice combine to make bigger, broader and more practical engineers.

The courses in this University are not limited to prescribed subjects nor terms—the subjects are almost infinite, and the semesters are endless. Men with the weight of years on their shoulders work and learn side-by-side with those whose day has just dawned.

This post-graduate school fits men for almost anything. Fits them for it, and makes them continually fitter. Out of this continuing fitness have grown the engineering accomplishments on which this institution has grown. It is, perhaps, one of the great educational institutions of its day.

Westinghouse

ACHIEVEMENT & OPPORTUNITY

W

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC

I've tried them all but give *me* a

Camel

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Winston-Salem, North Carolina